



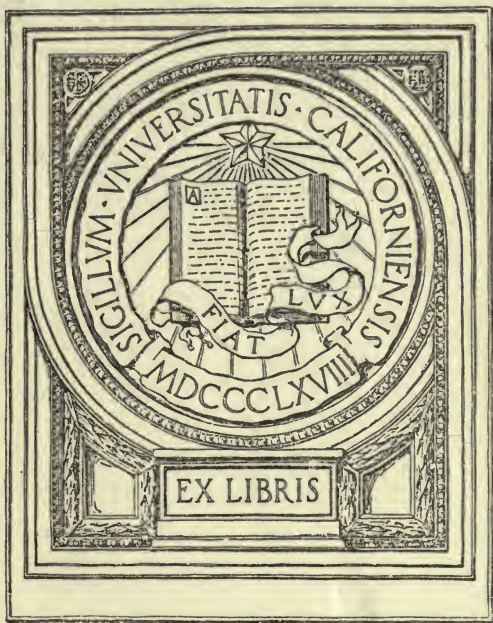
The Romance of

Davis Mountains

and Big Bend Country

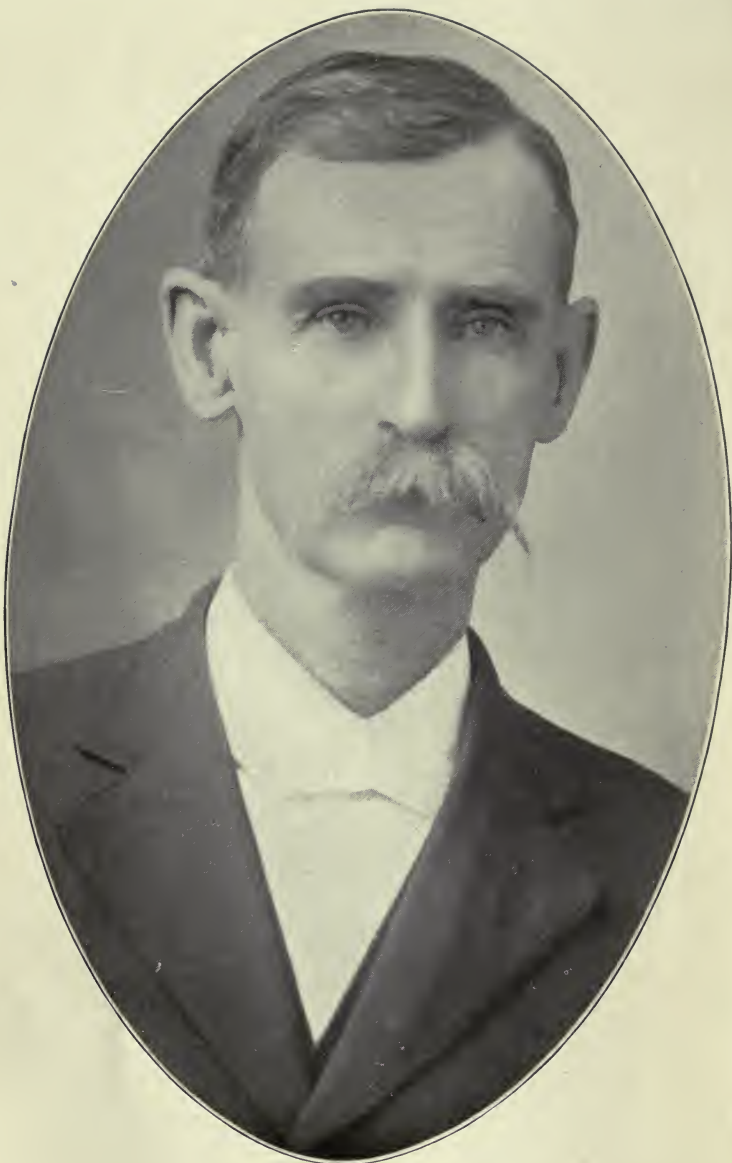


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THE LATE WM. B. BLOYS

THE ROMANCE OF DAVIS MOUNTAINS AND BIG BEND COUNTRY

A HISTORY

BY
CARLYSLE GRAHAM RAHT

DRAWINGS BY
WALDO WILLIAMS

THE RAHTBOOKS COMPANY
EL PASO

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By C. G. RAHT AND O. W. WILLIAMS

*This volume is dedicated
to the memory
of the late
William B. Bloys*

183.00

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James B. Bloys



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PREFACE.

I claim no literary merit for this work. Its very nature, wherein truth of statements is of the first importance, precludes the possibility of artistic writing. In gathering my data I have attempted to eliminate the personal viewpoint of the narrator, as well as of myself. I have used much material as it was given to me, simply because I feel that the original expresses more clearly than I could express the subject dealt with.

I have tried to produce a work that will be of value to my readers. This book has been written under varying and trying circumstances. It has taken me two and a half years to compile my data and write the manuscript. During that time I traveled 57,000 miles in a car, over good roads and bad and in all sorts of weather. My work has been interrupted by both sickness and sorrow, and very often my feet have wavered from the path I had chosen for them to tread. Still, I feel that I have done my best and that there are many who will appreciate this work. For those I am writing this introduction.

It is impossible to name separately the sources from which I have drawn my material, and I must rest content to express my appreciation collectively to the hundreds who have contributed their knowledge to this book. The cover design was drawn by Mr. Waldo Williams, who, like myself, is a native of the Southwest. To him and his father, Judge O. W. Williams, I owe much material and many suggestions. I further wish to thank for assistance rendered and data given, Mr. Barry Scobee, Capt. J. B. Gillett, Capt. John R. Hughes, Col. Geo. T. Langhorne, Mrs. Julia Lee Brown, Lieut. H. O. Flipper, and C. E. Way.

In this work I have tried to convey something of the real West as it was and as it is. I have before me a letter from an old pioneer, which breathes the spirit of the West. He says—"The West? There is no more West. It lives only in memory



The Mesquero Apache
come south out of what
is now New Mexico and
lived in the Trans-
Pecos region during
certain seasons

MAP
OF
THE TRANS-PECOS COUNTRY
AND
THE BIG BEND
IN
TEXAS
Showing
Trails and Roads used in the
early days, also a few Indian Trails

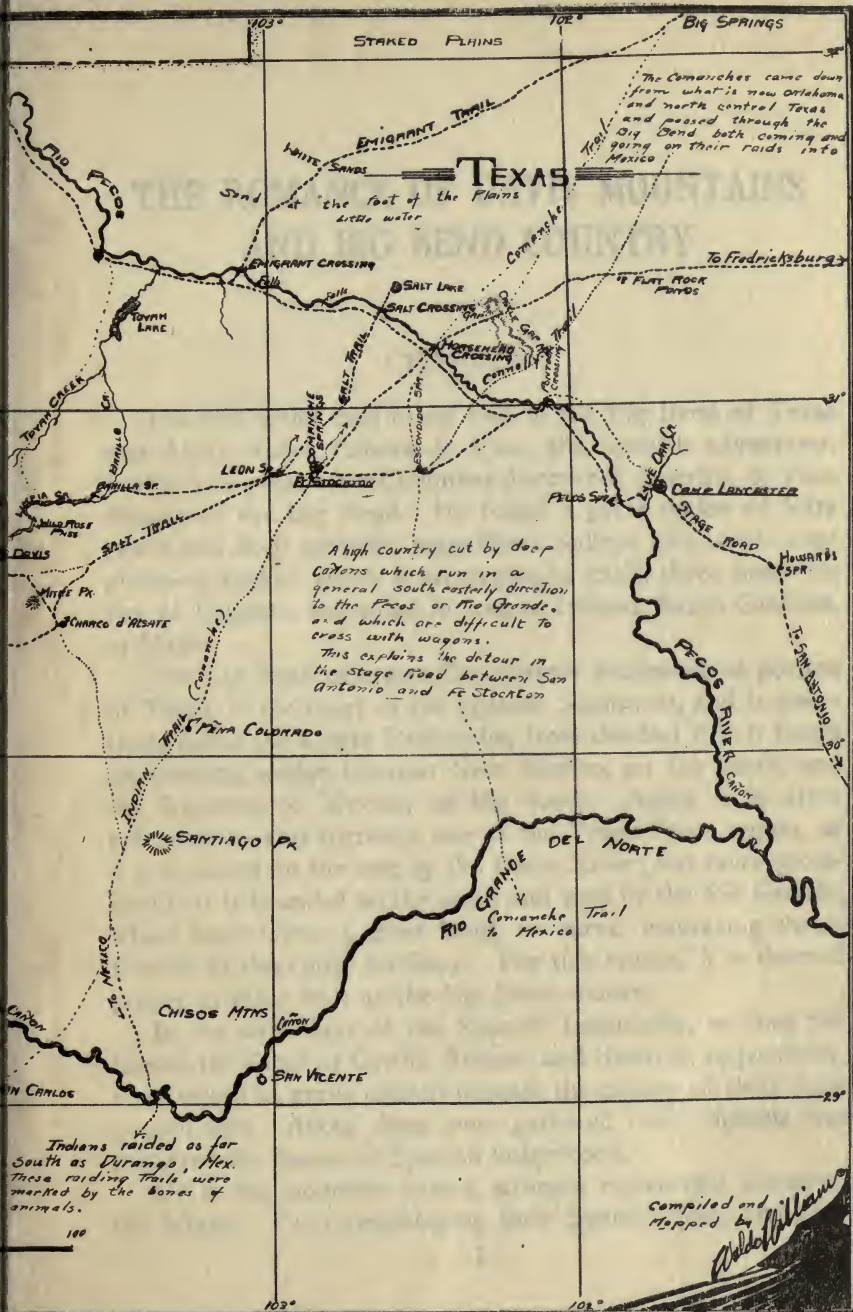
LEGEND

Trails	--- R.R. Trail ---
Springs	• ESCOBAR SPR.
Settlements	• PHENAGUE
Forts	• FT. STANIS or ANGE

DATA

Maps accompanying Reconnaissance
in New Mexico and Texas and U.S. &
Mex. Boundary, Wm. Emery
General Land Office Maps of
Crockett, Upton, Val Verde, Crane, Ward,
Havens, Pecos, Terrell, Brewster, Presidio
Jill Davis, Culberson, Hudspeth and El
Paso Counties, Tex.

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THE ROMANCE OF DAVIS MOUNTAINS AND BIG BEND COUNTRY

CHAPTER I

The first white man to set foot in the Big Bend of Texas was Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, the Spanish adventurer. Forty-three years after Columbus discovered America, de Vaca discovered the Big Bend. He found a great region of lofty peaks and deep canyons, magnificent valleys and wind-swept plains—a region, which is an empire in itself, three times the size of Belgium, and equal in area to Ireland, South Carolina, or Maine.

The Big Bend embraces the extreme southwestern portion of Texas, in the heart of the Spanish Southwest, and is sometimes called the Lower Panhandle, from the fact that it forms an entering wedge between New Mexico, on the north, and the Republic of Mexico, on the south. Again it is often referred to—and correctly so—as the Trans-Pecos region, as it is bounded on the east by the Pecos River; but more prominently it is bounded on the south and west by the Rio Grande, which here forms a great bend, or curve, embracing three-fourths of the entire territory. For this reason, it is deemed proper to refer to it as the Big Bend country.

In the dark days of the Spanish Inquisition, so runs the legend, the Kings of Castile, Aragon, and Navarre, respectively, were seated in grave council beneath the canopy of their joint council tent. About them were gathered their captains and soldiers—the flower of Spanish knighthood.

Up in the mountain passes, strongly entrenched, crouched the Moors. Far outnumbering their Spanish foes, and con-

scious of their strength, they patiently awaited the hour to strike a fatal blow.

Realizing their desperate plight, the Spanish kings looked at their followers in growing perplexity. Should these soldiers be hurled against the Moors, in a desperate effort to break through the coils, which daily grew tighter about the allied armies?

The answer came in an unusual manner and from an unexpected quarter. A sentry, closely guarding a peasant in the garb of a goat-herd, pushed through the soldier throng, to the feet of the three kings. "Sires," said he, bringing up with a salute, "this man begs an audience with your Majesties."

"Let him speak," said the King of Castile, although he frowned at the interruption.

The peasant bent low over the King's hand. "Sire," he said, "my name is Martin Alhaja, a goat-herd. With your Majesties' permission, I can take you to a pass that I know in the mountains, which will lead you to the rear of yonder Moors. I have marked it well with *la cabeza de vaca* (the head of a cow), so placed that you can see it from a great distance."

Due to this timely information, the allied armies gained a strong position, and on the 11th day of July, 1212, the battle of Las Navas de Tolosa was fought and won by the Spanish kings.

In payment for his services, the humble goat-herd was ennobled, and he was given the name, Cabeza de Vaca—"The Head of a Cow"—to denote the origin of his improved social condition. From Martin Alhaja descended a long line of explorers and hardy adventurers.

When Governor Pánfilo de Narvaez sailed from the Port of San Lucar de Barrameda, June 27, 1527, with orders from Charles V of Spain to explore and conquer Florida, he took with him as comptroller and royal treasurer, Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, a descendant of the one-time humble goat-herd. No doubt, in his day, the goat-herd had been looked upon as being a great adventurer; but it remained for Alvar Nuñez and three followers to trace their footsteps across the

American continent, from ocean to ocean, unarmed and almost naked, in the greatest of all adventures. They were passed from tribe to tribe, sometimes as slaves, at other times as gods; and, in the eight years of their wanderings, they saw no signs of white men and heard no speech, except the unintelligible jargon of the strange barbarians in whose midst they were thrown.

After reaching the shores of Florida, misfortune befell the Narvaez expedition. Governor Narvaez, with half his force, numbering three hundred men, marched inland in quest of rich cities; while he ordered the five ships to proceed westward, where he would meet them upon his return to the sea. But few of his land force lived to return, and those who did saw no ships. Tired of waiting, and confident that Narvaez and his land force had perished, the ships' crews had sailed for the home port.

Already starving, the followers of Narvaez built five barges and put out to sea in search of a Spanish settlement known to be at Pánuco, near the present-day seaport of Tampico, Mexico.

In a storm off Galveston Island, the barges were wrecked, and but a small remnant landed safely. So emaciated and ill were these that a dozen only survived. Four of the most able-bodied men were chosen to explore down the coast in search for Pánuco, which the Spaniards believed to be nearby.

Following the departure of these men, the weather turned cold—so bitterly cold that the Indians, who had been feeding the Spaniards on roots and fish caught from the water's edge, could no longer work. The crude lodges afforded but scant shelter or warmth, and both Indians and Spaniards died. De Vaca says, in his naive way, that "five Christians, quartered on the coast, were driven to such extremity that they ate each other up, until but one remained, who, being left alone, there was nobody to eat him."

Almost immediately following the shipwreck and disintegration of the Narvaez expedition, de Vaca had been made a captive by the Indians, and he remained a slave for six years

before he attempted to escape. The reason for this long deferred attempt was due to the fact that on an island not far from the abode of de Vaca's captors, there lived another member of the shipwrecked expedition, Lope de Oviedo, by name. Every year de Vaca went over to the island where lived this man and tried to persuade him to go in search of their countrymen. But each year Oviedo put off going, until the sixth year, when he consented to accompany de Vaca on his westward journey.

The island, where de Vaca found Oviedo, was appropriately called the "Island of Ill Fate," and at the time the two Spaniards began their journey, they very reasonably supposed that all of their companions had perished. However, after journeying across four rivers, the fugitives met Indians of another tribe, who told them that further on were three white men. De Vaca called these Indians the Guevenes, and from them he also learned the fate of divers other Christians who had suffered great hardships and brutalities at the hands of the savages. By way of illustrating their accounts of ill treatment of the Christians, the Guevenes beat and kicked Oviedo in such a manner that death almost resulted, and de Vaca modestly stated that "neither did I remain without my share of it."

As a result of this ill-treatment, Oviedo refused to proceed further, preferring to return to the known dangers and hardships on the Island of Ill Fate, rather than face new perils. It is regrettable that Oviedo should have deserted de Vaca here, because in later years both men wrote largely of their experiences, and no doubt the combined observation of the two concerning what lay between the two oceans would have given a very complete and reliable history of the most remarkable journey ever undertaken by civilized man.

It must be borne in mind that no settlement had yet been founded in the United States. The great exploration movement, which started in England to counteract Spanish explorations, was yet in its infancy. The voyage, which resulted in the founding of Jamestown, was undreamed of, and the set-

tling of St. Augustine and Santa Fé was the work of a later generation.

These were the conditions which confronted the intrepid explorer, Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, when he took sorrowful leave of Oviedo and saw his fellow-outcast take the "back trail." But one gleam of hope remained to keep black despair from overwhelming de Vaca: somewhere further on were three Christians like himself, and he turned his attention to establishing communication with them so that he might persuade them to undertake the perilous journey with him.

In the six years of slavery, de Vaca had learned many things about the ways and customs of the savages, which, while varying slightly with each tribe, remained basically the same throughout the country in which he lived. During these years of servitude, which he spent so miserably on the Island of Ill Fate and the nearby mainland, he became practiced in two arts. These were the art of healing and the art of barter. The first of these he had of necessity acquired that he might, in some degree, escape the ill-treatment accorded him by his brutal masters. Even the Indians must have felt the influence of de Vaca's personality, for while they beat and cuffed him unmercifully, they elevated him to the position of medicine-man, a place of high honor among them.

De Vaca's manner of healing varied slightly from that of the Indian medicine-men. The general practice of the Indians was to make a few cuts where the pain was located and then suck the skin around the incisions. After this they cauterized with fire—a method which de Vaca says was very effective. However, this method caused great pain to the sufferer, and produced a very small per cent of cures.

Contrary to this method, de Vaca made the sign of the cross while breathing upon the patients, recited a Pater Noster and Ave Maria, prayed God to give them good health, and "inspire them to do us some favors." In answer to this not entirely disinterested prayer, de Vaca says, "Thanks to His will and the mercy He had upon us, all those for whom we prayed, as soon as we crossed them, told the others that they

were cured and felt well again." This innocent statement would lead one to believe that the patient preferred to *lie* in favor of the Christian medicine-man, rather than have to undergo the pain and, perhaps, torture inflicted by the Indian methods.

For a time de Vaca fared better, but so great was the lack of food that sometimes he remained without eating for three days. Finally, unable to stand the torments of hunger and receiving such brutal treatment at the hands of the Indians, he decided to run away. So he struck out for the mainland, where he fell in with a tribe who treated him well. These Indians persuaded de Vaca to become a trader so that he might go from tribes along the coast to those further inland, bartering and exchanging those commodities held in esteem by the different tribes. Thus de Vaca would start from the coast with a stock in trade composed of sea shell, cockles and shell beads, journey inland, and shortly return with hides for clothing; red ocher, with which the Indians rubbed and dyed their hair and faces; flint for arrow points; glue and hard canes, with which they made arrow shafts and many ornaments.

It was impossible for de Vaca to gain a speaking acquaintance with all of the Indian tongues which he heard while a trader. Still, he mastered a great many useful words and a considerable vocabulary in the common sign language, which was understood at that time and is to-day by all Indians, whether of the East or of the West.

De Vaca's period of slavery equipped him wisely for the journey he was about to undertake. Being a man of quick wit, initiative, and determination, he looked westward with optimistic eyes.

Two days after Oviedo turned back, the Guevenes escorted de Vaca to a grove of pecan trees about three miles from the Indian village, and de Vaca found Andres Dorantes, one of the three of whom the Guevenes had already spoken. Later, Dorantes took de Vaca to where was Alonzo del Castillo, the second of the three men spoken of. These proceeded to find Estevanico, the Moor, who was the third man of whom the

Guevenes told. Together the four plotted to make their escape.

From these men de Vaca learned many things that had taken place concerning the shipwrecked crews of the five barges. Governor Narvaez had been swept out to sea and lost. One by one the other members of the crews were accounted for. The four concluded that the ships, with those on board who had not joined the land expedition of Governor Narvaez, must have returned to Spain. There remained but one thing for them to do—act upon the suggestion of de Vaca and proceed westward in search of the Spanish colonies known to exist in Sinaloa, Mexico.

It was now necessary to lull the suspicions of the Indians, so that the Indians might not kill them and thus prevent their escape. So de Vaca decided to remain six months longer with these Indians, who were called Mariames. With them also stayed Dorantes; and again de Vaca found himself a slave—although, for once, a willing one. The family to whom de Vaca and Dorantes belonged, consisting of their master, his wife, their son, and another Indian, were all cross-eyed. Castillo and Estevanico belonged to their neighbors, the Iguaces.

These people, the Mariames and Iguaces, stand out more clearly in their tribal characteristics than any other people with whom de Vaca came in contact. Dorantes told de Vaca that a Christian, by name Esquivel, had fled to the Mariames, and that because a woman had dreamed that he would kill her son, the Indians pursued and killed him. In proof of this, the Indians had shown Dorantes a rosary, a prayer book, and sword which had formerly belonged to Esquivel.

This was the bloodthirsty people with whom de Vaca chose to remain as a slave until the time came when they should move westward to the place of the *tunas*, or prickly pears, upon which they lived three months in the year.

Unlike the powerful, well-organized tribes of the North, the Gulf Coast tribes were broken up into small, closely related family groups, each so-called tribe representing the strength of one family; and it is highly probable that the dozen or more

tribes to which de Vaca gave tribal names in his *Neufragious*, became known to Father Massenet, one hundred and fifty years later, as the Kingdom of the Tejas, or Texas.

It was the custom of these Indians to destroy all girl babies, because they might marry their enemies and give birth to children who would become their foes. Their own wives were bought from other tribes, the price paid for a woman being a bow and two arrows.

The women of these tribes were compelled to do all the hard work, for the men did nothing which might increase their hunger. Food was scarce, consisting largely of roots and herbs dug out of the ground, although occasionally, due to their great speed and endurance, the men would run down and kill a deer. During the time of the prickly pear, the Indians made merry with dancing and feasting. They were joined by other tribes from further west who traded bows and arrows for the dried *tunas*, and these were the tribes with whom the Christians meant to escape.

When the Franciscan father went among the Tejas Indians, he noted a much improved condition over that which de Vaca found and described; but one hundred and fifty years elapsed between de Vaca's journey and that of Father Massenet, and in that length of time it is reasonable to suppose that these Indians showed some progress. Very probably, while de Vaca was learning much from them, they also were learning much from him.

Finally the great day arrived for the execution of their plans. The Indians went inland thirty leagues—practically ninety miles—to a country where the *tunas* were ripe. But the Christians were doomed to meet with disappointment. The Indians fell out among themselves about their women and began to fight; and they all separated, each one taking his family and going in different directions. So the four Christians had to part, but not before they agreed to meet again at the same place the year following.

A year! How slowly the time passed for the captives! Back to the old life of drudgery and abuse went the Christians,

not knowing whether they would be alive to meet again. When they did come together the following year, they were separated by their captors, and each one was sent a different way. But they had agreed to meet at the same spot when the September moon became full. This they did and escaped.

At the time the four Christians made their escape from their Indian captors, they were in the vicinity of the Lavaca River. The *tunas* were still ripe, and de Vaca hoped to gain food from them until they should reach the tribes further west where game was more plentiful.

De Vaca journeyed along the Lavaca River which derives its name—the Cow River—from the fact that de Vaca saw his first buffalo there. His description, which follows, was the first description of the American bison, or buffalo, ever printed.

“Here also they (the Indians) came upon the cows; I have seen them thrice and have eaten their meat. They appear to me of the size of those in Spain. Their horns are small, like those of the Moorish cattle; the hair is very long, like fine wool and like a peajacket; some are brownish and others are black, and to my taste they have better and more meat than those from here (de Vaca wrote his account in Spain). Of the small hides the Indians make blankets to cover themselves with, and of the taller ones they make shoes and targets. These cows come from the north, across the country further on, to the coast of Florida, and are found all over the land for over four hundred leagues. On this whole stretch, through the valleys by which they come, people who live there descend to subsist upon their flesh. And a great quantity of hides are met with inland.”

From here the four wanderers struck out boldly into the Unknown, keeping their general course westward, although on account of natural obstacles they were often deflected northward from their course. For one thing, Castillo and Dorantes could not swim. This made it necessary that shallow fords should be sought in the rivers they crossed. Then, too, in order to obtain food and be able to learn the whereabouts of

nearby Spaniards, should there be any, they were compelled to lay their course from village to village.

On the afternoon of the first day, the tired fugitives saw a camp smoke at a distance; and near sunset they struck the village of the Avavares. These Indians de Vaca had known when they had brought bows and ornaments to barter with his former captors; and for this reason, as well as because of his reputation as a medicine-man, de Vaca and his companions were made welcome.

Hardly had the Christians been properly lodged before a number of Indians went to Castillo and begged him to relieve them of their sickness. De Vaca says that as quickly as Castillo made the sign of the cross over the sick one and recommended him to God, all pain and illness disappeared. In return, the Indians brought to them many *tunas* and pieces of venison, and so large a number of Indians were cured that the Christians had not room wherein to store the meat.

But the Indians of the sixteenth century were as improvident as those of later time; and after five days of feasting and celebrating, during which the Indians ate their store of *tunas*, or prickly pear, and venison, they began to suffer greatly from hunger. This forced them to move to another spot where the *tunas* were plentiful.

At this new camp, de Vaca became separated from the others and was lost for five days. During this time he tasted no food and, being naked, he suffered from cold and bleeding feet. Just as he was about to give up, he happened to strike the shore of a river and there found the camp of his Indians.

The fame of the Christians had gone all over the Indian country, so that wherever the Christians went they were sought after to cure the sick and bless the well. In this new spot came many different tribes in quest of *tunas*, and among them they brought five people who were paralyzed. These Indians, Castillo was called upon to cure, which he did, as de Vaca affirms that God "seeing there was no other way of getting those people to help us so that we might be saved from our miserable existence, had mercy upon us, and in the morning all awoke in such

good health as if they never had had any ailment whatever." Up to this time, Dorantes and Estevanico, the Moor, had not made any cures; but the business of healing grew to such proportions that they, too, were compelled to become medicine-men.

After leaving these Indians, with whom they remained over a year, the Christians made rapid progress westward, and while they encountered many hardships and suffered hunger many times almost to the point of death, still they fared much better than they had fared in the coast country.

So westward toward the Pecos River marched de Vaca, Castillo, Dorantes, and the Moor. Sometimes they were alone, hungry, and almost dead of thirst; at other times they formed a triumphal procession, with followers numbering three or four thousand, whose reverence and abject fear felt for the divine beings sent among them to cure and bless them, caused de Vaca to say with some impatience "that it was very tiresome to breathe on and make the sign of the cross on every morsel of food they ate or drank."

In this country, through which the Christians traveled, the Indians smoked tobacco and drank an intoxicating liquor, which they brewed from the leaves of a tree something like the water oak. The intoxicant might have been an early form of *mescal*, so extensively used by the Mexican Indian of to-day. Here the Indians celebrated the coming of the Christians with a great feast, at which they ate the *mezquizez*, or the mesquite-bean. This bean the Indians pounded up into a meal which they mixed with earth and water, and which de Vaca says tasted very palatable to them. The Christians must have been hungry, indeed!

Now began a journey through many tribes, halting only long enough in a village to secure guides to conduct them to the next. After traveling until late in the afternoon, the four Christians crossed a large river, waist deep and swift of current. And at sunset they reached an Indian village. Here the people met them with much noise, which was made mainly with perforated gourds filled with pebbles, which the Indians

told the Christians came from Heaven, and were sent down the river to them when the spring rises set in and overflowed the land.

De Vaca often had a following of a great many people. While this was ascribed largely to the belief in his divinity, still it was in a measure due to a mercenary reason. It was the custom when de Vaca and his companions reached a village, for those who came with him, guides as well as his followers, to take all of the possessions of the Indians in that particular place. In this way the last followers of the Christians returned to their villages reimbursed for those things of which they had lately been robbed; and the people of the last village to which the Christians had come learned this custom from those Indians who had despoiled them, and followed de Vaca to the next tribe, with the expectation of being reimbursed for the things which they had recently lost.

Perhaps this was fortunate for de Vaca, as at all times it kept him well supplied with guides. That the Indians did not bewail their losses, but rather looked forward to despoiling the tribe further on, is evident, for they told de Vaca not to permit this custom to worry him, as the tribes further on were rich.

The Christians now began to see mountains in the distance, and the Indians near them were of good physique and lighter skinned than any the Christians had seen in the land. Furthermore, these Indians were quite intelligent, for after those who arrived with the Christians had sacked their dwellings, they gave to the white men strings of beads, ocher, bags of mica, and other ornaments, which they had hidden away for this purpose. Knowing the custom of pillaging, the next day, when de Vaca was about to leave, these Indians tried to prevail upon him to go to their friends who dwelt on the spur of the mountain. As an inducement, they said there were a great many lodges, and the people would give much to the Christians. This would have been good business for the Indians, as they knew the Christians took nothing themselves, but gave it to their followers. Also, they said that nobody lived where the whites

intended going, neither were there *tunas* nor any other kinds of food. But de Vaca persisted in maintaining his course, and sadly these Indians turned back down the river.

For four days, de Vaca and his companions marched up this river. Then they turned westward fifty leagues, following the direction of the mountains. Here they found a village where they remained a fortnight. Leaving this village, they crossed a mountain seven leagues long, and reached another village situated on the banks of a beautiful river.

Here the Christians saw for the first time the signs of precious metals, the hopes of finding which had motivated Spanish explorations more than recovering the lost souls of the savages. The Indians gave Dorantes a big rattle of copper, upon which was represented a face, and which appeared to de Vaca to have been cast in a foundry. Again, another tribe gave them pouches of mica and powdered antimony (silver). Also, these people ate *tunas* and nuts of the pine, which grew on the small trees of sweet pines. Here de Vaca proved himself skilled in surgery, by cutting an arrow-head from the breast of a savage, where it was athwart and had pierced a cartilage; while with a deer-bone he made two stitches. Before de Vaca left the village, the Indian had wholly recovered and the wound had closed up. This successful operation increased de Vaca's fame ten-fold.

After many days they reached the breaks and canyons in the neighborhood of the Pecos River. The Indians here were great hunters, and so large had de Vaca's following grown that it took one-half of them hunting constantly to supply them all with food. While some who carried bows and arrows hunted along the canyons' edges for deer, quail, and other game, others, armed with clubs three hands in length, hunted the rabbit; and so skillful were they, says de Vaca, that "whenever a rabbit jumped up they closed in upon the game and rained such blows upon it that it was amazing to see, . . . and when at night we camped they had given us so many that each one of us had eight or ten loads."

While continuing in a general westerly direction, but still

in the country of many breaks and canyons, the Christians came suddenly upon the banks of the Pecos River. This river they crossed and continued for thirty leagues over a great plain, before they struck rugged mountains again. Here also they found a different people. At the end of this distance, guided by these new people, the Christians journeyed fifty leagues through rugged mountains, arid and devoid of game. They now came to a river that flowed between mountains—the Rio Grande, a short distance below Presidio, Texas, in the Big Bend; and here for the first time they saw a village composed of real houses.

From this point in his travels, de Vaca gives us little information regarding his route and the characteristics of the Indians with whom he came in contact. He considers it sufficient to say that he journeyed westward, until in April, 1536, he came upon a party of Spanish horsemen, who conducted him to the settlement of San Miguel.

CHAPTER II

There is no story of the sixteenth century more romantic than that told in the *Neufragious* of Cabeza de Vaca. The hero starts out, armed in his panoply of the sixteenth century warfare, to the discovery of some impossible Eldorado. He becomes the victim of cruel enemies ; he suffers all that man can imagine of the horrors of shipwreck and slavery ; torn by thorns, blistered by heat, ready to drop from starvation, and plainly doomed to death by savage masters, he drags himself painfully along on a tropic coast. From tragic death he is saved by the sign of the Cross, becomes a great medicine-man, and, after eight years of suffering, returned to his jealous countrymen, a naked king at the head of barbarian worshipers.

It has been a difficult task to locate precisely the ground covered by the itinerary of this romantic character. From the time when the survivors of the Narvaez expedition left Tampa Bay, Florida, in their boats whose "gunwhales were not over one span above the water," until the naked remnant of three whites and a Barbary negro reached San Miguel, State of Sinaloa, Mexico, there is in the account no natural object—such as river, mountain, spring, or plain—mentioned which can be positively identified. It is certain only that they voyaged west from Tampa Bay, necessarily hugging close to shore ; that they were shipwrecked in a storm ; that they were in slavery for about six years ; that they escaped finally from the Indians and started westward, and in that land they passed from tribe to tribe as medicine-men, with a crowd of followers at times amounting to three or four thousand people ; and that they finally came back to their countrymen near the present town of Culiacan, Sinaloa, Mexico. The beginning and the end of the itinerary, as well as the point where these wanderers crossed

the Rio Grande, are known, and in addition to this de Vaca's route has been worked out after years of painstaking study.

The element of vagueness in de Vaca's account of his journey which he gives in the *Neufragious*, written over a year after his return to his countrymen, is due to a desire on the part of de Vaca to report to King Charles V, not the story of his personal adventures, but to convey to his royal master an adequate idea of the immensity of the country which he had traversed, the character of its productions, and the kind and number of its inhabitants. It was, one might say, an official report made to the crown by the sole survivors of an exploring expedition which had been sent out with the expectation of finding a rich country abounding in gold; and in the report it is quite plain the hope lingered that such a country did exist. So de Vaca did not concern himself with matters so small as the accurate description of the natural objects of any section of country with a view to subsequent identification.

It will therefore be of general interest to the reader to go into detailed reasons why de Vaca's route was outlined as in the preceding chapter. Judge O. W. Williams, of Fort Stockton, has given material assistance in compiling the following deductions; and it might be worth while to state that Judge Williams' opinions, through a first-hand knowledge of the countries traversed by de Vaca and through years of earnest study of de Vaca's route, bear great weight.

In his account, de Vaca relates that the tribes of Indians with whom he and the other Spaniards lived just prior to their escape to the west, were in the habit of migrating at a certain season of the year to a part of the country where they lived on the fruit of the prickly pear cactus for a term of three months in each year. The prickly pear is found in the Southern States and as far north as Illinois, but in order to meet the requirements of de Vaca's narrative, a country must be found where the prickly pear ripens in great abundance and endures long enough to furnish food for the Indians three months of the year. This is not the case generally in Texas, but applies only to that portion of Texas lying south of a line drawn from

Galveston to Eagle Pass. This gives a northern limit to the location of de Vaca when his party started westward.

The only objection which can be properly urged against the legitimacy of this northern limit, is the contention that there may have been a change of conditions during the three hundred and ninety-three years which have elapsed since de Vaca passed through the country. This objection as urged against the defining of the cactus country will also apply to some points under the same head whose value we shall consider in advance.

There are three ways in which a considerable change in the natural growths of this country might have been brought about. First, we shall consider the probability of a change brought about by an increase or decrease in the rainfall, or the humidity of the climate. Drawing upon information given in old Spanish records from the very beginning of the Spanish occupancy of Texas, and taking the Mexican Government reports, and the United States Government reports of a later period, up to the present time, there is nothing of record to show a material change in rainfall or climatic conditions in Southwest Texas during the past four hundred years. Certainly there is no evidence that the change has been so great as to drive out any plant or even to alter materially the habitat of any species of vegetation. Irrigation was just as necessary in the southwestern portion of Texas when first settled by the Spaniards as it is today. It is quite true that in Southwest Texas, farming without irrigation is now practiced, while in earlier settlements it was carried on solely by irrigation, but it does not follow that the same kind of farming could not have been successfully carried on there from the beginning of the settlements. According to the authorities, the encroachment of farming upon lands in the United States formerly considered arid, has not been due to an increased rainfall, but is attributed largely to improved methods of tillage.

The generally received opinion among scientists of the present day seems to be that the world is gradually, but very, very slowly, losing its humidity. However, this rate of decrease

is so small as to be of little consequence in a period covering only four hundred years of the world's existence; hence, so far as Texas is concerned, this decrease has been so small that it does not affect our calculations, and unless some special cause of increase or decrease of humidity has operated, the cactus would remain to-day suited to growth in large quantities in the same territory as it was in the day of de Vaca.

But a change of habitat may have occurred through the agency of fire. De Vaca tells us that the favorite way of catching game to which the Indians resorted was to set fire to large areas of country. This necessarily must have destroyed some vegetation and, if persisted in for years, must have changed its character to some extent. At the present day, in West Texas, the effect of fire is shown in the changing character of our grasses, and in many places some growths of grasses have been completely destroyed and replaced by other species. It is not, however, always easy to determine how far this change is due to fire, or to what extent it may be due to close grazing by stock. Cactus is not destroyed by fire, but, on the contrary, the destruction of other vegetation in this manner makes way for an increase of cactus. If this be true—and those who have observed it say it is true—then the cactus belt was probably not as far north four hundred years ago as it is now, or, possibly, the belt may remain now as it was then, with the cactus growth thickest in the original belt rather than spreading over more territory. Certainly, it seems probable that whatever effect fires must have had in changing the character of vegetation, and of cacti particularly, this change must have long been accomplished before the time de Vaca passed through Texas, as the Indian practice of "firing" for game was an ancient one.

The third point to be mentioned is that the coming of civilized man must have introduced some changes in the vegetation of Texas. This would be more largely due to the introduction of cows, sheep, and horses, and the dissemination of the seeds of foreign and intrusive forms of vegetation. Take, for instance, the mesquite tree. De Vaca makes note of this tree

only in East Texas, not far from the seacoast. To-day, the mesquite can be found from coast to coast. In the past twenty years, this tree has made perceptible advance in the country west of the Pecos. Forty years ago, the first great movement of cattle started westward, although there were a few herds prior to that time. Many of these herds reached the Trans-Pecos country, and, finding good range there, they remained. Since then the mesquite has encroached on plains once destitute of it. This result is commonly and reasonably attributed to the distribution of the seeds by cattle and horses, which are very partial to the mesquite. This is but one instance of many which might be given how seeds are carried from one country to another.

But this can not be said of the cactus. It has been a few years only since the present breed of man entered Texas, and there are living to-day men whose memory goes back to the time when the cactus could have been very little influenced in its habitat by the advent of civilized man. It is one of the most persistent, conservative, and hidebound of our native growths, giving way only with the greatest reluctance, and in general holding tenaciously to time-honored territories and habits.

The piñon tree, which will be brought into consideration later, has been, up to the last half century, out of direct contact with civilization, at least so far as it is found in this state; consequently, it can not have been affected by the presence of man. It is therefore reasonable to assume the situation and distribution of plants in this state to be very much the same now as in de Vaca's day, so far as the cactus and piñon are concerned.

After leaving the cactus region, de Vaca was brought in touch with a new kind of animal life—the American bison, or buffalo. Just before de Vaca escaped from the Indians and commenced his westward march with his three companions, he was at one of the summer stations where the Indians lived three months on prickly-pear fruit; consequently, he was in the cactus region, south of the line drawn from Galveston to

Eagle Pass, and not far from the coast. Of this country, he says: "Cattle come as far as here. Three times I have seen them and eaten of their meat"; then follows a clear description of the buffalo and his habits.

From the fact that he had seen buffalo and eaten of their meat only three times during the six years when he had remained a slave to the Indians, it is natural to conclude that the country from which he started on the westward march was at the extreme southern or southeastern limit of the buffalo range. De Vaca says, "Cattle come as far as here," as if they did not go any farther. By determining what that limit was in Southeastern Texas, in 1535, we can determine approximately de Vaca's position before commencing his western journey. The nearest record, in point of time and locality, which can be established, is that left by La Salle's party when they attempted to settle Fort Saint Louis, about 1685, or one hundred and fifty years later.

According to Parkman, Fort Saint Louis was situated on the Lavaca River, near Matagorda Bay, and the French were at this place in the summer of 1685, when buffalo were so abundant that they were, in the words of the Abbé Jontel, the "daily bread" for the French settlers there. So, at the time, the southeastern limit of the buffalo range must have been at least as far south as the Lavaca River. Up to the time Matagorda Bay was settled by the Americans and the buffalo were driven further westward, that country was their southeastern limit, and must have been even prior to the days of de Vaca and La Salle.

The limits of the buffalo's range, prior to the entrance of man, were originally set by natural conditions, such as abundance or scarcity of grass and water, or winter temperature; so it can be definitely stated that the southern and southeastern limit of the buffalo range was south of the Lavaca River, and we may safely conclude that when de Vaca started westward he started from a point somewhere south of the Lavaca River.

After making their escape from the Indians here, the Spaniards marched a short distance to another tribe and concluded

to winter with them. They remained with these Indians for eight months, until the mesquite-bean ripened, when they again took up their travels westward. The general course at which they aimed was toward the setting sun. The route could not be followed closely all day. Then, too, the Spaniards planned to travel from village to village and depend upon Indian guides. Very naturally, these guides led them over beaten and long used trails, which for various reasons often deflected from the general direction the Spaniards wished to go. In part, these deflections were caused by tribal treaties and tribal jealousies. It was but natural that the guides would lead the Spaniards, who were even then gaining a widespread reputation because of their miraculous cures, to friends rather than to their enemies; consequently, the trail from one village to another led the Spaniards far from their course. The other main reason for these deflections was that the trails followed water-courses, or, at least, passed by known springs. From such causes their course lay north-of-west. This is obvious, for had their course led to the west, or south-of-west, it would have carried them across the Rio Grande, and de Vaca would certainly have recorded this fact. Rivers which were not fordable were avoided as much as possible, due to the fact that neither Castillo nor Dorantes could swim.

After spending many days on the march, and making cures in some of the villages, they arrived at "many houses on the banks of a beautiful river. The people ate prickly pears and the seed of the pine. In that country were small pine trees, the cones like little eggs, but the seed is better than that of Castilla, as its husk is very thin and while green is beaten and made into balls to be eaten." This clearly is a description of what is known in West Texas as the piñon tree. It is common on high, rocky ground west of the Pecos River, but is found east of that river only in possibly two localities—the one on the breaks, or heads of small canyons, east of the Pecos River, and near the old Pontoon Bridge Crossing; and the other in Edwards County. In either premise, de Vaca was obviously being led over the Great Indian Trail, which crosses the Pecos and

strikes out for the great cross-roads of trails at Comanche Springs.

The Spaniards' use of the term river, or "rio," is very confusing. Their interpretation of the word is different from its meaning in English. We speak of a river as being a stream of some importance. The Spaniard may call a dry-wash, or gully, a *rio*, and in the next breath designate a strong-flowing stream by the same term. For instance, the Spaniards spoke of the Rio Hondo, Rio Alamito, Rio Toyah, Rio Limpia, and Rio Comanche, all of which would be raised to considerable dignity by being termed creeks; but these names were fastened on these streams in an early day by the Spanish explorers, who knew no Spanish equivalent to the English word "creek." Of such streams, Edwards County has several, and to the Spaniards they were "rios." Also, this country has the prickly-pear cactus in quantity, although not in such abundance as is to be found further south and east.

After leaving this place, they traveled through a country abounding in people and game. "Those having bows were not with us; they dispersed about the ridges in pursuit of deer, and at dark came bringing in five or six for each of us, besides quail and other game."

West of Edwards County lies the great limestone plateau, extending to a point eighty or ninety miles west of the Pecos River. This plateau is cut off by canyons, the main canyons running north and south, while the lateral canyons run a little north-of-west and a little north-of-east. To one accustomed to that country, it would be the reasonable expectation that deer hunters would hunt along the ridges at the edge of canyons, where deer would be found lying in the shade of cedar trees, in the heat of the day.

Another important fact to note is that this plateau country has a vast number of old rock heaps, said to have been used by Indians for roasting *sotol* and *mescal*. During certain seasons of every year this country must have a considerable Indian population living on roasted *sotol* and hunting the deer and buffalo.

Shortly after, they passed over "a great river coming from the north." There are several reasons for concluding that this was the Pecos River, at, or about, the crossing near Sheffield, near where the Live Oak Creek empties into the Pecos River. At this point the Pecos River is flowing almost directly from the north, and as the distance traveled by de Vaca agrees approximately with the distance from the Pecos River at this point to the junction of the Conchos River and Rio Grande, where it is known he crossed into Mexico, and as he makes no further mention of crossing a river until he reached the Rio Grande, it may be safely concluded that this was the point where de Vaca crossed the Pecos River on the old Indian trail.

At the present day the Pecos carries very little water, being at best a naturally formed irrigation canal for the numerous irrigation projects along its banks. And, while the Spaniards would still call it *rio*, we Americans would hesitate to call it a river.

In 1880, the Pecos was a very different stream from what it is to-day. It was a stream of very regular dimensions for three hundred miles above its junction with the Rio Grande. It was generally from sixty-five feet to a hundred feet wide, from seven feet to ten feet deep, of a rapid current, exceedingly muddy, of a very red cast, and fordable in very few places. This was what de Vaca saw, and to the Spaniards it was a "great river," which they forded, the water coming up to their breasts. The next river the wanderers crossed was the Rio Grande, at a point just below the present town of Presidio, Texas. The distance assigned between the two rivers, eighty leagues, is too great, but their route must have been subject to a very considerable deflection in order to obtain water, which is very scarce in that country. Besides, it is very probable that de Vaca overestimated his distance in his narrative, written almost two years later, in which time many of the details of his journey must necessarily have faded from his mind.

Another fact which would lend plausibility to this assumption is that for eight years he had no means of verifying his estimates of distance, and in this particular instance he had

traveled over a desert country where he and his companions had suffered greatly, both for food and for water; therefore, it would have been but natural for him to overestimate the distance between the Pecos River and the Rio Grande.

After reaching the Rio Grande and crossing to the south bank, they had traveled but a short distance when they came to a settlement of fixed habitations. This was one of the numerous settlements occupied by the Indian tribes found a few years later by Rodriguez and Espejo. As de Vaca progressed up the river the settlements became more numerous, until he reached an Indian town where beans, pumpkins, and corn were cultivated. Just before reaching this town they had crossed to the north bank of the river, and he must have been in the neighborhood of Presidio.

Irrigation is necessary at the present day, and has been as far back as we have any record of farming in all of West Texas and New Mexico. In the neighborhood of Presidio, however, corn has been planted from time immemorable *in temporales*—that is, in sandy stretches near the river, where it is not irrigated, but to bring it to fruitage depends upon the rainfall and the overflow from the two rivers, the Rio Grande and the Conchos, whose junction is just above Presidio. That these people did not depend upon irrigation is evident from the fact that de Vaca was asked by them to tell the sky to rain, that they might plant their corn. These Indians told de Vaca there had been no rain for two years and that the seed had been eaten up by moles.

One statement in de Vaca's account has caused considerable confusion in the minds of investigators. This is the statement that the people whom he found on the river were called the Cow Nation, on account of their living mainly off the chase of the buffalo, and de Vaca says, "The cattle are slaughtered in their neighborhood, and along up the river for over fifty leagues they destroy great numbers." From the subsequent record of Antonio de Espejo, some forty years later, it would appear that de Vaca landed among a tribe of the Jumano Indians, who, for some reason, had become separated from the

main branch of the tribe living north and east of the Pecos River. There is no question that the Jumanos were the same people de Vaca called the Cow Nation. This name they won because among all other mountain tribes they were more given to following the buffalo. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries this could be said of the Southern Comanches, and, as will be brought out later, the Southern Comanches were either the direct descendants of the Jumano Indians or, at least, very close kin. Therefore it is reasonable to suppose that de Vaca misunderstood which river the Indians referred to when they said they hunted "along up the river for fifty leagues." From the Indians' own statements, the tribes inhabiting the upper Rio Grande, from the junction of the Conchos up to what is now New Mexico, were hostile toward them. On the other hand, the natural route of the Jumanos would be toward the Pecos, where the people were more friendly, where lay the great salt deposits, from which they obtained their salt supply, and also where the greatest number of buffalo grazed. They doubtless meant the Pecos River was the habitat of the buffalo rather than the Rio Grande.

This is further substantiated by Bandelier and other writers who have examined the records of the early Spanish explorers. According to these authorities—and present-day research has failed to refute their statements—the buffalo never frequented the Rio Grande in the Big Bend region. There are a few exceptions where the buffalo has been known to cross the Pecos River, but these exceptions seem to be mere accidents. In 1684, Mendoza recorded that he killed three buffalo bulls at Comanche Springs, or Fort Stockton. A few years ago, Mr. H. Huelster, who resides near Toyahville, on the eastern slope of the Davis Mountains, found a buffalo horn near Phantom Lake, some distance from the water, on high, dry land, where neither camper could have dropped it nor flood-water could have carried it. Mr. Huelster is familiar with the buffalo, and he said the horn was that of a young animal rather than a cow's horn or that of an adult bull. He doubts, too, that Indians dropped it there, as they would have had no purpose in carrying the

horn, and it was found at a place some distance from any customary Indian trail. Many other like instances could be cited where possibly a few animals might have wandered across the Pecos River, but no instance has been found where buffalo in any considerable number frequented the Big Bend, or Trans-Pecos region. A statement made by de Vaca also bears this out. He says that the men of the village on the Rio Grande were absent, hunting buffalo.

In this manner de Vaca's route across the American continent can be limited to a comparatively small area, and knowledge of the old Indian trails, combined with a knowledge of the laws of nature, which are immutable, enables the investigator to trace with fair accuracy a course, provided two points are established—the starting point and the objective point. In the case of de Vaca, we have three points which are well established, the two named above and the point where he crossed the Rio Grande into México. Even though his manuscript is often confused in regard to distances and directions, still he gives a fairly accurate description of plant life and the topography of the country.



MENDOZA



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM RUSSELL
Pioneers of The Big Bend

CHAPTER III

If a ranchman of the present day, with his family, driving through Paisano Pass, in his high-powered automobile, should meet a party of Spanish explorers, monks, and Indian slaves, decked out in the regalia of three hundred years ago—if thus the Twentieth Century should meet the Sixteenth Century, which party do you suppose would give the road?

It is highly probable that the ranchman would hesitate for one startled moment, then reverse his direction and—to use a modern slang expression—“step on the gas” for all he was worth, meaning that he would leave that vicinity. On reaching Alpine the ranchman would report the approach of a Mexican bandit raiding party. On the other hand, it is probable that the Spaniards would not hesitate upon sight of the automobile, but would press eagerly forward, expecting the strange monster to lead them to some unknown Eldorado.

How much more astounded, then, must the Indians have been when the Spaniards first appeared among them; while the Spaniards, lured on by tales of great cities whose streets were paved with gold, had their imagination fired to such an extent that they willingly endured almost unbelievable hardships to realize their dreams. With them, as co-workers, came the monks and lay brothers of the Franciscan and Jesuit brotherhoods, who, too, were fired by tales of the country's wealth, and dreamed of the spiritual conquest of the land.

So, side by side, monk and soldier, religious and secular, marched into the land known to-day as the Big Bend country. And to show the left-handed way of their coming—characteristically Spanish—Cabeza de Vaca, the first white man in this region, came from the direction of the rising sun, while Antonio de Espejo, the second white man to come, entered this land of romance from the north. Left-handed? Yes. The

logical direction for them to have come was from the south, Mexico, where the seeds of conquest and settlement sown by Hernandez Cortez had borne a rich harvest.

In an indirect way de Espejo's journey had considerable bearing on the country's development, particularly in the Big Bend of the Rio Grande. Coronado had made his triumphant march into New Mexico by way of Arizona. In 1561, the great province of Nueva Viscaya was formed, embracing the Sierra Madres and the Great Central Plateau, south of the Big Bend of Texas. The Franciscan fathers, aided by the soldiery, had pushed their way as far north as the headwaters of the Conchos River, the southern tributary of the Rio Grande. As a natural result of their success, their ambitions to extend their work into the fabulously rich country visited by Coronado, needed but small motivation to culminate in an expedition of spiritual and economic conquest.

This motivation came in the shape of an Indian captured near Santa Barbara, who told the monks of a populous region where the people raised cotton for clothing, and crops of grain and corn. Aroused to zealous action by this information, Fray Rodriguez obtained his royal master's permission to enter and Christianize that land. Northward they marched to the junction of the Mexican Conchos and Rio Grande, near where now is Presidio, Texas, thence into the fertile valleys above El Paso, in New Mexico.

But that expedition proved disastrous. Fray Rodriguez, Fray Lopez, and Fray Santa Maria decided to remain with the Puaray Indians, whose settlements embraced many well-established pueblos, while the rest of the party, numbering nine whites, returned to Nueva Viscaya to report their discoveries in the new country. Unwisely, Fray Rodriguez deemed his religion to be sufficient protection for himself and his two companions against the natural cupidity of the savages. He kept with him all the stock, including many horses and goats, as well as a large supply of provisions. But before the nine whites had reached Nueva Viscaya, they received word that the Puaray Indians had murdered Rodriguez and

his companions in order to gain possession of their belongings. At the same time, Chamuscado, who was captain of the returning expedition, and who was more than sixty years old, fell ill and died before reaching Santa Barbara.

Instead of discouraging further explorations, however, the news of the ill-fate of Rodriguez and his companions caused a half dozen adventurous spirits to petition the King of Spain for permission to explore and conquer New Mexico.

To Antonio de Espejo, a wealthy gentleman of Santa Barbara, the privilege was granted. On November 10, 1582, the expedition was begun at Valle de San Bartolome. Espejo's party included fifteen soldiers; he had also a number of servants, a large quantity of arms, munitions, and provisions. He took with him one hundred and fifteen horses, mares, and mules; and from the animals strayed, lost, or stolen from this herd and those stolen from Fray Rodriguez, can be traced the beginning of the use of the horse by the American Indian.

In his own words, de Espejo gives a graphic description of the people he found along the Conchos River and adjacent to the Rio Grande. These Indians were the forerunners in the Big Bend region of the savage Mescalero Apaches and Southern Comanches, who harassed the frontier many years after the Americans occupied the country.

"After two days' march of five leagues each," writes de Espejo, "we found in some rancherias a number of Indians of the Conchos nation, many of whom, to the number of more than a thousand, came out to meet us along the road we were traveling. We found that they lived on rabbits, hares, and deer, which they hunt and which are abundant; and on some crops of maize, gourds, Castilian melons, and watermelons, which they plant and cultivate; and on fish, and the mescales, which are the leaves of the lechuguilla, a plant a half vara in height, the stalks of which have green leaves. They cook the stalk of this plant and make a preserve like quince jam. It is very sweet and they call it mescale.

"They go about naked and have grass huts for houses. They use bows and arrows and have caciques whom they obey.

We did not find that they had idols, nor that they offered any sacrifices. We assembled as many of them as we could, erected crosses for them in their rancherias, and by interpreters whom we had of their own tongue, the meaning of the crosses and our Holy Catholic faith was explained to them.

"They were with us for about six days from their ranches, which must have been a journey of twenty-four leagues to the north. All this distance was settled by Indians of the same nation, who came out to receive us in peace, one cacique reporting our coming to another. All of them fondled us and our horses. They were friendly."

After passing through a nation of Indians called Pazaquantes, who lived much the same as the Conchos, de Espejo came to the nation of Tobosos. From this tribe came the name of the grass so widely known over the Southwest. This tribe and the Salineros, their kinspeople, appeared to have been the most warlike people whom de Espejo found, and they belonged to the Apache family. Before de Espejo could make friends with them, the Tobosos attacked the expedition, stole several horses, and killed and wounded several more; but eventually, by numerous presents, the whites made friends with them.

Reaching the junction of the Rio Grande and the Conchos River, de Espejo found a nation of Indians living in large, permanent pueblos. They were the Jumanos. They were large people and lived in five pueblos, situated near what is now Ojinaga, Mexico, opposite Presidio, Texas, and these pueblos contained possibly ten thousand inhabitants. Up and down the two rivers they cultivated their little patches, in which they raised corn, wheat, and a great variety of citrus fruits.

De Espejo called the Rio Grande the Guadalquivir River, after the river of that name in Spain, and he says it was a branch of the Conchos River, which emptied into the North Sea. (In de Espejo's time the Atlantic Ocean was called the North Sea while the Pacific Ocean was known as the South Sea.)

These Indians had well-defined trails leading to and from great saline deposits, where they obtained their supply of salt.

These trails also led to the buffalo country on the other side of the Pecos River.

A study of the main commercial highways of to-day will bring out the fact that the trails of yesterday are the trails of to-day, and will be the trails of to-morrow. The water supply is the most vital consideration in the making of a trail, whether it is for the ox-cart or for the railroad. A knowledge of the history of trail-making will show that the railroads of to-day practically follow trails which were laid out by the Indians, possibly many thousand years ago.

However, there are exceptions to this. On account of hauling facilities, a railroad may divert its lines from the beaten, well-watered trail, preferring to haul water rather than spend vast sums to overcome topographical difficulties in track construction.

The proposed route of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railroad, with its present terminal at Alpine, followed the northeastern trail of the Jumano Indians. This trail leads to the salt deposit in Crane County, which borders the northern bank of the Pecos River. As this railroad enters the Trans-Pecos country from the extreme northwestern part of Crockett County, below Horsehead Crossing, it does not strike the old Salt Trail until it reaches Fort Stockton. At this place the famous Comanche Springs, with a daily flow of sixty million gallons of water, is the source of a great irrigation district. From Fort Stockton to Presidio, Texas, the proposed route of this railroad never once leaves the old Salt Trail.

Owing to the present settled condition of the country, the network of railroads, and that wonderful common carrier, the automobile, it is no longer necessary that Man observe distance and location of water supply; but, up to the advent of the railroad and other modern conveniences, the one thing most required of guides and scouts was a knowledge of convenient water.

Two other salt deposits, or salt lakes, might be mentioned, to which the Indians resorted for their supply of salt, since time immemorable. The first of these is in Culberson County,

forty miles north of J. M. Daugherty's Figure 2 Ranch headquarters, and a few miles west of Guadalupe Peak. The other large deposit is in Hudspeth County, and was the point of dispute which brought on the Salt Lake War, in 1877.

The Jumano Indians were egregious. They covered a vast area of country similar in scope to that covered by the Southern Comanches two hundred years later. When de Espejo began to inquire into their form of worship, he found that they believed in a God, whom they called Apalitó, and whom they asked for all things. They gave de Espejo to understand, through interpreters, that there had passed through the country, three white men and a negro, from whom they obtained the idea of their God. This establishes the point where Cabeza de Vaca struck the Rio Grande.

The Jumanos wore *gamuzas*—a combination vest and shirt—made of deer skin, well tanned. They also tanned hides that were obtained from the humpbacked cows, called by the Indians, *cibolos*, which they hunted beyond the Pecos River at certain seasons of the year.

The manner in which de Espejo was handed from tribe to tribe, recalls the like treatment of Cabeza de Vaca. It was against Indian nature to love work, and breaking new trails was work; consequently, de Espejo, in a manner similar to that of de Vaca, was guided over well-known ground, and handed from tribe to tribe, following a beaten path up the Rio Grande.

When he reached the country of the Puarays, de Espejo found corroborative evidence of the deaths of the three fathers, Rodriguez, Lopes, and Santa Maria. Thus having accomplished the object of the expedition and his forces were too small to undertake a campaign of conquest, he decided to return to Nueva Viscaya by a new route.

The Puaray pueblos were in the vicinity of the present town of Santa Fé. Leaving the Puarays, July 1, 1583, de Espejo journeyed eastward to the Pecos River, which he called Rio de las Vacas—the River of the Cows, on account of the number of buffaloes he found in that vicinity. After crossing this river, de Espejo passed down the eastward bank for one hundred and

twenty leagues, where he met three Jumano Indians, who had gone from their homes on the Conchos River to the salt lakes, to gather salt. These Indians told him that he was twelve days journey from the junction of the Conchos River and the Rio Grande.

Up to this time, Espejo had not penetrated the Big Bend proper. He had traveled along the south, west, and north sides, but now he was compelled to cross this region in order to strike the trail leading from the Conchos River to the Valle de San Bartolome.

Led by the three Jumanos, he crossed the Rio Pecos, a few miles above the mouth of Comanche Creek, at the old Salt Lake Crossing, followed a southerly direction until he struck Comanche Creek, which he followed until he reached the great springs.

These springs, known to-day as Comanche Springs, have been through all the ages the cross-roads of the Southwest. With every changing race of people to enter the Big Bend region, these springs have been a mecca. De Vaca must have camped near them in 1535; the Jumanos, from the Rio Grande and Conchos River, made it their camp on the way to and from the buffalo country and the salt lakes; the Haupaches, or Apaches, camped near its source on their way from their rancherias in New Mexico to raid and steal from the Jumanos and Tejes nations, living east of the Rio Pecos; in 1839, Dr. H. Connelly, with a great train of bullion, made these springs a resting-place between Chihuahua City and Arkansas, on the initial trip which opened up the great Chihuahua Trail; ten years later Lieutenant Whiting, of the U. S. Topographical Engineers, mentioned these springs, on his way from San Antonio to El Paso; and to-day they mark the site of Fort Stockton, a trans-continental automobile highway, and the line of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railroad. Once a trail, always a trail.

But Antonio de Espejo was bent on reaching his base of supplies in Mexico. He and his followers had remained a year in the wilds; their provisions and ammunition were spent;

and worn out from constant vigils against the marauding Indians, they were anxious to reach their countrymen in Nueva Viscaya. So, after a brief rest at the wonderful springs, they resumed their march southward.

Passing Leon Waterholes, Leoncita, and Kokernot Springs, near Alpine, they continued on the trail through Paisano Pass, down the Alamito Creek, up the Rio Grande, until the junction of the Rio Grande and the Conchos River was reached. From this point they followed the Rio Conchos to their destination, San Bartolome, east of the present City of Chihuahua.

Antonio de Espejo's journey through the heart of the Big Bend region was an accident and quickly passed from the memory of the savages. It remained for another and later people, the Americans, to conquer this land and make it what it is to-day. Credulous as the Spaniards were of every tale told them by the cunning natives, not one of them sought to conquer and settle this land. All they saw were rugged mountains and unwatered plains; and, while they were ever ready to endure the dangers of an unknown land that they might rifle it of its treasure, this unknown land they deemed without treasure.

For this reason the tide of Spanish exploration split upon the rock formed by the Big Bend country, and ebbed and flowed along either side for two centuries. To the east, the Kingdom of the Tejas was the objective point of both explorer and monk; to the west, New Mexico, with its cities of many-storied houses, rich mines, and farming centers, was the objective. For this reason, also, the records of the Big Bend country during the Spanish occupation of the Southwest, are meager of detail.

The report of de Espejo, concerning New Mexico, created general interest in New Spain. Scores of adventurers petitioned for the exclusive privilege of entering the new country for the purpose of conquest and exploitation, but it was not until 1598 that the King of Spain granted the permission. Don Juan de Oñate, a wealthy resident of Guadalajara, and husband of the grand-daughter of Cortez, was appointed first

Governor of New Mexico, and immediately set out with his company for the upper Rio Grande.

Reaching the headwaters of the Conchos River, he left the trail hitherto used by the explorers and bore northward along the present line of the Mexican Central Railroad. Oñate was the first explorer to use wagons for transporting supplies. His explorations in New Mexico and the settlements which he built were of lasting importance to the development of that section of the Spanish Southwest. As he touches no part of the Big Bend, nothing concerning him will be considered, except a description he gives of his discovery of the buffalo. It is from his own pen, under date of 1599, and concerns the activities of certain of his men:

"The corral constructed, they went next day to a plain where on the previous afternoon about one hundred thousand cattle had been seen. Giving them the right of way, the cattle started very nicely toward the corral. But soon they turned back in a stampede toward the men, and rushing through them in a mass, it was impossible to stop them, because they are cattle terribly obstinate, courageous beyond exaggeration, and so cunning that if pursued they run, and that if their pursuers stop or slacken their speed, they stop and roll just like mules, and with this respite renew their run. For several days they tried a thousand ways of shutting them in or surrounding them, but in no manner was it possible to do so. This was not due to fear, for they are remarkably savage and ferocious, so much so that they killed three of our horses and badly wounded forty, for their horns are very sharp and fairly long, about a span and a half, and bent upward together. They attack from the side, putting the head far down so that whatever they seize they tear very badly. Nevertheless, some were killed, and over eighty arrobus (a ton) of tallow were secured, which without doubt is greatly superior to that of pork. The meat of the bull is superior to that of our cows, and that of the cow equals the most tender veal or mutton.

"Seeing therefore that the full-grown cattle could not be brought alive, the *sargento mayor* ordered that calves be cap-

tured, but they became so enraged that out of the many which were brought in, some dragged by ropes and others upon the horses, not only got a league toward the camp, for they all died within about an hour. Therefore it is believed that unless taken shortly after birth and put under the care of our cows or goats they cannot be brought until the cattle become tamer than they now are.

"In shape and form they are so marvelous and laughable, or frightful, that the more one sees it the more one desires to see it, and no one could be so melancholy that if he were to see it a hundred times a day he could not keep from laughing heartily as many times or could fail to marvel at the sight of so ferocious an animal. Its horns are black, and a third of a vera long, as already stated, and resembles those of the *búfalo*. Its eyes are small, its face, snout, feet and hoofs are the same form as of our cows, with the exception that both the male and female are very much bearded, similar to he-goats. They are so thickly covered with wool that it covers their eyes and faces, and the forelock nearly envelopes their horns. This wool, which is long and very soft, extends almost to the middle of the body, but from there on their hair is shorter. Over the ribs they have so much wool and the chine is so high that they appear humpbacked, although in reality and in truth they are not greatly so, for the hump easily disappears when the hides are stretched.

"In general they are larger than our cattle. Their tail is like that of a cow, being very short and having a few bristles at the tip, and they twist it upward when they run. At the knee they have natural garters of very long hair. In their haunches, which resemble those of mules, they are hipped and crippled, and they run therefore as already stated, in leaps, and especially downhill. They are all of the same dark color, somewhat tawny, in parts their hair being almost black. Such is their appearance, which at sight is far more ferocious than pen can depict."

For one hundred years after Antonio de Espejo's journey across the Big Bend no further incursions were made, except

a few small parties of slavers, who operated among the Indian tribes near the junction of the Rio Grande and Conchos River.

This was due to the disturbed condition of the Indian country under the jurisdiction of the Franciscan and Jesuit fathers. In 1644, the Concho, Toboso, and Salinero Indians drove back the Spanish outposts to Durango. Hardly had this revolt been overcome, when, in 1648, the Tarahumares, a powerful tribe dwelling on the eastern slope of the Sierra Madres, revolted and forced the abandonment of practically all of the Jesuit and Franciscan missions in northern Nueva Viscaya, including those established along the Mexican Conchos and Rio Grande. But when peace was declared, after four years of bloodshed, these brotherhoods resumed their efforts with renewed energy to proselytize the savages.

While the Jumano Indians heretofore met by the Spaniards, were those living in their rancherias, in the Conchos River and Rio Grande district, their rancherias extended as far north as the Arkansas River, and as far east as Central Texas. The Spaniards, through traders who had come up from Monclova into the country east of the Pecos River, possessed some knowledge of these far-away Jumanos.

In the early part of 1683, a deputation was sent to El Paso, by several Indian tribes living in the Big Bend and east of the Pecos, among whom were the Jumanos and Tejas representatives. The object of this commission was to encourage more traders to come into the Indian country, and the return of the fathers to teach the Indians Christianity. The deputation was headed by a Christianized Jumano Indian of unusual intelligence, Don Juan Sabeata. Governor Cruzate received the deputation favorably, but the Franciscan fathers, who had but recently suffered from Indian treachery, refused to go unless they had stronger assurance of the Indians' sincerity.

Immediately, Sabeata dispatched Indian runners to the various villages along the Conchos River and Rio Grande, as well as to the rancherias east of the Pecos, with instructions to the natives to build churches and houses for the use of the padres. In an incredibly short time, these Indians returned

with the news that Sabeata's instructions had been carried out. Upon this assurance the Franciscans agreed to take up work among those Indians.

In the meantime, Governor Cruzate prepared an expedition, which he put in charge of Captain Juan Dominguez de Mendoza, who, thirty years previously, had been among the Jumanos, east of the Pecos. This expedition was clearly a commercial enterprise. The Jumanos had asked for traders and missionaries, and in this way the Spaniards expected to profit both in commerce and in winning religious converts.

Don Juan de Sabeata, in order to impress more favorably the Franciscans, on first reaching El Paso, had told them a tale of the marvelous appearance of a cross in the sky near La Junta—the junction of the Conchos River and Rio Grande. The place where the apparition was said to occur was later named by the Spaniards, La Navidad en los Cruces. Sabeata later confessed that the story was a pure fabrication, intended to stir the Spaniards to action. His ruse succeeded so well, however, that in early December, 1683, Captain Mendoza and his expedition, accompanied by Father Zavelata and Father Lopez, began their journey down the Rio Grande, to the junction of the Conchos River.

CHAPTER IV

Mendoza's expedition is the first expedition into the Big Bend of which we have a complete record. The worthy Captain, in his diary, gives a daily accounting for his movements. On reaching La Junta, a term used to cover some half dozen Indian pueblos, in the neighborhood of the junction of the Conchos River and Rio Grande, Mendoza left Fathers Zavala and Lopez. He then proceeded down the Rio Grande to the mouth of the arroyo flowing from the north, which we know to-day as Alamito Creek. It is easy to determine his camping places from his description of the country. Every landmark that he mentioned in his diary has been located to-day, with the exception of a spring of hot water, the origin of which was in a hill near Alamito Creek, about forty-five miles above the mouth of the creek. In the great gap known to-day as Paisano Pass, he found a reservoir of water, sufficient to water any number of horses. Traveling through the Pass, he followed the old Salt Lake trail to Comanche Springs. Here he mentions killing three buffalo bulls—one of the few times we hear of buffalo in the Big Bend.

Eventually, Mendoza reached Horsehead Crossing. Here he struck the rancherias of the Jediondos, who built him *jacales* of tule, the reed grass so common along our creeks and water-holes. He speaks also of this crossing as being on the trail which leads to the Salt Lake, and he calls the Rio Pecos the Rio Salado, or Salt River.

In time, he reached the villages of the Jumanos, and established a mission, the ruins of which may to-day be seen near San Saba, Texas.

Mendoza speaks of the Haupaches, who were the inveterate enemies of the Jumanos, and who at this time were harassing the Jumanos in their rancherias along the San Saba River.

The significance of Mendoza's journey among the Jumanos

was that the Spaniards came more frequently into the Big Bend, both to trade and win religious converts.

After leaving the Jumanos, he crossed the country known as the Kingdom of the Tejas; and upon his return to New Spain, he carried the news of the French invasion in territory which the Spaniards considered solely their own.

A brief survey of the map of Texas will show the observer that the Big Bend, or Trans-Pecos, region is composed of nine counties—Terrell, Pecos, and Reeves, which border the Pecos River on the west; while Brewster, Presidio, Jeff Davis, Culberson, Hudspeth, and El Paso Counties border the Rio Grande.

Some time between the Mendoza expedition, 1683, and the year 1724, some slight changes took place in the names of Indian tribes indigenous to the Big Bend. Instead of speaking of the Jumanos, the Tobosos, the Salineros, and other kindred tribes, the records began to carry the names Comanche and Apache. Just when this change took place, and why, is not known. The territory occupied by the Comanches was identical with that occupied by the Jumanos; and as no extended Indian war is recorded which could have caused the Jumanos to lose their territory, it can be accepted as a fact that the Comanches are the descendants of the Jumano Indians.

Father Massenet, who made a journey in the Tejas country, reiterated the statements made by Mendoza concerning the encroachment of the French upon Spanish territory; and the fears of the Spaniards were regarded as well founded. The French manner of approach was in strong contrast to that of the Spaniard. The French kept their promises when once made; the Spaniards did not. The French gained their ends by diplomacy; the Spaniards gained theirs by force; and it is but natural that of the two methods the Indians should prefer the Frenchman's manner of approach.

In 1724, the first important French post was established near the country inhabited by the Comanches. This was Fort D'Orleans, established on the present site of St. Louis, Missouri. In an extended visit among the Comanches on the Kansas River, M. de Bourgmont sought to establish trade

relationship with all the tribes, ranging from Southwest Texas to Northern Kansas. Of these tribes the Comanches were the most powerful.

While the Spaniards spoke of the Comanches, the French spoke of the Paducas. The word Paduca came to the French through their intercourse with the Sioux Indians, whose name for the Comanche was Padouca. The Comanche name for themselves was Num—"people."

M. de Bourgmont's description of the Comanches and their customs was the first authentic record of this powerful and warlike tribe. Those of the Comanches who lived far from the Spaniards raised no grain, but lived solely by the chase. They had permanent dwellings and large villages, composed of cabins, each of which were occupied by several families. From these villages they sent out hunters, sometimes to the number of a thousand in a band.

On account of their long acquaintanceship with the Spaniards, who had introduced the horse into America, these Indians took more readily to the use of these animals than any of the kindred tribes. Justly they have been called "The Horsemen of the Plains."

The hunters were armed with bows and arrows. They traveled three or four days' journey from the villages, where they found herds of buffalo. The manner of carrying their belongings on these hunting trips was to fasten the ends of two poles, one on either side of a horse, with the rear ends dragging the ground. On these poles were placed the packs, and upon these rode the children. A man on horseback conducted this party, and the hunters, women, and young people marched freely and lightly along the trail. When they arrived at the place of the hunt, they camped near a stream where both water and wood were obtainable for cooking.

Next morning, each hunter mounted a horse and rode to the nearest herd, having the wind to its back, the purpose of the Indian being to allow the buffalo to discover him through their delicate sense of smell, and start running from him. When this was accomplished, the hunter followed them closely at a

gallop. Upon reaching the side of the animal he had chosen, the hunter leaped to the ground and, with his arrows, shot the buffalo behind the shoulder. Ordinarily, the cows were chosen for beef. After the chase was over, the Indians, including the women and children, joined in to skin and dismember the carcasses. They boiled what meat was necessary for their immediate wants, and, while the hunters returned to the chase, the squaws smoked the remainder.

This nation raised neither corn, melons, nor tobacco, but the Spaniards furnished them these provisions in return for deer and buffalo skins. The villages nearest the Spaniards of New Mexico had knives and hatchets made of steel, but those farthest from the Spaniards had implements made only of flint.

The Comanche nation was very populous, and extended from the Kansas River on the north to the Rio Grande on the south. The particular village in which M. de Bourgmont visited the head chiefs was composed of 140 cabins, where lived 800 warriors, 1,500 women, and 2,000 children. When these Indians lacked horses on which to carry their baggage, they made use of large dogs, which they raised and trained especially for this purpose.

The Paducas, or Comanches, were almost entirely destitute of European articles of merchandise, for in 1724, naturally, there were no manufactories in America. The men were covered with breeches of old hides, the lower part of which were bell-shaped, a fashion taken from the Spaniards. Unlike the civilized woman, who has a variety of material from which to make attractive clothing, the Indian woman wore a simple garment of deer skin, fastened about the belt with a thong. Before the arrival of M. de Bourgmont, these Indians knew nothing of firearms, for the Spaniards were too crafty to give such an advantage to a potential foe. When they went to war, the Comanches rode horseback, and they covered their horses with thick hides to protect them from arrows.

On the afternoon of October 20, 1724, M. de Bourgmont made a treaty with the Comanches which had a most important effect on the future destiny of the Big Bend country.



MR. AND MRS. FRANCIS ROONEY
The pioneer builders of Fort Stockton



DEATH OF BAJO-SOL

This pact remained unbroken up to the day the French withdrew from the American continent. M. de Bourgmont promised guns and ammunition to the new allies, in trade for their skins, and he paved the way for an aggressive campaign against the Spaniards.

The attitude the Indian maintained towards both the French and the Spaniards was made quite clear by the head chief of the Comanches in his speech, in response to the speech of M. de Bourgmont.

Before beginning his speech, the great chief said to the interpreter that he would willingly give two fingers from his hand to be able to make himself understood by the French chief.

"My father, my heart is crushed, as if it were between two rocks," he said. "How can I speak so you may understand me? Can I speak as my heart wishes? It would be better that my heart had a mouth which could make itself understood. For a long time our hearts trembled like the leaves stirred by the wind at the last cry of the night birds; all our warriors were on foot and could not sleep without arms in hand. Even the young men hid away from discovery in the day. Hardly had ceased falling the tears for a warrior slain, when they began to fall for another; our women hardly dared to go hunt for wood to cook something for us to eat, and our children, who cried from hunger day and night; we hardly dared to go to the chase, since the sun was red, the time was dark, the roads were covered with briars and thorns, the muddy water hid from us the fish, the game fled far from our villages, and we had lean bellies and hollow jaws. The birds which perched above us seemed from their mournful singing to sing over us as they sing over the dead.

"But to-day, my father, you bring us the beautiful days. How serene is the sky, how bright the sun! The roads are cleared, the water is no longer muddy, the game comes back. Our women begin to laugh, to dance, and to prepare food at their ease; our children begin to run and leap like the fawns of the deer; and living in peace with those who have been our enemies, we will march without fear on the same road,

the same sun will light the way for us, we will feast together as brothers, and, although our nations are far apart, we will be as if we lived together, each of us carrying the other in his heart.

"Ah! What a happy day which has brought you among us, my father. Much will our descendants remember you, when they will call up thy name and the bounty of thy sovereign, who sent you here to bring us peace and those beautiful merchandises. Can we ever forget the bounty of the French heart, who gave us everything without price? All that has been told me of the French is nothing compared to what I see. I have heard good reports of the French bravery, but you have proved even more in giving us frightful arms, of which the noise alone makes us to tremble.

"The Spaniards on the contrary trade us horses of which they have so many that they do not know what to do with them; on the other hand, they will only trade us some poor hatchets of soft iron, and some little knives, of which often they break the point for fear that we may use it some day against them, and they only give us something which they trade to us very dear. How different are the French from the Spaniards, of whom I know nothing more from now than this earth"—here the chief stopped and picked up a handful of dirt, which he threw in the direction of the Spanish Southwest—"while I regard the French as the sun!"—pointing to it with his other hand.

The descendants of this old chief made good his word. From this year, 1724, until the Spanish withdrew from the Southwest, a century later, the Comanches gave them and their proselytized Indian adherents no peace.

While on their East the Spaniards had proper cause to be jealous of the French, from the Big Bend of Texas to the Pacific Ocean, they remained unmolested. By the year 1760, Durango, Southern Chihuahua, Sinaloa, and Sonora were held by the Spaniards, and with these points as their bases of operation they extended a network of presidios, or army posts, far into the Indian country to the north.

Since the first Spaniards had entered the Big Bend of Texas, they had confined their operations to the great waterways—the Conchos River and the Rio Grande. In the territory extending from Paso del Norte to La Junta, there were approximately one hundred thousand Indians, many of whom were farmers and stock raisers. The Spaniards had brought in oxen and the domestic cow, which, like the horse and mule, multiplied rapidly and gradually became very common among the Indians. Eventually, the Viceroy of New Spain found it expedient to throw a line of presidios along the banks of these rivers. The presidio at El Paso had been moved by Governor Cruzate, from twenty miles below the pass, to a point opposite the old Hart mill, above the present Mexican town of Juarez. In 1760, the presidio of Belen was founded and garrisoned by fifty men. This presidio occupied the present site of Ojinaga, Mexico.

In 1773, the presidio system was reorganized, and six presidios erected, which extended along the Rio Grande from Cerro Gordo, known to-day as San Carlos, to Carrizal, Mexico. In this year, the presidio at Huajuquilla was moved to Valle de San Elcario, known to-day as San Elizario, three miles south of Clint, Texas. About midway between San Carlos and San Elcario, on the Rio Grande, was located the Presidio de Pilares. The aim of the Government was to have five “flying companies,” which could be quickly switched from one presidio to another, as the exigencies of the situation demanded.

The presidio San Vicente, the ruins of which to-day may be seen on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande between Boquillas and Glenn Springs, was founded in 1780.

There was no one determinate thing which brought about the end of the presidios and the missions. It had been the policy of the Spanish crown to furnish protection to the Franciscan and Jesuit brotherhoods in their work. In return for this protection, from mine and field the royal treasury was amply rewarded for its concessions to these brotherhoods.

In 1794, the strength of the Spanish padres began to wane. The dates of their withdrawal from the Rio Grande and Conchos River territory varied. In 1795, the presidio of Guadalupe

was suppressed, and the garrisons of the various other presidios began to dwindle away. The changes incident to the Hidalgo revolution, in 1810, in Mexico, heralded and brought about the end of the presidio system on the Rio Grande. After Hidalgo's defeat, in 1811, the presidios were never restored. Up to that time the presidios had flourished. The soldiers, under the commanding officers at Presidio del Norte, San Carlos, Pilares, and San Vicente, lived with their families, in their own homes, tending their small farms or herding their goats. Sometimes, at irregular intervals, they were called upon to drill. At other times, at even less regular intervals, they were called upon to fight Indians. Acting, in a way, as a sort of militia, these few remnants of the former glory of Spanish soldiery garrisoned the presidios.

Coincident with the revolution of Hidalgo, the religious brotherhoods fell into disrepute with the Spanish government. Less attention was paid to the presidios, and the missions were abandoned; the practice of forwarding the Catholic religion by keeping soldiers with the padres, died out. The garrisons were not renewed with new blood, and gradually the men died or were killed by Indians, and others moved away or were recalled.

Of these old presidios, that of Del Norte, which to-day is Ojinaga, was the last to disappear with the dust of time. Probably this presidio was abandoned and reoccupied several times. In 1820, the mother of John Burgess was in Presidio del Norte, when three hundred Apaches entered the village and killed many inhabitants. This occurred at an interval when the soldiers had been withdrawn to Chihuahua City. On record in the Land Office in Ojinaga were two land titles, under date of 1828 and 1835, respectively, which bear the signature of El Capitan José I. Benquillo. It is highly probable that this officer was the last commander of the decayed presidio system along the Rio Grande.

Valle de Piedra, commonly called Valpiedra, is still a small settlement situated between Ojinaga and Pilares. Originally it was a penal colony. It was founded on the site of irrigated

farms, and convicts from both Presidio del Norte and Chihuahua were sent there to work. Concessions were given by the government to certain prominent men, sometimes to commanders of the garrison itself, and it might be noted that in this latter case very often the commanders would increase their labor by their own judicial decisions, when necessary.

There is no definite date available as to the time of the establishment of Valle de Piedra, but it was the last one of the old colonies to be in operation. Cotton was the usual crop, and during the days of the Civil War, the cotton was shipped to northern markets. At the close of the Civil War, when the South resumed cotton planting, Valle de Piedra lost its importance.

One other old ruin known as Old Fortin, which was settled in 1848 by Ben Leaton, and which to-day is owned by John Burgess, was at one time one of the seven presidios located in the vicinity of the junction of the Conchos River and the Rio Grande.

As early as 1800, trappers and hunters came to Presidio del Norte, to trap beaver on the Conchos River, but the Mexican authorities turned them back. From 1820 to 1850, the St. Louis Fur Company and Bent Fur Trading Company had a few trappers and hunters in the country, but very little can be told about their activities.

The Santa Fé Trail had been in operation since 1822, and ran south from Santa Fé, New Mexico, through Paso del Norte, to Chihuahua City. With a view of encouraging commercial development and finding a shorter route than the Santa Fé Trail from Chihuahua City to the Red River frontier of Arkansas, the Mexican Government agreed to reduce the import duties to a very low rate in favor of a pioneer enterprise, and to furnish an escort of dragoons for the protection of the traders. An American merchant, Dr. H. Connelly, and a number of wealthy Mexicans undertook the adventurous trip. The caravan set out from Chihuahua City, April 3, 1839. It consisted of 100 men, including 50 dragoons. There were seven wagons in all, 700 mules, and from \$200,000 to \$300,000 in

specie and bullion. Following the Conchos River, as did the old Spanish explorers, they crossed the Rio Grande at Presidio del Norte. They kept the old Salt Lake Trail, to Horsehead Crossing, and met with no greater accident between the Crossing and Fort Townsend than to confuse the Red River with the Brazos.

It was the intention of the adventurers to return to Chihuahua the ensuing fall, but, suffering much delay, they did not get started until the following spring. On the return trip, the caravan consisted of sixty or seventy wagons, laden with merchandise, and about 225 men, including their escort, the Mexican dragoons. After being lost, by missing their old trail in the "Cross Timbers," they finally reached the Pecos River, where, in contrast with its small flow of water to-day, they were compelled to use water-kegs to float their wagons across. At the Pecos, they met a large body of Comanches, but their number was sufficient to make the Indians appear friendly.

Upon reaching Presidio del Norte, or Ojinaga, they learned that General Irogoyen, with whom they had celebrated the contract for diminution of their duty, had died in their absence. The new commander insisted on the payment of the full duty, which would have caused financial disaster to the expedition. After a delay of forty-five days at Presidio, they made a compromise; and on the 27th day of August, 1840, safely reached Chihuahua City.

The delays and accumulated expenses of the expedition caused such disastrous results to those interested that it was nine years before the Chihuahua Trail became a generally used highway.

George F. Ruxton, a noted English traveler, throws considerable light on Indian conditions in, and adjoining, the Big Bend of the Rio Grande, in the years 1845-46, gained in traveling through the danger zone of Northern Mexico.

In Ruxton's time, the city of Durango was considered the *Ultima Thule* of the civilized portion of Mexico. Beyond it, to the north and northwest, stretched away the vast uncultivated and unpeopled plains of Chihuahua, the Bolson de Mapimi, and

the arid deserts of the Gila. In these wild regions, the hostile tribes of Indians had their dwelling-places, from which they continually descended upon the border settlements and haciendas, drove off the herds of horses and mules, and barbarously killed the unarmed peasantry. This warfare—if warfare it could be called, where the aggression and bloodshed were on one side only, and passive endurance on the other—had existed from time immemorial; and the wonder is, that the country had not long before been abandoned by the persecuted inhabitants, who at all seasons were subjected to their attacks.

The Apaches, whose country bordered upon the Department of Durango, were untiring and incessant in their hostility against the whites; and, being near neighbors, were enabled to act with great rapidity and unawares against the haciendas and ranchos on the frontier. They were a treacherous and cowardly race of Indians, and seldom attacked even the Mexicans, save by treachery and ambuscade. When they had carried off a number of horses and mules, sufficient for their present wants, they sent a deputation to the governors of Durango and Chihuahua, to express their anxiety for peace. This was invariably granted them, and, when *en paz*, they resorted to the frontier villages, and even the capital of the Department, for the purpose of trade and amusement. The animals they had stolen in Durango and Chihuahua, they found a ready market for in New Mexico and Sonora; and this traffic was most unblushingly carried on, and countenanced by the authorities of the respective states.

But the most formidable enemy, and most feared and dreaded by the inhabitants of Durango and Chihuahua, were the warlike Comanches, who descended from their distant prairie country beyond the Pecos River, at certain seasons of the year. Annually, these Indians undertook regularly organized expeditions into these states, and frequently into the interior, as far as the vicinity of Sombrerete, Durango, for the purpose of procuring animals and slaves, carrying off the young boys and girls, and massacring the adults in the most wholesale and barbarous manner.

So regular were these expeditions, that in the Comanche calendar the month of September was known as the Mexican moon, as the other months were designated the buffalo moon, the young bear moon, the corn moon, etc. They generally invaded the country in three different divisions, with two to five hundred warriors in each. One, the most southern, passed the Rio Grande between the old presidio of San Juan and the mouth of the Pecos, and harried the fertile plains and wealthy haciendas of El Valle de San Bartolome, the Rio Florido, San José del Parral, and the Rio Nasas. Every year their incursions extended farther into the interior, as the frontier haciendas became depopulated by their ravages, and the villages deserted and laid waste. For days together, in Bolson de Mapimi, Ruxton says that he traversed a country deserted on this account, and passed through ruined villages, untrodden for years by the foot of man.

The central division entered between the Presidio del Norte and Monclova, where they joined the party coming in from the North, and passed the mountains of Mapimi and traversed a desert country destitute of water, where they suffered the greatest privations, ravaged the valleys of Mapimi, Guajoquilla, and Chihuahua, and even the haciendas at the foot of the Sierra Madre.

It appears incredible that no steps were taken to protect the country from those invasions, which did not take the inhabitants unawares, but at certain and regular seasons and from known points. Troops were employed nominally to check the Indians, but very rarely attacked them, although the Comanches gave them every opportunity, and, thoroughly despising them, met them on the open field, and with equal numbers almost invariably defeated the regular troops.

The people themselves were unable to offer any resistance, however well inclined they were to do so, as it was the policy of the Government to keep them unarmed; and, being unacquainted with the use of weapons, when placed in their hands, they had no confidence, and offered but feeble resistance. So perfectly aware of this fact were the Comanches, that they

never hesitated to attack superior numbers. When in small parties the Mexicans never resisted, even if armed, but fell upon their knees and begged for mercy. Sometimes, however, goaded by the murder of their families and friends, the rancheros collected together, and, armed with bows and arrows, and slings and stones, went out to meet the Indians, and were slaughtered like sheep.

In the years 1845-1846, the Indians were more audacious than in previous years. It may be that they were rendered more daring by the knowledge of the war between the United States and Mexico, and the supposition that the troops would, consequently, be withdrawn from the scene of their operations. They overran the whole Departments of Durango and Chihuahua, cut off all communications, and defeated, in two pitched battles, the regular Mexican troops sent against them. Upward of ten thousand head of horses and mules were carried off, in those two years; scarcely a hacienda or rancho on the frontier was left unvisited; and everywhere the people were killed or captured. The roads were made impassable, all traffic was stopped, the ranchos were barricaded, and the inhabitants were afraid to venture out of their doors. The posts and expresses traveled at night, avoiding the roads, and news came daily of massacres and harryings.

CHAPTER V

After the decay of the presidio system, the mightiest and most dangerous tribe of Indians in the Big Bend were the Comanches. Their wanderings and forays spread over an immense territory. By preference, their fixed seats of abode were chiefly in the rocky highlands which stretch between the upper part of the Red River and the Rio Grande. East and west, they extended from the San Saba Valley to the thickly settled portion of New Mexico, which was given over to the Apaches, the inveterate enemies of the Comanches. However, they were great wanderers and often were known to roam along the banks of the Arkansas River on the north, and to the interior of Durango, Mexico, on the south.

They were essentially a hunter folk, without enduring homes, and no liking for agriculture. They continually wandered about in this immense territory, following the march of the buffalo, north and east of the Pecos River, and to a great extent their manner of living was fixed by this running wild cattle. Year in and year out, the meat of the buffalo was their main food. Even the two-year-old children were fed "jerkey"—buffalo meat cut in narrow strips and dried by the sun. The only plant food which they occasionally ate, appeared to be the inch-thick root of a specie of the pea, sometimes called Indian bread-root. At one time this bread-root was quite common along the banks of the San Saba River, at the timber's edge. Very naturally, the need and want of provisions was frequently felt by a people solely accustomed to the chase; and in them was bred a natural indolence and carelessness, which, at certain seasons, caused great suffering from hunger. In such straits, which happened often when they were on their periodical forays and could not devote the time to the chase, they killed a horse or a mule.

Owing to the fact that they trusted to Nature and their ability to kill a sufficient number of buffalo for their sustenance, they were prevented from gathering together in any considerable number. Had this not been so, it is doubtful if the white settlers, who pushed their way into the hunting-ground of the Comanches, could have withstood the forays of the Indians.

Just as essentially as they were a hunter folk, they were a wandering folk. All their chief pursuits were carried on by the horse. They fought, hunted, and traveled on a horse. It is needless to say that they were expert horsemen, and often in battle it was observed that as they rushed upon their enemy, their horses running full speed, they swung to the far side, shooting at their foes from the under-side of the horse's neck, and exposing no part of their body but their foot, the heel of which was hooked-over the horse's withers.

The women sat astride the horses just as the men did, and rode scarcely less skillfully. The horses were, necessarily, of the breed brought into the country by the Spaniards, and, while not imposing in appearance, were capable of great endurance. In part, these horses were raised by the Indians, and, in part, they were captured on their forays into Mexico, or stolen from the Texas settlers. The stealing of horses they justified by saying that it was manifestly an injustice on the part of the Great Spirit that He had given so many horses to the white men, who were so trifling in number, while they themselves had received so few; and they sought to equalize this disparity as much as possible.

Perhaps no race of Indians had their mode of living so greatly changed as had the Comanches by the coming of the Spaniards. From that first moment when they learned to use the horse, dates all the peculiarities and terms of their later material existence.

The weapons of the Comanches were bows, arrows, and the long lance. Their bows, four feet in length, were manufactured from the bois d'arc, which was indigenous to East Texas and Arkansas. The arrows were two feet in length and were carried on the back of the warrior, in a quiver made of horse-

hide, and, sometimes, of cougar or jaguar skin. The earlier arrow-points were of flint; but long years before the Apaches began to use the iron points, the Comanches adopted them through trading with the Spaniards. The arrow-head was attached to the shaft by means of a thong or deer tendon, and was so held that after an arrow was embedded in an object, the shaft might be removed but the arrow-head would remain. So skillful were the Indians with the bow and arrow that while a bullet would often fail to penetrate the buffalo's hide, sometimes the arrow was shot with such force that it protruded from the opposite side of the animal. The lance, which varied in length from six to ten feet, was spiked with an elongated iron point, which was manufactured in many cases from a hundred-year-old Toledo sword-blade. Occasionally, however, but not sufficiently common to be of great importance at this period, the Comanches were provided with the American long rifle, but at no time was the rifle in the hands of a Comanche so dangerous as his home-made bow and arrow.

The clothing of the Comanche was not greatly different from that of other North American Indians. It consisted usually of leggings, moccasins, the breech clout, or "flap," and the buffalo-skin, or woolen cloth, which covered the whole body as a cloak. Often they wore, besides, a tight, close-fitting jacket or short shirt of buckskin, split in front, called *gamusas*. The women were clothed in a short dress or tunic of deer leather, which was often adorned with embroidery and loose hanging metal pieces. Besides this, they wore moccasins and short leggings. The women cut their hair moderately short, but the men wore their hair long, either flowing over the back or hanging in ornamented plait. For head-covering they had in general as little as the other Indian races.

The popular conception of an Indian is a dark-skinned, haughty-countenanced person, with a great head-dress, out of which rises the tail feathers of the eagle; but amongst the southern and western Indians, the heat from the sun's rays prohibited the use of anything on the head, except, possibly, a band of gaudy cloth, tied around their heads to keep their

hair from blowing into their eyes. Although deer and buffalo skins were chosen, when possible, for the clothing of the Comanches, yet woolen and cotton shirts, and other articles of American manufacture, were often found among them; such articles coming from the Government through exchange at the trading-posts, for skins. In the main, their clothing was less neat and spruce than that of their neighbors, the Lipan Apaches.

In bodily structure, the Comanche was seldom handsomely built, usually being squat of stature and crooked of limb. They could in no way compare with the half-civilized Delaware and Shawnees, among whom handsome forms and high-bred, noble countenances were frequently seen. The Comanche women were small and undersized, and only in first youth, well-formed and of pleasing countenance. They faded early, due in part to the series of hard bodily labor which fell to their lot, and to their naturally exposed manner of living. In contrast, were the little children, with coal black, fiery eyes, glistening dark hair and brown complexions, through which the bright red of the cheeks showed—a happy, healthy youngster, as a rule, who was handled with great tenderness by the older people. As was the usual custom with the Indian mother of other tribes, the Comanche mother carried her little one on her back, wrapped in skins and laced up on a board.

In comparison with other Indian races, the Comanches stood out as possessing great contempt for the enjoyment of spirituous drinks. It is well known that distilled drinks gave all other North American Indians passionate enjoyment, and that firewater, which was brought to them by unscrupulous traders, often in the form of alcohol, was next to smallpox in evil. The Comanches not only rejected spirits for themselves, but scorned all others who used intoxicants. Von Roemer, who had extensive dealings with these Indians about 1840, said that while in San Antonio, Texas, he watched a pair of Comanches viewing a drunken Delaware Indian, who was reeling along the street, and that he never forgot the expression of deep contempt which showed on their countenances. Perhaps, this one trait in the Comanche people caused the general fear and

respect for them as fighters, which was so widely felt, both by the white settlers and their red foes.

The villages of the Southern Comanches were composed of tents or tepees. These tents were excellent for their purpose and comfortably arranged. They were of cone-shaped form and twelve to fourteen feet high; the material of which they were constructed was the tanned buffalo-hide. Several hides were sewed together and spread over the framework of long tent-poles, which crossed each other at a point near the top. From the ground up to this point, extended a small chink, which was covered in time of storm by two flaps. Through this chink escaped the smoke of the fire, placed in the center of the lodge. A bear-skin formed the flap to the entrance. All tents were so placed that the smoke-hole and the doors lay towards the prevailing direction of the wind. Buffalo-skins and bear-skins were spread on the ground, which formed the floor of the lodge, and in a circle sat the family of the household—the master on a bear-skin opposite the door, where he could observe what was passing without; at his side his wife, occupied with the care of the children, or working bead embroidery. In the center of the tent was a round hole in the earth, upon which the household cooking was done. From the cross-points of the tent-poles, in the peak of the tent, was a leather thong fastened to a tent peg, driven in the ground, which served to give greater strength to the structure and prevent its being overturned by wind-storms.

In point of bravery, the Comanches stand high above the Apaches. While the latter attacked their enemy almost always in ambush, and were concealed as much as possible, on the contrary the Comanches shirked not to stand in open field against the whites. Many times has this been verified.

Von Roemer, commenting upon the fact of the Comanches' bravery, cites as an example an incident which occurred at San Antonio, while Lamar was President of Texas. The Comanches had been long at war with the Texans, without either side gaining material advantage. Because of this, the situation became burdensome to the Texans, and they decided,

if possible, to make a treaty of peace with the Indians. With this in view, they invited the chiefs of the Comanches to a peace conference, at San Antonio; and at the same time summoned the Indians to bring along their captives, for whose freedom the Texans would negotiate. As a result of this summons, some fifteen chiefs appeared in San Antonio at the time set; but they left behind the captives in a camp many miles from the town.

The peace conference began, and, conformably, the first day was spent debating the amount of ransom to be paid for the captives. On the following day, the prisoners were not only not produced, as the Indians had promised, but the chiefs demanded a higher ransom. Broken up over this breach of good faith, the Texas officer, presiding, declared to the chiefs that they themselves would be held back as prisoners until they had produced their captives.

The moment they heard they were prisoners, the head chief raised the war-cry and shot one of the Texas commissioners through the breast with an arrow. The others followed his example, and before the Texans could make use of their weapons, many of them were dead or wounded. Still, the Texans outnumbered the Indians, and, aided by the armed guard held ready in front of the assembly-house for such an emergency, they succeeded in killing all but one of the Indians. This last Indian broke through and fled into a stone house, in which he long defended himself. Then, for a second time breaking through the multitude besieging the house, he escaped. When the fight first began a thirteen-year-old son of the chief was playing in front of the door of the assembly-house; when the war-cry of his tribe reached his ears, he sprang up, and, with his small bow and arrow, shot down one of the Texans who was hastening towards the council-house.

Von Roemer, whose relations with the Comanches covered an extended period, gives an interesting and informative account of a visit to the Comanches, under the chiefs, Ocol, Buffalo Hump, and Santa Anna. This latter chief was quite friendly with the whites. He had shortly returned from a trip to

Washington, at the time Von Roemer visited him, and he had brought back a full impression of the power of the white people—an impression the Government desired to make by having several of the Indian chiefs visit the capital.

As Von Roemer got within a half mile of the Indian camp, a representative of the chiefs, splendidly dressed and carrying a flag, met him and ceremoniously escorted him to the lodges set aside for him and his party. Hardly had the white men settled themselves, when a great number of men, women, and children gathered around them to get a look at the white strangers. Already, they began to eat and steal little things, and to be very troublesome, a practice which in the following days, through greedy crowding, became still worse. The whites let their horses run free after the chief gave them the promise that none would be stolen. "That we found them all again on our departure," says Von Roemer, "is certainly a noteworthy evidence of the reliability of the Comanches when they have once pledged their hospitality, especially when it is considered that such horses as those of ours are a treasure for any Indian, for whose winning he is gladly ready to risk his life.

"Very early in the evening," continues Von Roemer, "our Indian hosts took themselves back and left us to rest, but which we could not soon find, so excited were we by the multiplied impressions of the day."

When the whites awoke on the following morning, they saw before their tents their new friends, the three chiefs, seated by the rekindled fire, waiting patiently for their appearance. They were very soon convinced, however, that this early visit was not only to wish them a good morning in Comancheland, but that also a much more solid design lay at the bottom—a square meal. The so-called Comanche hospitality was more often a negative kind, although, with the exception of a few trifling articles, the Indians committed no theft against their guests. It was highly amusing to see how Santa Anna, a powerful man in his best years, lingered near the supply of provisions, and used flattering words and signs in order to obtain sweetmeats. As an excuse for the importunity, however, it was

evident to the whites that the Indian camp contained no provisions except a little buffalo meat.

This particular camp was composed of one hundred and fifty tents, of different sizes, which were dispersed, without order, along the edge of the wood. One of these tents, in which all official business was conducted, was set apart from the others, and before the entrance was placed a shield, a peculiar head-dress of buffalo-skin, with the buffalo-horns and a lance on it. These weapons so placed were "medicine" and were sacred to the religious mysteries, for which reason no one dared to touch them.

On this trip of inspection, as Von Roemer and his party approached a tent, they were always welcomed by the sullen barks of a number of vicious, lean dogs, who stole cowardly away when one went straight toward them. Everywhere they saw the busy squaws occupied with the housework. Some twisted ropes of horse-hair, used for tying horses; others plaited leather straps or lassoes from small strips of horse-hide; still others worked the hard buffalo-hide into use, from which they cut off the still clinging fleshy and fatty parts from the inner sides with a hook-shaped, short-handled work-tool; others were cleaning house, and farther away a squaw was leading into camp a pack-horse loaded with venison.

At another place a number of women were engaged in taking down tents and packing them on mules. A mule packed with skins on the back, with a thick bundle twelve feet long, and the tent-poles dragging on the ground behind, presented a strange sight to the members of the white party. One of the most easily read Indian signs, which usually marks an Indian expedition, was the trail which the dragging tent-poles left behind on the ground.

While on their review of the village, the whites were offered different objects for trade. One could get a good buffalo-skin for a woolen horse-blanket; a smaller skin of the grey fox or civet-cat for a small portion of salt or corn; and Von Roemer mentioned that he exchanged a leather lasso for a small quantity of cinnibar, which must have been obtained in the Ter-

lingua district, Brewster County, Texas, as that was the only country inhabited by the Comanches where cinnibar has been found. The general preference of the Indians was always for purely decorative things or trinkets of no practical use.

About the village, grazed easily one thousand horses, many of which, including some mules, bore Mexican brands. One distinction about the Comanche horses was that the points of their ears were slit.

Toward noon of that day, the Indians arranged a council with the whites, to which assembled the three head chiefs and the most conspicuous warriors. Ocol, the first head chief, who attended to all political matters, was a small, insignificant-looking man, in a dirty cotton jacket, and his only distinguishing trait was a sly, diplomatic face. Different from him was the war chief, Santa Anna, a strong man with a benevolent and sprightly countenance. The third chief, Buffalo Hump, presented the real, typical picture of the North American Indian. Real, because, unlike most of his tribal kin, he disdained European clothes. With the upper part of his body naked, a buffalo-skin wrapped around the hips, yellow brass rings on the arms, a string of beads about the throat, the long, coarse black hair hanging down, he sat in the council with a stern, apathetic expression of countenance popularly conceived to belong only to the typical savage.

As the council began, the women and children drew away from the circle to a more decorous distance, and formed a gayly-colored background for the assemblage. In the middle of the circle, lay a small pile of tobacco, and a pipe. This an Indian picked up, filled with tobacco, and, after he had lighted it, took a couple of puffs, then sent it around the circle. Twice around the peace pipe went, with the silence remaining unbroken; after this ceremony, the Comanches entered into the negotiations for a peace treaty with the possible settlers.

In the evening following the negotiations, which had been successfully carried out, the party of whites were treated to a customary spectacle. A number of horsemen in festive attire formed into a procession, which filed slowly past the camp of

the white men. The faces of the warriors were painted red, and on their heads they wore remarkable head-dresses of buffalo-skins, with the horns still on them. They were the same head-dresses that had been seen in front of the tents. In one hand, each warrior carried a long lance, daubed in red; in the other, a round shield of tanned buffalo-hide, with gay colors daubed, and bordered with a margin of different feathers, which, when the shield was swung, fluttered in the breeze. The horses shared in the grotesque appearance of their riders, as they were colored a most fiery red on tail and head. So paraded this fantastic procession many times before the tents of the whites, then they passed away in a long gallop, and disappeared in the darkness.

It was an expedition of young warriors leaving on a war trip—or, more correctly, a robbing and plundering trip—against Mexico, who wished to show their white visitors something of their strength and preparedness for trouble.

An idea of the general condition in 1840 may be gained through Von Roemer's comment:

"The uncertainty and misery in the Mexican border provinces of Coahuila, Chihuahua and Tamaulipas, in which these Indians make their regular inroads, must be boundless. If a stronger authority does not take the place of the present in Mexico, then these provinces under the Spanish dominion, which tried to hold in check the strong, ever-robbing tribes, will be gradually devastated and depopulated. As a result, always more encouraged, the Indians will spread their forays into the heart of the Mexican lands. Probably an energetic movement of all the provinces will not be sooner than a peaceable or warlike 'robbery' brings Texas, New Mexico and Upper California under the banner of the United States. We saw among the Comanches all kinds of movable property, stolen in Mexico, costly woolen cloths, mules, horses and bridles; also captive Mexicans, sometimes women and children. Some lived so long already among the Indians that they feel no wish to return to their native people, and which are therefore not handled any longer as prisoners. A young Mexican was brought

by us from his owner, who was dissatisfied with him, for the small piece of forty dollars."

The morning after the treaty, an amusing incident occurred, at least amusing to Von Roemer and his companions. An old man appeared before the chiefs and complained with woeful look that the same young people who had held the warlike proceedings the evening before had stolen his wife from him, and two of his best horses, and had taken them away. The chiefs advised him to set out with some other young people, and to take back his stolen goods.

Late that evening, the old man returned, with satisfaction expressed in every seam of his face, and related that he had found the war party at no great distance, and, while they were occupied in drying the flesh of horses for their journey, he had surprised them, regained his wife, also a span of good mules, and made off with them. The wife was still young-looking and not ill-favored. To the question why he did not cut off her nose, he replied that he was glad enough to get her back. As a punishment for unfaithfulness, it was generally the custom among the Comanches to mutilate the guilty woman in this fashion, and then to repudiate her. Von Roemer relates that he saw many such women, with noses cut off and with short, bristly hair.

"The Southern Comanches were distinguished from the Northern Comanches, who held their rancherias on the Purgatoire and other branches of the Arkansas River, in Colorado. The Southern Comanches, from the hills under the staked plains in Texas, had been, at the time of the war of Mexico with the United States, for many years incessantly raiding the Mexican border states. So long had this continued that the younger generations had been reared, trained in all the arts and practices of predatory warfare, and had become accustomed to consider raiding into Mexico as their future hope of gain and distinction.

"The scenes of their life of rapine lay in the semi-arid Big Bend region; and in this country there is usually an abundance

Quoted from O. W. Williams.

of rain in the months of August and September, when the grasses start into vigorous growth and the *charcos*—pools formed from rain-water—are full of water all across the desert wastes. So, in the month of September of each year, when the moon became full, the war parties of young, ambitious bucks began to trail across the four hundred miles of wild country which lay between the Llano Estacado—the staked plains—and the homes of the *vaqueros* and farmers in Durango and Chihuahua.

“Magnificent horsemen as they were, a half-wild horse taken from some herd of mustangs, a bit with a rawhide rein for bridle, and a tanned sheep-skin or a patch of buffalo-hide for a stirrupless saddle, the long trip over thorny plains and through stony mountains was to them a festive occasion.

“With a bow of Osage orange wood—*bois d’arc*—and arrows of the river reeds, or the ‘*vara dulce*,’ slung over the shoulder in quivers of lynx-hides; carrying the lance of ash-wood shod with iron and resting across the saddle with the *chimal*, or shield, of the buffalo-hide, fringed with turkey feathers; and occasionally an old Spanish *escopeta* with a bell-shaped muzzle, much resembling the muzzle of a trombone—a gun which shot a slug of lead as large as a quail egg—slung under the leg in a rawhide case; with a Bowie knife from Texas, or a machete from Mexico, carried anywhere room could be made, these freebooters of the plains were ready to fight any foe.

“Each year, in the light of the Mexican moon—for so they came to term the September full moon—the Comanche war trail swarmed with parties of these barbaric warriors, in troops of a half dozen to a hundred and more, including outlaws from many other tribes and even renegades from Mexico, who hurried forward to the carnival of bloodshed and rapine on the south side of the Rio Grande.

“The trail carried them over the southeastward shoulder of the great Llano Estacado, where, for a hundred miles, nothing was to be seen but the open, grassy plain tenanted only by the jack-rabbit and antelope, and sentinelled by the gull and hawk, down through the terraced pass, the Castle Gap, just above the

Pecos River, into the wide mesquite plains of the Pecos River, across Horsehead Crossing, on past the noted Comanche Springs into the mesa-topped limestone hills, then into the mountains of burnt rocks—monuments of primeval fires—and over the Rio Grande into the promised land. Here the parties diverged, each to its own chosen area. One scourged the fertile valleys of the Conchos River, up to the very walls of Chihuahua City; others carried fire and lance into the confines of Durango; some went to the mines, some to the farming valleys, but most of them sought the *haciendas*, where they might find horses and cattle, the great source of savage wealth.

“Along in November or December, following, the parties began to return. The great Comanche war-trail then again presented an animated picture. A party here would be driving a herd of cattle; a party there, a troop of half-wild horses. In another band might be seen a small train of captives, ‘laced like Mazeppa to a Tartar of the Ukraine breed,’ and herded and driven as any other beasts devoted to man’s use. There might be a great prairie fire started by a party of raiders to escape pursuers, while the party itself deflected from the main trail.

“But there was no way to cover or hide the Great Trail itself. It was worn deep by the hoofs of countless travelers, man and beast, and was whitened by the bones of many animals. It was a great chalk line on the map of West Texas, cutting through the heart of the Big Bend.

“Among the habitual tenants of this great trail, the Comanches were easily the lords. Their flag of sovereignty was lowered to one necessity only—the *lingua franca* of the Trail—the Spanish language. This concession was granted because the Kiowa, the Utah, the Cheyenne, the Apache, and Comanche, each in time, learned some Spanish from his Mexican captive, while the captive in turn became a good Indian, and at the same time a good interpreter; so it came about, as has so often happened among the languages of the world, that the tongue of the vanquished became the tongue of the war trail. This was aided and supplemented in many ways by the sign

language common to the Indians of the Spanish Southwest, so that on the trail these Indians of divers races and tongues had a common language which was foreign to each one of them.

"Among these lords of the war trail, Tave Tuk, or as he was generally called, Bajo el Sol, the Comanche, was the most noted war-chief. He was distinguished for skill in arms, for address in the battle plan; but mostly for indomitable courage in the fight. It was said that he took his name because he feared nothing 'under the sun.'

"His mother, old Tave Peté, was a kind of female *shaman* in her tribe. She was old—so old, the time-honored Mexicans said, that when she rode on the forays, she tied up her lower jaw by a thong passing up over her head, in order to prevent it dropping down against her throat and breast, as it otherwise would have done; yet she had great influence with her people. An old Mexican, who formerly told the story of the prowess of Bajo el Sol, said that he listened to Tave Peté once deliver her orders to her people from the belfry in the church at the old presidio of San Carlos; and that immediately after her harangue, the Indians hastily packed, mounted their horses, and took their way to the hills.

"On account of his mother's power and that of his brothers, Mauve and the two pelones, but chiefly on account of his own powers, Tave Tuk was a great chief of the war trail. The Indians attached themselves to such leaders as they chose, and Tave Tuk, or Bajo el Sol, always carried the largest war-party, and his power extended very largely to other bands over which he was not in immediate control.

"The forays of the Indians in Chihuahua and Durango were most destructive to life and property. The country was being depopulated. The center of government at the City of Mexico—when there happened to be one—was entirely occupied in trying to uphold itself against hostile factions, and had no time to aid its frontier states. These states themselves were more or less divided among warring factions; all was confusion. The states were suffering both from the Comanche war-trail and, also, from the mountain Apaches, who, from their rancherias

in New Mexico, Chihuahua, and the Davis Mountains in the Big Bend, descended upon the defenseless borders in a separate warfare of their own. The Comanches descended upon these frontiers once a year, but the mountain Apaches—like the poor—were with them always.

"In despair over the situation, the State of Chihuahua resolved to make a treaty with the Indians for that state alone. As the lesser of two evils, and also as probably being a more reliable ally, it was decided to treat with the Comanches. The treaty was made with Bajo el Sol, as the main chief, and with other chiefs of the war trail, by which Bajo el Sol and his associates, for a consideration, agreed to make war on the Mescalero Apaches, and to refrain from ravaging Chihuahua, being left free, however, to raid any other Mexican states. To carry out the agreement more effectually, the Indians of the war trail moved into Chihuahua, to the borders of Lake Haco. From this seat, they could more conveniently carry on the fight with the Mescalero Apaches, and at the same time harry Durango.

"While this treaty was in force, Bajo el Sol, with his wife and her younger brother, was traveling near the Del Carmen Mountains, on the Rio Grande, above Boquillas, Brewster County, when they ran into a band of about thirty Mescalero Apaches. These Indians had in their possession a captive Mexican boy, by name Domingo Porras.

"The wife of the Comanche chief entreated him to go on and leave the Apaches unmolested. To this, Bajo el Sol replied that his treaty with Chihuahua bound him to fight the Apaches wherever he met them, and he would not have it said that he feared the face of living man. So he sent on his wife and her brother, and prepared to make his lone fight against thirty Apaches.

"He tightened the cinch of his skin saddle, and examined the rawhide bits in the mouth of his horse. Then he looked to see that the point of his ash-wood spear was well set, saw that his arrows were good and in place, strung his bois d'arc bow, and placed his *chimal* buffalo-hide in readiness.

"His preparations complete, he rode up to the Apaches and

in the *lingua franca* of the Southwestern Indians, demanded the surrender of the captive boy. This was refused. He then informed them that he would fight them and that they must get ready. In reply, they taunted him. He set his spear firmly under his right armpit, and charged.

"The Apaches scattered to avoid the charge, and, while they ran and dodged among the bushes and rocks, Bajo el Sol shot at them with his bow and arrows. After this erratic manner, the fight continued for several hours, during which time he killed two Apaches and wounded several others. His arrows all being shot, Bajo el Sol continued the fight with his spear alone, which the Apaches, owing to the broken nature of the ground, were easily able to avoid.

"In some manner the Apaches had gained possession of an old *escopeta*, and the owner had only one load. At last, it was planned among the Apaches that the owner of the *escopeta* should hide behind a certain rock, while the other Indians continued to lure Bajo el Sol to charge them by the side of this rock. He charged, as they intended him to do, and the Indian with the *escopeta* came out from behind the rock just after he had passed and fired at him at point-blank range. The slug struck Bajo el Sol in the back of the head, and he fell from his horse. Thus ended, in the foothills of the Del Carmen Mountains, the last fight of the most heroic Indian of the old Comanche War Trail."

CHAPTER VI

The immediate predecessors of the white man in the occupancy of the country known as the Big Bend, were Indians of the Apache family, a southern branch of the Athabascan linguistic group. While the Apaches were often encroached upon by the Comanche tribes north and east of the Pecos River, and while these latter Indians often occupied territory west of this river, still they had no permanent habitations or rancherias, as did the Apaches.

The past few years have seen the greatest advance in research work along ethnological and anthropological lines in regard to the Indian races in the Spanish Southwest. Still, much remains to conjecture. The Apache family, the different branches of which occupied Southwest Texas, still remains a great puzzle to the scientists. At different times, and given by different writers, the name Apache varies greatly. We find such names as Salinero, Faraone, Perillos, and Mescaleros applied to the Indians who lived between the junction of the Pecos River and the Rio Grande, and westward into New Mexico. Besides these branches of the Apache family, we find that in the early settlement of Chihuahua and Coahuila, the Spaniards were greatly harassed by the Tobosos, a tribe then living on the Rio Grande, between the mouth of the Conchos River and the Santa Rosa Mountains, to the east. This name survives as applied to the well-known Toboso grass, but it seems to have utterly died out two hundred and fifty years ago as the name of a tribe.

These Indians were described as being numerous, and they fought in guerrilla warfare with the usual Apache tactics. No serious defeat was registered against them, yet about the year 1660 they disappeared from the pages of history. At the same

time, or a little later, we hear of Mescalero Apaches in Southwest New Mexico, and in 1749 the records state that they killed Padre Silva on the Coahuila Road, in Mexico.

The connecting link between the Tobosos and the Mescaleros is fairly well established. All over the old Toboso hunting-grounds, south of the Rio Grande, there still remain those characteristic rock-piles which the Mescaleros, as well as their progenitors, the Tobosos, made in roasting sotol, lechuguilla, and mescal; hence it is very easy to draw the conclusion that the Tobosos were the Mescaleros, and occupied both sides of the Rio Grande west of the junction with the Pecos River, at the first approach of Spanish settlements. Therefore, it can be readily seen that the Apaches were the lords of the soil in the Big Bend, from the first coming of the Spaniards to about the year 1870, when the last band left the lower part of old Pecos County and took up their home and made their last rancheria in the Chisos Mountains. Among the Mexican descendants of the earliest Spanish settlers on the Rio Grande, there is a tradition that there was an earlier race of people in this country, whom their forefathers designated as Cholumbos. They say that the flint arrow-heads, spear-heads, obsidian knives, fire-drills, and the round hammer-heads of tuff, the broken fragments of which are so abundant in this section, are the remains of this early people and not of the Apaches.

Just how much of this tradition is true cannot be ascertained, but an examination of the remains and evidence extant has failed to establish a connecting link between this lost race and the Athabascans who followed them.

Mrs. Sarah M. Janes, who spent a number of years in the Davis Mountains, and devoted considerable time to Indian culture, has perhaps the finest private collection of Indian pottery, implements, arrow-heads, and other Indian paraphernalia, in the Big Bend. Mrs. Janes, who is accredited with being the first white woman to climb Mount Livermore—the apex of the Davis Mountains and the second highest peak in Texas—made seven trips to the summit of Mount Livermore, in the interest of Indian culture.

These trips were made with a view of establishing more facts in regard to a *cache* of Indian arrow-heads that was discovered under a rock monument on Mount Livermore. The discovery of these arrow-heads created considerable interest in the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. T. A. Merrill first examined the "grave," as it is commonly called. Until recently, the monument was supposed to have been erected by the Indians at the time they buried their arrows. It was argued that no one would spend time and energy to erect a monument of such dimensions, without a motive. The fact that arrows were found beneath it, would seem to prove the monument to be the work of Indians. But a knowledge of the Indians' disinclination to do unnecessary work, brought about further investigation, with the result that the builder of the monument was found. Captain W. R. Livermore, now a retired colonel, while engaged in surveying the Big Bend, for the War Department, in 1884, used the peak which later became known as Mount Livermore, for his base of observation. By a coincidence, without knowledge of the "grave," he erected his base monument on the very spot used by the Indians for the disposal of their arrow-points.

However, two representatives of the Smithsonian Institution—Professor Douglas, United States Inspector of Surveys, and Vincent Bailey, the naturalist, who inspected the cairn, or Indian "grave," separately and at different times—agreed that the evidence found on Mount Livermore points to a prehistoric people, and to-day specimens of the arrows discovered in the crypt can be seen in the Smithsonian Institution, labeled "Prehistoric."

These arrows corresponded in size to those generally used by Indian children, commonly called "bird arrows." A great many of them were of obsidian, a glassy, silicious rock, kin to quartz; others were of the ordinary flint. At the time of this discovery, there had been no other such discoveries made outside of a similar cairn in Death Valley, California; but in the past two years, in the research work relative to gathering this historical data, similar finds, differing only in quantity,

have been made in the Davis Mountains and in the vicinity of the Rio Grande.

The fact that similar arrows have been found in the sites of former Apache rancherias, and also in favorite camping places of these Indians, where the arrow-makers plied their trade, would seem to prove a relationship between the tribes who buried the arrows on Mount Livermore and those Indians who later became known as Rancheria Apaches—Mescalero Apaches—who lived in settlements near springs or other sources of water supply.

The remains of these primitive people may be classified in three groups. First, are the domestic implements, and those used in the war and chase, referred to by the Mexicans. They are flint arrows, spear-heads, obsidian and flint knives, beads of mussel-shell and of soft stone, flint scrapers, and the flattened rock *metates*, used in grinding corn, acorns, and mesquite beans; besides, a few other implements, generally of stone or of bone, which were used in savage life. The flint implements are made of rock lying abundantly in the mountain regions west of the Pecos River. These implements are found scattered over the country in great quantity, especially in the neighborhood of permanent water, where the Indians had their favorite camping-places.

Second, a peculiar class of rock mounds are found, known as mescal-pits. They are scattered over the country, in the neighborhood of rock croppings, and are located apparently without any convenience to permanent water. They may be found in the Big Bend by the thousands, and are generally of a certain and well-defined shape. Each mound is circular in shape, fifteen to twenty-five feet in diameter, hollow in the center, and with a rim of rocks of uneven height around the circumference, generally much higher on the north or north-west side than anywhere else, to agree with the prevailing direction of the wind. In the middle will be found strong signs of fire, both ashes and charcoal being evident. These mounds are found of largest size and most frequently in places where there is now an abundance of sotol or lechuguilla, but

they are also found in localities where neither of these plants grow. In such cases the mounds are smaller and the circular pit form is not so well defined, showing that perhaps ages have elapsed since that country was covered with sotol or iechuguilla.

The third class of remains is mortuary, and in some respects quite peculiar. Graves are found in high, prominent, exposed places. A high bluff, overlooking a valley, is a favorite place for the most elaborate of these graves—a location that an Indian chief would naturally select for his burial place. The body appears generally to have been laid on the ground, without regard to any especial attitude. Ornaments and implements of the war and chase were placed in the hands, and the corpse was then covered with stones, and the grave often marked by an outside ring of flat stones, set on end, extending around the body in a circle. Graves of this character indicate the prominence of the dead, and are probably those of *shamans*, medicine-men, or chiefs.

Another class of graves is found on the slopes of prominent hills or bluffs, where the stratum of rock crops out and leaves an exposed face one or two feet in height, where the front drops to the next lower stratum. Here the body is laid against the face of a rock and stones piled over it, generally giving the grave the appearance of a semi-circular pile of rock, hard to distinguish from the broken slides of talus usually found in such places. As in all other graves, implements and weapons are found buried with the dead, but in these graves the character of the implements found indicates often that women are buried in them. Here you will find the flat stones used for grinding corn and beans, the flint scrapers used in dressing *gamusas*, or deer skins, and the bone-needle, such as an Indian woman used. The Indian had no more idea of the honor due his squaw in her death than he had in her life. She was buried on the hillside, while her lord and master was laid on the highest and most prominent spot, where he could continue, after death, to look down upon his inferior half.

The three above classifications may be supplemented by two other evidences of Indian occupancy. The first of these is the

remains of former irrigation systems which were in operation before the advent of the Spaniards. That the Indians were the builders of these *acequias*, rather than the Mexicans, can be established in one's mind simply by a brief survey of Mexican settlements. When once the Mexican settles a spot, there remains to-day, if the settlement is abandoned, the usual adobe structures. On account of the durability of adobe, ruins are standing to-day which date back to the very beginning of Spanish occupation, three hundred and ninety years ago. In the case of the Indian settlements, or *rancherias*, there remains no sign of habitation in the nature of buildings or homes. One of the most pronounced signs of former Indian occupancy are those found in A. J. Tippet's Mitre Peak apple orchard, situated some four miles off the road leading from Fort Davis to Alpine.

The Tippet orchard is located on a bench of rich loam, which, at some former age, had washed down from the mountains above. Between the mountains and the orchard are a series of broken hills, at the foot of which is a magnificent spring, the source of water used at present to irrigate the orchard. This spring at one time had been sealed up by the Indians, and even to-day the flow of water comes from a partly dammed up exit. Although the orchard is thirty years old, or more, signs still remain of the former Indian *rancheria*. From the spring to the back of the orchard there is a gradual slope, and the Indians had terraced this, using walls of rock to retain the water on each terrace, each terrace forming a semi-circle, with the spring as the center of circumference. There were perhaps a dozen terraces, all forming a semi-circle, facing the spring. On the east side of the orchard, farthest from the spring, Mr. Tippet excavated for a reservoir and found the bones of a number of Indians, and several implements peculiar to the Apaches. He also found a number of arrow points, similar to those taken from the crypt on Mount Livermore. In the broken hills just above the springs are scores of *molinos*, or hand-mills, hollowed out of the igneous rock, which were used to grind corn and which go to

show that perhaps the crop most raised by the Indians was corn.

The remains of another extensive irrigation system can still be seen near the Kendrick ranch, northeast of Agua Spring, in Brewster County. The main ditch can be seen to have been at least half a mile long, and it is built zig-zag, twenty-five feet down a slope, then turning to the right or left twenty-five feet, thus preventing the water flowing fast enough to wash the soil badly. Considerable skill is shown in its construction, and at one time it must have been the main ditch in an extensive irrigation system. Had the Mexicans built this ditch there would still be other evidences of their buildings.

Again, on Limpia Creek, just up the canyon from the present site of Fort Davis, was another rancheria of the Apaches, where they used ditches to convey the water from Limpia Creek to their corn fields. As late as 1849, when the first Government reconnaissance passed through Fort Davis on its way to El Paso, corn was seen growing, under irrigation, and the Indians, upon the sight of the soldiers, fled into the mountains.

The other evidences of Indian occupation are the crude drawings and paintings, so commonly found in countries occupied formerly by the Indians. Specifically, these works of Indian art tell us little; to the Indian they doubtless meant much. The drawings were guide posts to the warrior or hunter, away from his home country, pointing him to the water, the trails, the ranges of game, and other things of importance to the nomadic savage. The intelligence and civilization of a people are judged largely by their art and literature; these drawings and paintings represented the art and literature of the Indians. And as their works in the Big Bend were inferior to those of the pueblo tribes of New Mexico and Arizona, we can safely assume that the Indians of the Big Bend were of a lower grade of intelligence and occupied a lower position in the scale of Indian civilization than the tribes farther west. In a general way, this is what the Indian drawings and paintings tell us.

Considering the various classes of remains, the evidence



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goes to show that either the Cholumbos were a people of the same grade of culture as the Mescalero Apaches, or that they were the Mescaleros themselves. The latter is not improbable, because, as we have seen, the Mescaleros appear to have been known to different people, at different times, under widely different names. This is a very common circumstance in the history of Indian tribes, for the tribe may be known by its own name, or by the name given it in derision or compliment by other tribes, enemies or allies. For example, the Comanches are often alluded to in early history by the French as Paducas, by the English as Iataus, while they called themselves *Num*.

Taking this evidence up in detail, we are reasonably certain as to the first class of remains, that flint, obsidian and tuff weapons and implements were common to all Indian tribes before the coming of the white man. Beyond a very limited amount of native copper, no metal was in domestic use among them. One piece of metal, found in connection with Indian raiding in Pecos County, was discovered on Leon Creek, in an old grave. It was a small circular piece of copper, beaten flat, and having a small hole bored in the center. It may have come to this region by barter among primitive Indians from the Lake Superior mines, which were worked by the Indians, or it may have been fashioned by a white man in the last hundred years.

The remains of these flint implements are all of the same class of workmanship. There is no difference in construction and finish; they are of a common kind. What is found in one grave, in one cave, or around one mescal-pit, that same class of implements, of the same pattern, will be found around another. So far as these remains show there is no evidence that more than one people ever lived in the Big Bend before the coming of the whites.

As to the second class of remains, there is also little room for doubt. They belong peculiarly to the Apaches. The name given the Tobosos or rancheria Apaches—Mescalero, meaning mescal-makers—was given to these Apaches from their distinctive custom of roasting and fermenting mescal or sotol.

This custom was probably connected primarily with a sort of spirit or fetish worship. The term, mescal, is now connected with several objects, but in each case the underlying significance is in some way connected with intoxication. The word mescal is Indian and seems originally to have meant a peculiar kind of melon cactus, called by the Indians *peixoto*.

It was the custom of the Mescaleros to build a fire on a flat pile of rock and, after the rocks were sufficiently heated, the mescales were placed on it and covered with other rocks, after which fire was again built over all, and kept up until the mescales were sufficiently roasted; then the mescales were put away for safe keeping until the proper time should come for their use in the ceremony. During this time the sugar in the plant became fermented or probably converted to alcohol. When the time came for the mescal feast, or ceremony, certain of the leading men—women were excluded from joining—took the mescales and went to a secluded spot in the hills, and, sitting in a circle, each Indian ate his mescal. This was done in silence, which continued unbroken twenty-four to forty-eight hours. While under the influence of the mescal, the Indians had many dreams and saw many visions. Then, at a signal, the circle broke up. The visions and dreams were considered as interviews with the spirits and were looked to for guidance in temporal affairs.

But these mescal-pits were used for more than roasting mescal. The sotol, which is close kin to the mescal, was quite an article of food with the Mescaleros. It was roasted and eaten fresh in a similar manner to our corn roasting-ears. After roasting it was often powdered and carried along as food. In time, it became sour, and finally worthless, but it had to obtain a bad odor indeed before the Mescalero would refuse to eat it. Again, these pits served for roasting lechuguilla, which, it is said, nothing but a deer, *javelin*—the wild Mexican hog—or a Mescalero would eat. In these pits used for this purpose, game animals were often roasted whole; a mule, being considered by the Apache as the finest flavored of the "game" animals, was roasted whole, unless the Indian

was a trifle hungry, in which event he did not wait to cook his meat but took it "rare."

As to the third class, the rock-covered graves, it is fairly certain that they are of Apache origin. The custom of burying on high points prevailed among a few Indian tribes other than the Apaches. The custom of burying the weapons and implements of the deceased with him was a common practice of all North American Indians, and resulted from what seemed to have been a general belief among them that there was a life hereafter in the Indian paradise, hence his favorite weapons of the chase and hunt were buried with him, to be used in the spirit land.

So it appears that the remains of ancient inhabitants of this country can be reasonably attributed to the Mescaleros, while some of these remains can not well be assigned to any other tribe concerning whose habits we have any knowledge; and the Cholumbos, if there was such a people, were either the Mescaleros, or a people of similar customs.

Among some of the older Mexicans along the Rio Grande border, there are a few ancient story-tellers, who have been a repository of legends handed down from father to son for several generations, and whose stories should be taken for what they are worth. There live to-day only a few of these ancient bards, who sing their prose songs about former great days, and one of these, Natividad Lujan, told the following story. In the early '80's, Judge Williams, with a party, was running surveys in the Big Bend, near the Rio Grande, and Natividad was his guide.

"After a long climb through *artenisias*, *fouquieras*, *yuccas*, and other thorny plants of this thorn infested country," said the Judge, "we arrived, late in the afternoon, at the summit of the hill towards which our burros had all day been headed. We stopped to allow the animals to gain a breathing spell and I looked around me at the extensive view.

"It was a goodly sight, for on three sides of me the peaks and mountains of two thousand square miles of territory were visible. To the south could be seen the curves in the gigantic

wall of limestone, out of which crept the Rio Grande. This was the Grand Canyon of the Rio Grande, the walls of which tower two thousand feet above the water. To the east the circled tops of the Chisos, or Ghost Mountains, glistened in the western sun, like the pearly points of a coronet.

"Sixty miles away to the north stood up the square, mesa-like top of Santiago Peak, which can be seen from the Southern Pacific Railroad, between Marathon and Alpine. This peak towered among the plains and smaller hills around it like Saul among his brethren. I had often fancied that it was a relic of the Cretaceous age, eroded by centuries of rain and storm, from a large mesa to a narrow, flat-topped peak, and left on guard by the convulsions of nature like the Roman sentinel of Pompeii.

"I had pictured to myself that the very name Santiago must have come down from some adventurous hidalgo of the old Spanish times, when the Spaniards had carried their crosses and monons to the Indians of the wilderness, in search of the fabulous Eldorado; so I turned to our guide and said to him:

"'Natividad, how does yonder peak get its name of Santiago?'

"Now, Natividad had a face like his deer-skin jacket, in color and texture. The wind and sun for sixty years had been tanning and hardening and dressing its surface, until by no possibility could any passion throw the red blood to the outer part of the epidermis. Of men's usual facial expression there was only one left—a pair of keen black eyes, under shaggy eyebrows, and a few archaic wrinkles about his mouth, which showed on duty feebly when he attempted to laugh, but it seems to me that Nature, with a view to compensation, had given to his crown of red hair a sort of limited expression, and that it grew deeper or lighter according to the varying emotions that might move the soul inside that deerskin mask.

"At my question, his eyes flashed, the archaic wrinkles deepened, and even his poll seemed to flush a deeper red, as he replied, 'Señor, that peak was named after my uncle.'

"Pride was plainly visible even in his voice, and one might think from his manner that he considered the peak to owe its notoriety and possibly its dimensions to the fact that it was named after his uncle!

"It was patent at once that one of Natividad's stories lay ahead of me, so I said to him, 'Very well, as soon as we get into camp you shall tell it to me.'

"The jaded burros were set in motion along the trail, down the hill, and soon we were setting up our night camp in a diminutive park near the usual *tinaja*—water hole. Then Natividad, with a good deal of importance, made an unusually large cigarette, and proceeded thus with his story:

"'Señor, my uncle Santiago was a great man of war when he lived in Presidio del Norte, many years ago. When the Indians raided or killed any of the Norteños, as we call the people of Presidio del Norte, it was my uncle who must lead in the pursuit. He had led the chase after Apaches into their rancherias near where Fort Davis now stands, and fought the Comanches on their retreat into the stately plains beyond the Rio Pecos.

"'So when the Indians came in the dead of night and took away the horses of Gregorio Jiminez, from the corral at his very door, it was to my uncle that Gregorio went to help him on the trail; and my uncle Santiago gathered five men, and, with Gregorio, took up the pursuit.

"'The trail led to the east, and it was at first thought the Indians must be the Apaches from the Chisos Mountains, but on the second day it turned again to the north and began to point toward the great peak that was afterwards named after my uncle.

"'By this time they had learned from the signs around the camp-fires left by the Apaches, that it was a small party, and the Norteños pushed on the pursuit rapidly. On the evening of the fourth day, the signs were plain to my uncle that they were close upon them, so they camped early and sent out two scouts, who located the Indian camp just about dark.

"'Very early the next morning, my uncle and his men sad-

dled up their horses and rode until the scouts of the evening before told them that they were near the Indian camp. The Norteños then dismounted, tied their horses, and took their way silently and cautiously on foot. Light was breaking in the east, and by it they saw a small smoke from the Indian camp fires, and made out a small *cavallado* of horses on a hill about a mile to the east. Very quietly, the Norteños slipped up an arroyo and soon reached a point where they could see six Indians, eating a breakfast of horse meat.

“‘At a word from my uncle, the Norteños fired upon them, and killed three of their number; the others ran away. My uncle did not follow them for he was an old Indian fighter and knew that they must get back to their horses. As the Norteños started back to their horses, they heard a shot and yell of an Indian from the hill to the east, where they had seen the *cavallado* of horses, and they caught glimpses of an Indian riding furiously toward them.

“‘The Norteños had barely mounted their horses, when this Indian came riding at them, yelling and shooting, and followed at a distance by three others, on foot. By his actions he showed that he meant to kill or be killed.

“‘Now, the Norteños, Señor, are not bred to that kind of fighting, so they began to ride away—quite rapidly—all except my uncle Santiago, who was shooting at the charging Indian.

“‘But all at once he fell from his horse, shot through the hips, and at the Indian’s mercy. As the Indian rode up to give my uncle his death wound, the Norteños heard him call out, “Santiago,”—for the Indian must have known my uncle—“why do you cry? You have killed three of our side, while you have lost only one of your own?”

“‘With that he killed my uncle, then rode away with the other Indians, and they were never seen again. But I feel it now to explain to you, Señor, that the Indian did not put the matter fairly about my uncle, for he did not cry only because one of his side was killed, *but because he had to be that one.*

“‘The Norteños buried him there at the foot of the great mountain, and put up over him a monument of stones, and

called the peak by his name. When I now go by that pile of stones I pick up a stone and add to the pile, saying as I do so: "Do you still weep, my uncle, for that one of your side who was lost in the fight?"

"Only the priest says that my uncle has long since ceased to cry, as his soul is among the blessed who have died for the Faith among the heathen. Surely he knows, for did not Gregorio Jiminez pay him to say masses for the soul in purgatory, and did not I, twenty years afterwards, pay him again to say more masses; for Gregorio was a poor man, Señor, and I feared he had not paid the priest enough to get my uncle's soul entirely out.'

"After the burros were watered," continued Judge Williams, "we returned to the camp, where we found supper about ready. When supper was over some of the Mexicans proceeded to set a sotol on fire, and as fast as the fire from one burned low, another was lighted. The heat was great and the green leaves of the crown popped like the report of guns. While this was going on I reminded Natividad of his promise to relate more of his legendary history, and, after seating himself comfortably on an *aparaajo*, or pack saddle, he began another story.

"Señor, my grandfather was a soldier of Spain, born, I have been told, in Estremadura. That must be a country of fair-skinned men, because from my grandfather I inherit my red hair. You hardly ever find it in this country; on account of it, the Comanches called me Pyote, the Mexicans, Alasan, while you Americans call me Sorrel Top.

"My grandfather was sent to serve in Mexico, and, after a time, came to the old presidio of San Carlos, just across the Rio Grande from us, in Chihuahua. The presidio was built as an outpost against the Indians of the north, the Apaches, Comanches, and Lipans, and at that time was far out. My father married there.'

"Here followed the history of his grandfather's life, his father's life, and that of sundry relations, told in excruciating detail, but he finally came to his own life."

“Here in San Carlos I was born, and raised among wild Indians, many of whom lived temporarily in and about the presidio. When a tribe was in danger from their enemies, they would promise to be good to our people of the town and not rob or kill any of them, no matter what they might do to other people, and we would let them live among us. I remember the time when six kinds of Indian people lived among us. They were the Comanches, Kiowas, Apaches Mescaleros, Apache Gileños, Rayados, and Cioñabos. So I grew up to know many Indians, and could even speak in Apache.

“My most intimate friend among the Indians was an Apache boy, named Guero Carranza, who afterwards became a great brave among the Mescaleros, and stole horses, took scalps, and did other meritorious actions more than any other man in his tribe.

“Guero, you know, Señor, among us means a light-skinned person. This boy was the lightest colored Indian I ever saw, and maybe he prided himself on it. At any rate he was always very partial to the white people, and in his later years he became so much so as to prefer the scalp of a white man to that even of a dreaded Comanche. So he was always a great friend of mine and often told me what a pretty scalp I had. After he had left us and had gone back to his people in the Chisos Mountains, along the Tas Linga Creek, which you Americanos call Terlingua Creek, he sent for me to come and visit him. I went up in the mountains and stayed with him for some time.

“We hunted the cimarron—the big horned sheep—in the Grand Canyon, and the *oso prieto*—the black bear—in the Chisos Mountains. From him I learned to strike a fire out of the dried bloomstalk of the sotol, by whirling the sharp point of the *chaparro pinto* in the pith of the sotol-stalk until it took fire. There, too, I learned to eat the powdered flour of the sotol. I learned how easily one could go into a bear's cave and kill the brute with a knife as it rushed out. And, Guero showed me the mescal and told me how the wise men and warriors had mescal feasts every year, when they went

away to themselves in the mountains and dreamed dreams and had talks with the spirits, while under the spell of the potent plant. The mescal was always roasted some time before the fiesta and laid away in dry places to wait the time.

“Something of this I one day saw. Guero and I were hunting a black-tail deer, which he had wounded with his arrow. We became separated and I lost the trail. So I went up on the top of a high mountain to look for him. While up there, I saw some Indians in a glen below me, and as their number and their quietness aroused my curiosity, I carefully slipped down the mountain side, until I got to a place where I could easily watch them.

“They were sitting in a circle on the ground and were quiet and motionless. I watched them for a long time and was getting tired and about to go away, when I saw one of them rise and go to a cave at the foot of the high rock on which I was lying. In a few moments he came back, carrying a basket of willow bark, in which were a number of roundish black things which I took to be the roasted mescals. Without a word he offered this basket in turn to each Indian, who took out one mescal, and slowly ate it, while the basket was returned to the cave. Not a word was spoken, and, after waiting a long time to see something more, I became tired and silently slipped away.

“When I found Guero again I told him what I had seen. He was very much interested and told me never to tell anyone, at any time, what I had seen; that the spirits would be very angry with me and do me great harm; and that I had better go back to my home at once.

“I never was much afraid of Mexican spirits, Señor, except when they came along in the shape of custom-guards, in the days when I was smuggling; but I was not acquainted much with Indian spirits, so I went back home and kept my peace for many years. But the Indians have departed this country long ago and have taken their spirits with them, so it comes that I tell you, to-night, Señor, how it happens that I know that the Apaches called the cactus mescal.’”

CHAPTER VII

Up to the time of the war between the United States and Mexico, the Big Bend had been but little visited by American whites. Their coming marked an epoch in the history of the country and brought about a change in conditions. After years of struggle, it was possible for this oldest settled country in the United States to come into its own.

The events leading up to this change of conditions were caused primarily by the successful termination of Texas' fight for freedom against Mexican misrule, and, later, the admission of Texas into the Union. The difficulty between the United States and Mexico was over the western boundary of the new state. Texas claimed the Rio Grande as her western boundary, while Mexico claimed the Nueces River. The struggle, which culminated in the victory of the United States Army, in 1847, resulted in fixing the Rio Grande as a permanent boundary; and thus the Big Bend was brought under the sovereignty and protection of the United States. This step called this wild country to the attention of white pioneers, and as a result the actual settlement by Americans began.

The first organized company of Americans to enter the Big Bend was a troop of the Ninth Dragoons, who crossed this region in 1847, on their way to reinforce General Fremont, in California. A year later, actual settlers began to come. These settlers had gone to Chihuahua City, by way of the Santa Fe Trail, which, since 1822, had been in operation, with only a broken interval during the Mexican War.

A party headed by John W. Spencer followed the trail of the early explorers up the Conchos River, to its junction with the Rio Grande, and entered the old presidio of Del Norte, in the early part of 1848. About the same time came Ben Leaton,

John Burgess, and John Davis. These men formed the nucleus of an American colony on the banks of the Rio Grande, and exerted great influence over that and adjoining territory.

After a short stay in Presidio del Norte, Spencer crossed the river and founded the present town of Presidio, Texas. This land he bought from four or five Mexican families whom he found living there. The titles to this property were held under Spanish land grants, dated 1832. Spencer immediately located the land under the Texas Settlement Law, and started to lay the foundation of a fortune which, in later years, reached substantial proportions.

The only connection, in 1848, that the Presidio colony had with the outside world was through Chihuahua City. Merchandise had to be freighted to Chihuahua over the Santa Fe Trail, and back up the Conchos River to Presidio. By 1849, the emigrants had opened an important trail between San Antonio and what is now El Paso. This formed one of the great arteries which fed the gold-fields of California.

At the time of the "gold rush," the War Department instituted a number of surveys, in order to determine the most suitable route for travel, from the eastern portions of the United States to the newly-settled territory of California.

The West Coast country was being settled rapidly. The War Department, in order to test the feasibility of such a course, ran preliminary surveys through and parallel with the Rio Grande Valley, to ascertain the best route for a trans-continental railway. In 1849, Lieutenants N. Michler, W. H. C. Whiting, F. T. Bryan and Wm. F. Smith were detailed for this work, under Brevet Colonel Joseph E. Johnston, of the Topographical Engineers.

These several surveys covered a period of five years, and Major W. H. Emory summed up briefly the result, in 1854, while he was determining the United States-Mexico boundary, in conjunction with the Mexican Commission. "The reports from the War Department clearly demonstrate the practicability of a railway route through the newly acquired territory and goes to confirm the opinion, heretofore expressed by me,

that it is the most practicable, if not the only feasible one, by which a railway can be carried across the Sierra Nevadas and its equivalent ranges to the south." Thus, a third of a century before the Southern Pacific came into existence, the idea of a railway was conceived.

These military explorations, under command of the above-named engineers, entered the Big Bend at two points on the Pecos River: one, at the crossing near the junction of Live Oak Creek and the Pecos; the other, at the famous Horse-head Crossing. Both of these crossings were Indian highways, and had become historic. Over Live Oak Crossing, de Vaca had followed his barbaric guides on his journey through the Big Bend; and over Horse-head Crossing, the Comanche hordes passed to and from their raiding trips into Mexico.

At the time of these military explorations, the Pecos River, though insignificant in size and importance, defined sharply the eastern limits of the Big Bend. No traveler, upon reaching its banks, would by any chance mistake it for another stream. With the exception of a few well-known fords, animals could not with safety approach it for water, so steep were its banks and so swift its current. Only the catfish inhabited its depths; and the antelope and wolf alone visited its desolate banks. Even the Indians avoided it.

Great must have been the wonder of the engineers when they first beheld Comanche Springs. For four days the party had traveled steadily away from the Pecos, across the great limestone plateau, barren and devoid of game. There had been but one break in the monotony of the landscape—Escondido Springs, which received its name from the fact that the Indians attempted to hide it from travelers. Out of this desert they came suddenly upon the great springs, around which the bleaching bones of thousands of animals showed it to be a favorite Indian camping-place. Indeed, these springs were the cross-roads of the Southwest. At this time, however, they bore the name of Ahuache Springs, Ahuache meaning water, in the language of that tribe. As the Comanche Indians were driven westward by the settlers, the Apaches were in turn

driven westward by the Comanches, until this tribe occupied the great plateau country west of the Pecos, including the great springs. As the Comanches were "horse-back" or plains Indians, they made no effort to encroach upon the mountain retreats of their inveterate enemies, the Apaches.

About nine miles west of Comanche Springs, the engineers came upon Ojo de Leon. These water-holes were remarkable for their great depth, and for the peculiarity of the soil surrounding them. The soil was a dull gray volcanic ash, and the cavities, or gashes, from which flowed the large bodies of artesian water, possibly were, ages before, the outlets for pent-up internal fires. Many travelers camped at these water-holes in preference to Comanche Springs; and it was the misfortune of one wagon-master to pay dearly for his knowledge of their depth. Upon reaching the *ojos*, "eyes" or holes, he removed a wagon-wheel, which had almost rattled to pieces, and cast it in the largest water-hole, for the purpose of swelling the spokes tighter in the hub. Down, down went the wheel, disappearing from the sight of the astonished wagon-master; and although he fished for it with a grappling-hook, he never recovered it. Having no extra wheel, he fastened a drag-pole under the axle, and in this manner completed the journey to Paso del Norte, a distance of two hundred and seventy miles!

After leaving Ojo de Leon, the party began to see lofty mountains, the first on their trip, and after traveling forty miles, they entered Limpia Canyon. The limestone formation, so much in evidence around Comanche Springs, disappeared, and the hills presented a somber appearance from the dark rocks of the primitive formation. So wide was the canyon that it might be termed a valley, and the hills on either side were clothed in verdure. After the engineers had progressed up Limpia Canyon fifteen miles, the valley terminated in Wild Rose Pass, with walls of vertical rocks rising up a thousand feet above their heads. Several years later in this rugged spot, while driving the first mail coach which ran between San Antonio and El Paso, Big Foot Wallace drew rein to shoot a large buck deer that he saw grazing on the mountain-top.

At the crack of the rifle the buck plunged over the cliff with a rock-slide following in his wake. He rolled down the mountain, and brought up under the dancing feet of Wallace's thoroughly frightened stage-mules. To one of the stage guards, Big Foot remarked: "Them's the first mountains I ever seen, whur the game comes to heel after being killed."

The mountains of the Davis Range do not form a single continuous ridge, but rise in irregular order, mountain on mountain, and peak on peak, covering an immense extent of country, and forming innumerable, small and shaded valleys, deep canyons, and ravines, that wind in a circuitous course around the base of the mother range. The country, viewed from the top of one of the highest mountains, presents in every direction hills of pristine grandeur, and countless as the billows of the ocean. Far and near, these thousand single conical mountains rise, intersecting each other at their base or higher upon their sides, and they would have formed an impassable barrier had not some convulsion of Nature opened the pass and canyon through which the trail ran.

The next camp on the trail was Painted Comanche Camp, which, in 1854, became Fort Davis. At the time the engineering party reached this point on the Limpia, and a little distance up stream from their camping-place, there was growing a small field of corn, planted by Indians, and along the banks of the creek were some of their lodges, constructed of willow sticks, bent in the form of an arc, and interlaced at the top. The general custom of the Apaches was to construct their lodges in this manner. As the Indians fled from their village on the approach of the engineers, no attempt was made to identify the tribe. Doubtless, they were Mescalero Apaches.

The first sufficient water supply beyond the Limpia was found at Smith's run, an arroyo which flows through Captain J. B. Gillett's Barrel Springs Ranch, twenty-five miles west of Fort Davis. At this point the trail led near the apex of Davis Mountains—Mount Livermore. From there the road ran by El Muerto, or Dead Man's Hole, although at this time these springs had not received their sinister name. From

this point, the road left the Davis Mountains and crossed the great Van Horn Flats for a distance of sixty miles, to Eagle Springs, in the Eagle Mountains.

From Eagle Springs, the trail ran near the Eagle Mountains, until it crossed the Devil's Back Bone, to the plains beyond, and ran thence towards the chain of mountains that rise near the Rio Grande Valley.

The bottom lands of the Rio Grande Valley, on the American side, for a distance of fifty-five miles, to the lower end of Fabens Island, were in many places very fertile. The trail crossed over a shallow ford to the Island and passed through the villages of San Elceario, Socorro, and Ysleta. At this point, it recrossed to the mainland and continued to the intersection of the Santa Fe Trail, opposite Paso del Norte, at the ranch of Ponce de Leon, which is to-day modern El Paso. The distance from San Antonio was six hundred and seventy-three miles.

In this same year, 1849, another survey was run from San Antonio to El Paso, which, instead of crossing the Pecos River and passing through the Davis Mountains, skirted the Pecos River up to Delaware Creek, where it turned westward to the foot of Guadalupe Peak, passed by the Hueco Tanks, and from there down to Paso del Norte; and, while this route was some twenty-five miles shorter than the Davis Mountains route, still the lack of water was such that it was not recommended by the engineers.

For a time there were hopes that a shorter route would be established, parallel to the whole length of the Rio Grande, from Eagle Pass to El Paso. No less an authority than Colonel Joseph E. Johnston suggested this route; his reason being first, the enormous cost of transporting supplies to the outposts on or near the upper Rio Grande; and second, a road near the river would facilitate the settlement of the valley of the Rio Grande, which he considered the most extensive tract fit for settlement west of the Devil's River. So slight was the knowledge of the Rio Grande possessed by the engineers of 1850 that Colonel Johnston suggested, as being practicable, the use

of navigation to facilitate communication between posts situated on its banks.

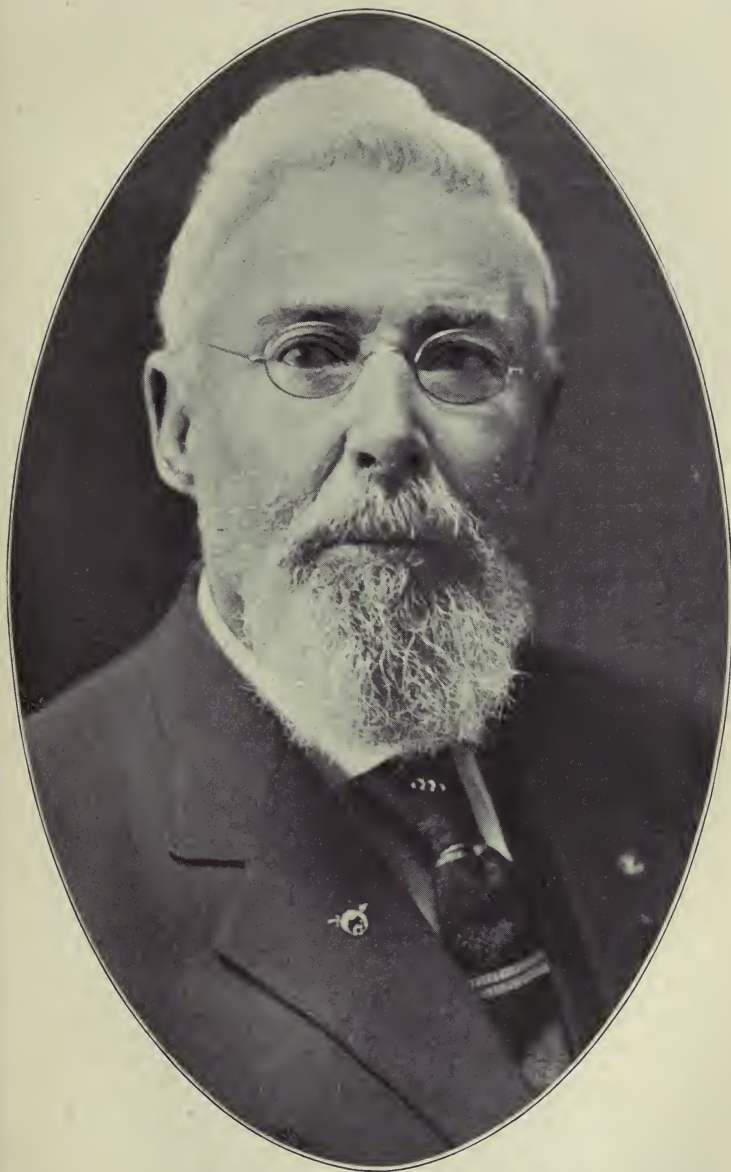
But on account of topographical difficulties encountered at many points along the Rio Grande, in the Big Bend, this idea was abandoned. Therefore, we find that the Davis Mountains route was adopted as the permanent military road, as well as the overland mail route, across the Big Bend.

These reconnaissance parties were not the first to put wagons over this trail, as emigrants had already begun their westward march. Still, from the reports of these parties, the military authorities mapped out their future course of action in Southwest Texas.

Prior to the Mexican War, military posts had been advanced far enough in the Indian country to afford only a limited amount of protection to the settlers. A more extensive system was required. The defensive warfare against the Indians, heretofore carried on by the War Department, had proved inadequate. It now became necessary to establish strongly garrisoned posts in the heart of the Indian country, from which aggressive campaigns could be inaugurated against the red marauders, either to teach them a respect for the Government forces, or to exterminate them.

The line of posts recommended by the engineers extended from the Red River to the Rio Grande, in the Big Bend. The policy of small, fixed garrisons of infantry had proved a failure. For these heavily armed, foot troops, it was recommended that cavalry, lightly armed and well mounted, should be substituted. Being located near the rancherias, these mounted troops, upon the first sign of unrest of ambitious warriors, could quell the war-party before they had time to strike the settlements. Thus, the troops would become a preventive, rather than a doubtful cure.

It was not until four years later, however, that these recommendations were acted upon. And until that time, the sole protection of settlers and travelers lay in their strength of numbers. Unfortunate, indeed, was the white party whose trail crossed that of a superior force of Indians.



CHARLES MULHERN
Of Fort Davis



The Smuggler

W. H. L. L. L.

The population of the Southwest grew rapidly, as a result of the explorations in 1849. This growth was supplemented by the great number of emigrants to the California gold-fields, who had already become wearied with the hardships and dangers of the Big Bend. Alarmed by this new encroachment of the whites, the Indians prosecuted their warfare with increased fury. It was impossible to bring these deluded people to a sense of their weakness compared with the power of the United States, except by severe chastisement, which could not be effected without carrying the war into their homes and mountain fastnesses. For the same reason, the United States could not comply with the eleventh article of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which guaranteed Mexico relief from the depredations of Indians belonging in the United States.

The military force in the West was inadequate to undertake a general war promising success. Supply depots and posts had to be advanced. At the same time, the chain of posts then in existence had to be maintained to prevent the enemy from getting into the rear of the more advanced posts, thus exposing the frontier settlements to Indian massacre and destruction.

Surely, the United States was a nation powerful enough and possessed superiority sufficient in point of numbers and necessary supplies to carry out this objective. It was not a good policy for the Government, while possessed of such advantages, to place itself on an equality with the Indians; and when the great number of valuable lives, both in the settlements and in the army, were considered risked and jeopardized, because they could not enforce a reign of peace, it became evident to the most pronounced jingoist at Washington that steps should be taken by which the Indians would be compelled to respect our Government.

The delay in taking the proper steps to effect this object could be traced to a desire on the part of the Government to effect an agreement with the State of Texas, regarding a proper boundary between the settlements and the Indians. In this manner the Indian tribes infesting the Big Bend would

be placed on the same footing as those of the North and Northwest; thus they would be brought under the protection and sovereignty of the United States. To do this required considerable time, and, even then, complete success was not to be expected immediately in regard to the Mexican situation. In the latter case the number of posts had to be increased on the Rio Grande. At a point on this river, in the Big Bend, opposite San Carlos, which was the key to the country in Mexico called Bolson de Mapimi, there would have to be a strong garrison; and further up the river, at Presidio, Texas, another garrison. It was necessary to strengthen these positions sufficiently to permit an active force to be in the field, constantly operating against the roving bands of thieves and murderers, who knew no difference between American and Mexican property, except that they could plunder with greater safety in Mexico.

It was strongly recommended, in the event of a boundary being thus established for the Comanches and Apaches in the Big Bend, that these Indians should be subsidized, receiving annuities as in the case of the northern tribes, because they actually did not have the means of subsistence unless they continued their thieving practices and followed the mustangs—droves of wild horses—which were to them what the buffalo was to the Indians east of Pecos. Otherwise, if they were kept from stealing and plundering on American soil, these Indians would be necessarily forced into Mexico.

CHAPTER VIII

In the year 1850, the troops in Texas were more like an army in the field in active war than in garrison. The regular force had been increased by an auxiliary volunteer force and had been furnished supplies, with extensive means of transportation, both public and private, and with horses to mount a portion of the foot soldiers, but the territory of the Big Bend was so vast that troops employed for its defense, as well as the defense of the trains which supplied the various posts on the frontier, had to traverse routes so long and so entirely unimproved that the expense of transportation and all supplies was extremely heavy. In order to facilitate troop movements and those of supplies, engineers detailed for that work constructed good roads between the frontier posts and those posts and accessible points on the coast and rivers.

It has been previously mentioned that Indian relations in Texas were in an awkward and embarrassed state. In Texas there were no enforced laws which regulated the trade and intercourse with the Indian tribes, nor could there be without the consent of the State of Texas. The same unfortunate condition existed in Texas that existed in New Mexico, and the same remedial measures were equally necessary in the two cases. It was true that the Constitution of the United States gave Congress the power to regulate commerce with Indian tribes, but without the faithful co-operation of not only the state government, but also the several groups of settlers and pioneers adjacent to the territory occupied by the Indians, it was a difficult matter to exercise rightfully this power to punish citizens of the state for trespassing on lands occupied by Indians, or trading with them, unless licensed by the Government. It would have been wisdom on the part of the Texas state government to have given the Federal Government

absolute authority in these matters. It was necessary to assign the Indians to a suitable country, exclusively their own and remote from white population. By doing so, arrangements could have been made for regulating trade and intercourse with them, and other measures adopted for their gradual civilization and improvement.

That these measures were not adopted proved costly and disastrous to the western part of Texas. In this year, 1850, the Indians seemed to be in a better mood to enter into amicable arrangements with the Government; but the delay and uncertainty displayed by the officials, aroused the Indians' suspicions that such delays were brought about for the purpose of maturing some plan, or occasion, to their disadvantage or injury. Indians were exceedingly jealous and selfish, as well as deceptive, yet, strange to say, there was nothing that they abhorred more in a white man than like characteristics.

The plan was conceived and carried out to appoint five agents for the five following tribes: Southern Comanches, Mescalero Apaches, Navajos, Utahs, and Northern Apaches, or Jacarillas. Likewise, the President appointed three commissioners for the purpose of procuring information, collecting statistics and making treaties with the Indians along the Mexican border. This was the first consolidated effort made by the Government to solve the Indian problems along the Mexican border, and attempt to alleviate the sufferings of the whites and Mexicans, caused by incessant Indian depredations.

When the early Spaniards entered the Big Bend and New Mexico, they found dwelling in houses of adobe, numerous Indian tribes who farmed by irrigation. They were the Pueblo Indians, receiving their name from the fact that they dwelt in pueblos or villages. They lived mainly along the banks of the upper Rio Grande, but extended as far down as the junction of the Conchos River and Rio Grande. In later years, this Indian practically disappeared from the neighborhood of the Conchos River, but from the El Paso Valley up to the head waters of the Rio Grande they remained in large numbers. In time they became a peaceable, honest, and industrious peo-

ple, possessed of many of the rights of citizenship, and, in 1850, they numbered about seven thousand. They owned the best farms under cultivation in the country, and, while their land came into their possession through legal grants from the Spanish, and later Mexican Government, for some years trespasses and encroachments upon these lands had been committed by Mexicans. This was but one of the thousand perplexing problems which the United States had to solve after the war with Mexico. These pueblos were divided into three districts, and three agents were appointed, whose duties were to adjudicate claims and furnish these Indians with counsel in their fight to retain their lands. In return for this assistance, the Pueblos became the scouts for military parties in their chase of the wild tribes.

A policy was inaugurated to have delegates from each of these wild tribes go to Washington, in order to give these distant savages some idea of the strength and power of the Government. It was wisely decided that, could the Indians obtain a correct knowledge of the power which they were fighting, they would have a better disposition to enter into formal stipulations and would observe better faith in the execution of their treaties.

In connection with this, neither superintendents, Indian agents, nor former commissioners could be effective without the presence and co-operation of a strong and active military force.

Contrary to previous suggestions, and at the same time showing that the Government officials had gained knowledge from their experience in Indian warfare, it was decided that a force of volunteers, as well as regular troops, should be placed in the field. These volunteers were composed of those hardy and adventurous pioneers and mountain men who were to be found upon the frontier, and were commanded and officered by men well acquainted with Indian character and warfare. In the main, these officers were vigilant, prompt, and energetic, undaunted by any difficulties or obstacles, and pursued the Indians to their mountain haunts and wild retreats with

the result that, sooner or later, they visited upon the savages the punishment so richly deserved. So long had the Government delayed this punishment that the Indians believed they could commit any depredation with impunity; and it was very hard to bring them to the point where they desired to make a treaty. Naturally, in a country which was so rapidly being settled, the number of outrages increased in proportion. In carrying out this new policy, however, the Government was able to check the Indians at comparatively small cost, without having to institute a warfare of extermination.

It was but natural where raiding was so frequent that the Indians should obtain a great many captives. Out of this condition grew a trade which the Government found necessary to suppress. The trading in captives had been so long tolerated in the Big Bend and other portions of the West, that it had ceased to be regarded as wrong, and the traders, both Mexican and American, who purchased these unfortunate people refused to release them, without adequate ransom. It was necessary to bring strong legislation to bear in suppressing this nefarious trade, and a limit was placed upon the expenditures incurred in releasing captives. Unless the Mexicans were paid for such captives, few of them would have been released. And it was found that it did not answer to allow captives to make their choice in the matter of releasing, for their submission to their masters was almost perfect, and by them were instructed to make proper replies to interrogatories.

In order to observe proper economy in gaining the release of captives, arrangements were made, through authorized Mexican agents who resided along the border, that these captives should be returned early to Mexico. An effort was made to make a similar treaty with the Apaches and Comanches, by which the Indians would be required to deliver up all captives, free of charge, and all stolen property in their possession. This, however, failed, except when it suited the convenience of the Indians. The handling of these captives naturally entailed upon the Government considerable expense.

As is very often the case, the Government and the settlers

worked at cross purposes. An instance of this was the attitude of the settlers when a Mexican killed an Apache family. Whether the Mexican was justified in slaying the Indians, is not known; but a quotation from the report of the Indian Agent will make clear the opposing views taken by that official and the local inhabitants:

"The Mexican who caused the murder of the Apache Indians, has been in prison here for the last three days, and will be set at liberty upon a mere nominal recognizance. The demoralization of society here is such that it would be impolitic, if not altogether impracticable, to administer justice in this case. A considerable sum of money has been subscribed to procure a gold medal, to be presented to this cold-blooded murderer, and this is done chiefly by Americans."

In the light of subsequent events, the circumstances surrounding this killing might not be the crime which the official's report seemed to make of it. The Indian, with eighteen or twenty others, appeared at the house of the Mexican, and begged or demanded food. In either case it meant the same. Possibly, the Mexican had suffered at the hands of the Indians at some former time and took advantage of this occasion to retaliate. That the Americans applauded his act was but natural at a time when the Apache name struck terror to every heart.

The Government had succeeded in establishing a number of traders' reservations and at various times granted annuities to the border tribes. This, of course, was when the Indians had made a temporary peace. From these reservation Indians, the war trails in the Big Bend were largely recruited. One of the reasons for this was a general dissatisfaction caused by the Indian agents withholding portions of the Indians' annuities to satisfy damage claims brought against them by white claimants. It had been a practice of the War Department for years to adjudicate and allow claims against the Indians, and retain portions of the annuities to satisfy the claimants. These claims were generally allowed upon *ex parte* statements of the whites, thus giving the Indian no opportunity for defense. It too

frequently happened that the Indians received the first information of the existence of claims against them from the agents, or sub-agents, when their annuities were about to be paid. They were then told that a certain sum of their money had been retained and paid over to individuals who presented claims of a national character against them, at Washington.

It was useless for the Indians to protest against this, or deny the justness of the claims. The only satisfaction they had was the poor one of abusing the Government and its officers. Justly, they claimed that the whole amount of their annuities should be fairly and honestly paid over to them and let them, in the tribal or individual capacity, settle with their creditors.

There is no question that ordinarily this course would have been advisable, but it is doubtful if it would have in any way bettered the character of the Indians. Such a course, however, would have decreased the practices of Indian traders in crediting the Indians until after their return from a raid, generally in Mexico, as it would be at their own risk and with the full knowledge of the fact that they must look only to the Indians for payment. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. J. S. Calhoun, was of the opinion that all claims against the Indians, either tribal or individual, should have been presented in the Indians' country, at the time their annuities were being paid. This would have given the Indians an opportunity to produce testimony against any claim they might pronounce as fraudulent or unjust. Should the officer making the payment be convinced that the claim was just and the Indians, notwithstanding, refused to pay it, then it was that officer's duty to report all the facts of the case to the War Department for its future action.

As a basis of his opinion, Mr. Calhoun claimed that no department of the Government had the legal power to take one dollar out of the Indians' annuities for any purpose whatever, without their knowledge or consent, as among all laws or regulations treaty stipulations were paramount. On the other hand, if the Department had the authority which so long had been exercised over the Indians' annuities, then the treaties with

these Indian tribes were nothing more than "scraps of paper." As an example, Mr. Calhoun cited our treaty stipulations with Mexico, by which the United States pledged her national faith and honor to pay Mexico, in the shape of annuities, fifteen millions of dollars, the price of lands ceded by her to the United States. The Commissioner stated that our Government had no legal right to take any portion of this money to pay over to merchants, or other American citizens, who may have had claims against the Republic of Mexico, or the citizens thereof. And if our Government had no authority in the one case, he could not understand why it had in the other.

Commissioner Calhoun's opinions were upheld by several prominent legal authorities, who contended that the Indians had a right to require the Government of the United States to refund every dollar that had not been paid in accordance with their treaty stipulations. Had the Indians been of a nature which enlisted sympathy, and had they been inclined to accept the changing order of conditions and meet the march of civilization with an effort to better their condition, they doubtless would have received at least a partial refund of these misappropriated annuities. But their acts of atrocity and their continual breaking out in predatory warfare brought down upon them the wrath of the Nation and caused them, whether justly or unjustly, to lose the territory for which they so stubbornly fought.

The best manner of controlling the various Indian tribes which came under the guardianship of the United States upon the annexation of Texas and the treaty with Mexico, was a problem which could not be easily solved; indeed, it never was successfully solved, except by the natural conditions arising from increased settlement of the West and the gradual decline of the Indians' strength by the ravages of smallpox and other diseases, and through their losses sustained in almost continuous warfare. It was estimated that, in 1850, the Indians in the Southwest numbered one hundred and twenty-four thousand. Many of the tribes thus brought under our control were of fierce disposition and predatory in their habits, and it was

difficult to restrain them from committing outrages upon the persons and property of the inhabitants, in the Big Bend and New Mexico, as well as in Mexico proper. The step taken by Congress to appoint agents to take charge of the numerous tribes, whereby necessary and satisfactory information could be obtained respecting their conditions and wants, did much to alleviate the sufferings of the settlers, but failed to furnish a remedy.

This, however, could apply only to the American settlers. The Indians appear to have been the natural enemy of the Mexicans, for the Indians killed the Mexicans wherever they were found, and frequently for no possible reason. The Mexicans had such a dread of Indians, that they never stood their fire, but ran at the very first indication of their presence. For the previous two years the Indians had been very troublesome to the Mexicans and had appeared in large bodies as far south as Durango. To fight a party of some two hundred Indians, who were in the neighborhood, the military commander of Chihuahua hired, at an extravagant compensation, a company of Americans, who were on their way to California. This occurred at a time when there was stationed in that city, a large garrison of Mexican regulars, and several thousand citizens capable of bearing arms.

The attitude of the Indians, toward the Americans in the United States, became even more hostile; because they considered it an overt act on the part of the Americans in Mexico, in thus interfering with their rights to plunder Mexico. But the United States authorities could make no appeal to the Mexican authorities to prevent this body of Americans from meddling in Mexico. Each Mexican state made its separate treaties with the Indian tribes, which harassed them, and often this treaty was made at a considerable disadvantage to a sister state. At this time, large bodies of men could cross and re-cross the International Boundary without meeting challenge from custom officers or troops of either nation.

Owing to this newly-disturbed condition, traveling was rendered extremely dangerous, and immigration in the Big

Bend was almost entirely arrested. The United States forces stationed in the Indian country, represented a large portion of our standing army. Most of these troops were infantry, which could only guard a certain locality and were never able, through lack of horses, to pursue Indians for the purpose of punishing them. This gave rise to the necessity for more cavalry, which did not arrive, however, until the following year.

On the part of the settlers, many complaints had been made against the United States Government for neglecting to extend to the inhabitants a greater and more reliable protection than they had received. Here, again, the military officials and the settlers disagreed. In reports made by commanding officers, it can be gathered that they considered the complaints groundless so far as the Government was concerned. They claimed that enough troops, if properly managed, had been stationed there to secure and protect the people against all the Indians able to reach that country. They further claimed that the men who complained so loudly, were those who trafficked and traded in that country, and lived and thrived on the expenditures of the troops. These profiteers cared less for the protection of the inhabitants than they did for augmenting and increasing the expenses of the general government in the Big Bend, for their personal enrichment.

These same military commanders, however, made a strong recommendation to the Government that by stationing mounted troops in close proximity to the Indian rancherias, a better state of affairs would come about and the ravages of the Indians would be lessened. They emphasized the fact, which later was proved true, that the frontier would always be in an unsafe and insecure condition until troops intended for border service, instead of remaining in garrison, would travel and campaign over the country continuously. This course of action, they contended, would not add to the expenses of maintaining the troops, but, on the contrary, would be a great saving in many respects, and particularly in the article of forage for their animals. In garrison, this forage consisted mainly of wheat, hauled at a great expense, from Chihuahua or Presidio del

Norte; or of prairie hay, the cutting of which was contracted at high prices, to private individuals or concerns.

It was maintained that until some such course was adopted, no reliable state of safety or security from Indian depredations could be expected, owing to the precarious and uncertain state of feeling and disposition of the uncivilized and untamed savage, whose chief and sole ambition was to plunder and destroy his fellowman. It would be more to the welfare of the troops, watching and observing the Indians, for them to travel about the mountains and over the plains, where game, grass and protection for man and horse were to be found, than for them to remain in the garrison the whole time, subject and liable to arrests and punishments, which are invariably brought upon a soldier through idleness and dissipation.

Just the reverse, however, were the existing conditions, which was the secret of their inefficiency and inability to keep in check a few wretched savages. The life of the garrisons was not at all calculated to improve the soldiers, either physically or morally. The most ruinous vices of savage and civilized man were practiced around them, without even the check of public opinion to disapprove or condemn such conduct. What service then, from the military point of view, could possibly be expected from men habituated for years, or even for months, to such a life?

There was no desire on the part of anyone to disparage the United States army. Practically all of these troops were veterans of the Mexican War, in which they rendered gallant service; but the information which frequently came from the Indian country, and which was familiar equally to the whites and the Indians, had an almost ruinous effect upon the feelings and dispositions of the Indians. There was nothing to keep them in check but a dread of the power of the United States; this dread they lost after several years of encounters with the troops.

In the fall of 1850, J. H. Rollins, Special Indian Agent, made an eleven hundred mile trip in Texas, to meet the various Indian tribes, of which the Southern Comanches were the

strongest, in order to make treaties and bring about peaceful relations between his charges and the settlers. On the fifth day out from Fort Graham, Rollins found the Comanche chiefs, Catumpsey and Little Wolf, and a portion of their people. These Indians were at first greatly frightened, but the assurance that no violence was intended, soon removed their fears, and they collected around Rollins for a council.

Rollins informed them of the object of his visit and of their supposed unfriendly disposition and conduct. The Indians expressed the strongest desire to be considered friends, and readily agreed to meet him as soon as he succeeded in finding Buffalo Hump and Shanaco, the other chiefs of the Southern Comanches. In order to show their sincerity, they sent a young Comanche captain along to assist Rollins in his search for the other chiefs—a thing unprecedented among the Comanches. Three days later, Rollins found Buffalo Hump and Shanaco, and met them in council.

Rollins explained to them that on account of their absence from his councils, their frequent robberies and occasional murders, the Government inferred that they had abandoned the treaty of 1846, and decided to be hostile. The agent recounted many reasons that existed for supposing them unfriendly, and told them that the Government had determined not to submit to this state of things any longer, but intended, unless satisfactory explanations and atonements were made, to make war upon them immediately.

Buffalo Hump, for himself and the other chiefs, replied that "the talk was very good" and that, although it was very plain and not the kind they had been accustomed to hear, it was nevertheless not offensive, and he believed it to be true and warranted by the circumstances. He said there had been many violations of the treaty on both sides, and it was better either to renew and abide by the treaty or disregard it altogether. Buffalo Hump admitted that in company with other Indians, against his wishes and in violation of his express orders, his people had been on the Rio Grande occasionally, in small numbers; but that as some of them had been killed, he hoped that it

would be a lesson to the others. As an excuse for these depredations, he said that he and his people generally were friends to the whites, but that they had bad men among them whom they could not control, and he hoped that the innocent would not be made to suffer in common with the guilty. On account of the difficulties on the Rio Grande and the West generally, and upon receiving information that all Indians found west of the Colorado River would be attacked indiscriminately, the Comanches had fled to the Brazos River, where they were informed there was no war and they would be safe. Buffalo Hump said his people had been anxiously waiting for some time to learn the disposition of the Government toward them and the course intended to be adopted, and that all the Southern Comanches were ready and anxious to deliberate with Rollins at any time and place appointed by him.

In his report, Rollins expressed the belief that the Comanches would meet him at the time and place agreed upon; but, as in many similar instances, this meeting never took place, nor were the treaties observed, and in the year following the Comanches resumed their raiding across the Rio Grande and harassed, to the very doors of San Antonio, the newly-made Chihuahua Trail, east of the Pecos River.

Aside from the warfare of the Indians, the Big Bend country was being slowly settled. The great emigrant trails swarmed with caravans, which traveled in large bodies to withstand the Indians. The trend of emigration was toward California, but a considerable number stopped along the way, some at Presidio del Norte, and others at El Paso, or points in New Mexico.

CHAPTER IX

One of the stipulations of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, February 2, 1848, was that a survey was to be made to determine the United States-Mexico boundary. The members of the Boundary Commission began their work in 1850. The Commission was given instructions to examine the country contiguous to the line, with a view of ascertaining the practicability of a transcontinental railway route. It was also instructed to collect information with reference to the agricultural and mineral resources, and such other conditions as would give a correct knowledge of the fiscal condition of the country and its present occupants.

Practically all of the first three years of this work was in charge of John R. Bartlett. At the end of that time, Brevet Major W. H. Emory superseded Mr. Bartlett, and carried the work to its completion.

Bartlett gives an interesting account of conditions in the Big Bend, as they were at that time. The Boundary Commission landed at Galveston, in August, 1850, and immediately began employing teamsters, laborers, cooks, and other help necessary to carry on the work. Unfortunately, the quartermaster was obliged to take such as offered themselves, naturally giving preference to those who could produce testimonials of good character. Many of these had been formerly in government employ, and came well recommended; but there were many others of questionable character.

The Boundary Commission was divided into a number of parties, which extended from California to the Gulf of Mexico. Several of these parties or trains, reached El Paso at the same time, and it became necessary to discharge a large number of men, chiefly teamsters. Because of this, and the fact that a large number of emigrant trains bound for California were dis-

banded here, a great many of the tricksters of society were left stranded, with no means of support.

The discharge of so many men at Socorro, a village near El Paso, let loose upon the peaceful inhabitants of that place a gang of outlaws, who by daily increase of numbers, had become so formidable that no one was considered safe beyond the walls of his own house. Several of these men actually forced the inhabitants to give them homes.

Upon the arrival of the main party of the Boundary Commission, under charge of Mr. Bartlett, a temporary check was placed upon this band of gamblers, horse thieves, and murderers. The presence of such a well-armed force tended to make the outlaws more circumspect for a time; but as the members of the Commission were drafted off to enter upon the duties connected with the survey, the outlaws became more threatening in their conduct. Houses were opened for the indulgence of every wicked passion; and each midnight hour heralded new violence and often bloody scenes, for the fast-filling records of crime. The peace-loving Mexicans gathered their little store of worldly wealth and, with their families, fled from the rapidly depopulating village. Every new outrage was overlooked by the local authorities. No one dared stir from home without being doubly armed and prepared to use his weapons at a moment's warning; for the turning of a corner might bring one face to face with the muzzles of a dozen pistols.

After several murders had been committed, the engineers sent a note to the military commander at San Elceario, giving an account of what had occurred and presenting the alarming condition of things in the community. The messenger returned with an answer from the commanding officer, Major Van Horne, declining to furnish any assistance, on the ground that the application should be made first to the civil authorities.

In the evening a dancing-party, or *baile*, an almost nightly amusement in all Mexican and frontier towns, was given, which as usual was attended by quite a mixed company. As the *baile*, or *fandango*, was open to all, the gang of outlaws was largely represented, and its members made themselves conspicuous by

their conduct. Pistols were fired over the heads of the women, who, in their alarm, attempted to escape from the room. This was prevented, however, by confederates stationed at the door.

At this stage of the disturbance, great excitement prevailed in the dance-hall, and several outlaws began using their Bowie knives. Edward C. Clark, assistant quartermaster of the Commission, was the first person attacked by the ruffians. Four of them set upon him with their knives and he fell near the door, mortally wounded. He was immediately taken to the quarters of the surgeon of the Commission, Dr. Bigelow, who, on examination, found he had received nine or ten serious knife wounds in his breast and abdomen. Mr. Clark died next day. Another man, named Gates, was wounded by a pistol-shot in the leg.

When the startling announcement was made that an officer of the Commission had been foully murdered by the wretches who had already gone too long unchecked, the question arose as to the best course of action to take.

At this turn of affairs, the members of the Commission were moved to action and resolved upon a plan to protect, not only their own lives and property, but, also, those of the dismayed population about them. Aid from the military had been refused. The *alcalde* of the village, a weak and sickly imbecile, had transferred his authority to another, even more timid and less reliable than himself. Yet this person was invested with the powers of a justice of the peace, and constituted the entire civil authority at Socorro.

Messengers, calling for assistance, were sent to the main body of the Commission, at San Elceario. The call was promptly answered and in three hours, a party of Americans and Mexicans was formed. They hastily secured arms, and, with the members of the Commission, proceeded at once to Socorro. Strengthened by these reinforcements, the citizens divided into small parties and began a systematic search to ferret out the murderers. Every house was examined, and eight or nine persons arrested; but Alexander Young, the ring leader, could not be found.

The outlaws caught in the drag-net, were immediately conducted by an armed force to the house of Justice Berthold, where a court to suit the emergencies of the case, was instituted. Jurors were summoned and sworn in; a prosecuting attorney named, and counsel offered to the prisoners. This offer they declined, treating the whole matter as a jest, and making facetious remarks about their condition. The prisoners were under the impression that nothing could be done with them, and that they could easily swear themselves out of the difficulty. The examinations were conducted with propriety, and the prisoners made to keep silence by the resolute demeanor of the citizens.

In selecting the jury, six jurors were taken from the Mexican citizens of Socorro and six from the Boundary Commission, as there were no other Americans in the place.

The trial took place in one of the adobe houses, which was dimly lighted from a single small window. Scarcely an individual was present who had not the appearance and garb of men who spend their lives on the frontier, far from civilization and its softening influences. Surrounded, as they were by savage Indians and constantly mingling with half-civilized and renegade men, it was necessary for citizens to go constantly armed. No one ventured forth a half mile from home without first putting on his pistols, and many carried them upon their persons, even when within their homes. But at the trial, circumstances rendered it necessary that all should be armed, for safety, as well as for the purpose of thwarting any attempt on the part of the outlaws to free their comrades from the grip of the law. There sat the judge, with a pistol lying on the desk before him; the clerks and attorneys wore revolvers at their sides; and the jurors were either armed with similar weapons or carried with them an unerring long-rifle.

The members of the Commission and citizens, who were either guarding prisoners or protecting the Court, carried by their sides a revolver, a rifle, or a shot-gun; thus presenting a scene more characteristic of feudal times than of the Nineteenth Century. The fair but sunburnt complexion of the American

portion of the jury, with their weapons resting against their shoulders and with pipes in their mouths, presented a striking contrast to the swarthy features of the Mexicans, muffled in checkered *serapes*, or the conventional *capote*,—cape cloak—and holding their broad-brimmed, glazed hats in their hands, while between their lips rested delicate *cigarritos*.

The reckless, unconcerned appearance of the prisoners, whose unshaven faces and disheveled hair gave them the appearance of Italian *banditti*, rather than of Americans; the grave and determined bearing of the jury; the varied costumes and expressions of the spectators, clad in *serapes*, blankets, or overcoats, with their different weapons, and, generally with long beards, formed altogether one of the most remarkable groups that ever graced a court-room.

Two days were occupied in the examination and trial, for the one immediately followed the other. In the meantime, a military guard of ten men had been sent promptly by Major Van Horne, upon a request from Mr. Bartlett; so that the open threats which had been made by the prisoners during the first day of the trial were no longer heard. They now saw that the strong arm of the law would triumph.

All fairness was shown to the outlaws, and on the second day, a member of the Commission was requested to act as their counsel. His efforts, however, to prove an alibi, to impeach the testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution, or to establish the previous good character of the defendants, proved futile. The prisoners were then heard in their defense, but they could advance nothing beyond the mere assertion of their innocence. At the close of the testimony, an attempt was made by the friends of the prisoners to postpone the trial for the purpose, as they stated, of obtaining counsel and evidence from El Paso. But the Court had been appraised of the existence of a plot to attempt a rescue that night, and accordingly the request was refused.

The evidence being closed, a few remarks were made by the prosecuting attorney, followed by the charge of the judge, after which the case was given to the jury. In a short time,

the twelve men returned to the courtroom with the verdict of guilty, against William Craig, Marcus Butler, and John Wadel, upon whom the judge then pronounced sentence of death.

The prisoners were escorted to the little *plaza*, or open square, in front of the village church, where the priest met them to give them such consolation as his holy office offered; but the conduct of these men, notwithstanding the desire on the part of all to afford them consolation and comfort, continued reckless and indifferent, even until the last moment. Butler was alone affected. He wept bitterly, and excited much sympathy by his youthful appearance, but his companions scoffed at him and begged him not to cry, as he could die but once.

The sun was setting when they arrived at the place of execution. The assembled spectators formed a guard around a small *alamo*, or cottonwood tree, which had been selected for the gallows. It was fast growing dark, and the busy movements of a large number of the condemned men's friends, dividing and collecting together again in small bands, at different points around and outside of the party, and then approaching nearer to the center, proved that an attack was meditated, if the slightest opportunity should be given. But the sentence of the law was carried into effect.

The scene was of a character which the participants never again desired to witness. The calm but determined citizens on the one side, and the daring companions of the condemned outlaws on the other, remaining keenly on the watch throughout; the former for the protection of life and the support of good order in the community, the latter with the malicious eyes of disappointed and infuriated malcontents, who would have been willing to sacrifice a hundred additional lives, to rescue their companions.

Socorro now resumed its previous quiet and good order, for the authorities had directed all persons who were not connected with the Commission and who were without employment, to leave the village within twenty-four hours. This, however,

was hardly necessary, for the vagabonds already had begun to depart and before the close of another day all had left; but before the indignant populace would be satisfied there was another, the original leader, who was yet to be apprehended.

Four hundred dollars was subscribed by the employees of the Commission and offered as a reward for the capture of Alexander Young. Volunteer parties set out in all directions; and word was finally brought that he had been caught further down the Rio Grande, at Guadalupe.

The prisoner was brought to Socorro and placed in confinement, well chained and guarded. The careless, dogged look had left his eyes, and was replaced by a supplicating glance, which plainly told of a change within. He was anxious to know if either of the three who had been executed, had made a confession. He expressed a wish to have a letter written to his mother, who had not heard from him in six years. The letter was written and the prisoner appeared much affected. He confessed the truth of the charges against him, incriminating clearly the three who were first hanged, besides many others.

At ten o'clock, the following morning, the Court again convened and a jury was impaneled. The prisoner's confession was publicly read, signed by himself, and witnessed by several members of the Court.

With the testimony in hand, the jury could have returned a verdict; but it was deemed advisable to present further evidence to show the unmistakable guilt of the men who already had been punished. This was done for the reason that several persons who passed for honorable men were interesting themselves in defending these outlaws because of what they called, humanitarian grounds.

The prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to hang. That afternoon he was taken to the church, where, on bended knees and with trembling lips, he made his final confession, received the blessing of the priest, and was taken to the *alamo*, where he was to be executed. His last request was that he might be buried as respectably as circumstances would permit. At half-

past four o'clock, in the afternoon of the same day that the trial began, using the same tree where the three others were executed, the law was carried into effect. Justice was served with dispatch in 1850.

The well-merited punishment of these four men was loudly applauded and justified by both the civil and military authorities of the frontier. Such an example as this had been needed for some time. The vicinity was again freed from worthless desperadoes; and as the Mexican citizens of the peaceful old town of Socorro remarked, "We can now sit in the evening by our doorsides and not be obliged to retire with the sun, fix bolts and bars, and huddle in corners with fear and trembling."

While these examples of justice served to promote the welfare of the people and to curb the activities of the vicious elements, who naturally resorted to the settlements, still it had no effect upon the Indian marauders in the Big Bend. The relation between the Indians of this region and several of the Mexican towns, particularly San Carlos, below Presidio del Norte, was peculiar, and the source of considerable worry to the United States and Mexico. The Apaches were usually at war with the people of both countries, but had friendly relations with the people of certain towns, where they traded and received supplies of arms and ammunition in exchange for stolen mules and, often, captives. This was the case with the people of San Carlos, who had amicable relations with both the Apaches and the Comanches; and these Indians made San Carlos a depot of arms in their annual excursions into Mexico.

While at Presidio del Norte, Major Emory, of the Boundary Commission, received authentic accounts of the unmolested march of four hundred Comanches, under Bajo el Sol, through Chihuahua, toward Durango. Chihuahua, not receiving the protection to which it was entitled from the central government of Mexico, had made an independent treaty with the Comanches, the practical effect of which was to aid and abet the Indians in their war upon Durango. In 1851, Bishop Leamy, of Paso del Norte, upon his return from a visit to the Bishop of Durango, said that the wealthy state of Durango would soon be depopu-

lated by the Indians. Within a few leagues of the city, *haciendas*, that once possessed a hundred thousand animals, had been abandoned.

This condition of affairs, together with the three years' drought, had brought ruin to the inhabitants of the State, and had driven them to unmanly despair. On the occasion of a great fiesta, in the State of Durango, where no less than ten thousand people were assembled in and around a plaza, the cry "Los Indios! Bajo el Sol!" was heard. In a very short time every one had disappeared, leaving no one to face the enemy. The alarm proved to be false on this occasion, but the instance conveys a good idea of the general fear felt toward the Indians by the Mexicans.

In the autumn of 1851, Major Emory, with a small party of the Boundary Commission, escorted by a detachment of fifteen soldiers, was making a rapid march across the Pecos country. After being without water a considerable time, as they approached Comanche Springs, the party discovered grazing near the springs a herd of a thousand horses, divided into three different squads, and held by Indians just before the Springs, on a small plateau, where now stands the business section of Fort Stockton. Watching the advancing whites, thirty or forty Indian warriors were drawn up. It looked as if a fight was inevitable; so without making a halt, the men, as light infantry, were deployed to the right and left of the wagons, and the whole moved rapidly toward the water. The Indians raised a flag, which was answered by Lieutenant Washington and two others, who rode forward. Believing it to be a ruse to divide his forces or to gain time to deliberate, Major Emory increased the speed of the column, so as to keep Lieutenant Washington under cover of a defense fire. In this way, the American party reached advantageous ground within pistol-shot of the water, before they halted to parley. A man was sent to the top of a large hill, with a spyglass, to look back, as if the party was expecting additional forces. They promptly corralled their wagons near the water and put themselves, without appearing to do so, in a good position to fight. They succeeded

in conveying the idea that they were only the advance guard of a large force, which was but a short way behind. They assumed the mien of a superior party and camped on the ground eighteen hours. The next day they moved off as if they had an armed force behind them. How different would the story have been had the Americans been Mexicans.

The party were Kioways and Comanches returning with nearly a thousand animals, from a forage into Mexico. Mucho Toro, the chief of this party, who spoke Spanish well, said he had purchased the animals in Mexico, and that this was but the advance party of several hundred warriors who were close behind him.

Mucho Toro, in full dress, paid Major Emory a visit, on which occasion he displayed great humility, and exhibited conspicuously upon his breast an immense silver cross, which he said had been given him by the Bishop of Durango, when the chief was converted to Christianity. He had, no doubt, robbed some church of it. His features showed the profile of the Mexican Indian peon, but the warriors he commanded had the bold aquiline profile of the Kioways and Comanches. He represented a type of that class of Mexicans, who, by affiliation with the wild Indians, had wrought such irremediable ruin in the northern states of Mexico.

The Americans desired very much to attack Mucho Toro's party, but their force was too small, and they were three hundred miles from support. The next day, when crossing the dividing plain between Comanche Springs and Ojo de Leon, they discovered the dust rising from the trail coming from the south, as far as the eye could reach. They had just missed meeting with Bajo el Sol and four hundred warriors.

In his work on the Boundary Commission, Major Emory had many similar adventures with these Indians, and he gave orders that none should be allowed to enter his camp, and if they did, they were to be killed at sight. By taking this harsh, but necessary step, he was one of the few persons passing through the Big Bend at this time, who did not experience a loss. The Mexican Commission was robbed repeatedly, and

upon more than one occasion was obliged to suspend its operations.

Indeed, so bold had the Indians become that they raided the Magoffin ranch, where stood old Fort Bliss, and in plain view of the little settlement of Franklin, or El Paso, drove off forty head of mules.

Much light is thrown on conditions, as they existed in 1850, by a series of communications between several American and Mexican officers. At the time John W. Spencer settled across the River from Presidio del Norte, Ben Leaton settled a few miles below Spencer's ranch, where at one time had been an old Spanish fort. For that reason it was called Fort Leaton; today, it is known as Old Fortin. Major J. Van Horne, of the Third Infantry, stationed at El Paso, received two communications—one from Governor Trias, of Chihuahua, the other from Emilio Laughberg, inspector of military colonies at Paso del Norte. These letters accused Leaton of furnishing the Indians with arms, powder, and lead, and also, of the purchase of property, stolen from the Mexicans by the Indians.

Major General George M. Brooks, commanding the Eighth Department, informed Major Van Horne that steps had been taken to redress this evil. He was instructed to inform Governor Trias of the difficulties which had prevented the Government of the United States from carrying out faithfully and honorably the specifications of the peace treaty with Mexico. He was instructed to say that the United States had most serious and grave cause for complaint against the high authorities of Chihuahua, particularly with reference to the employment of Americans in making war on the Apaches and other Indians, not only in Mexico, but on the territory of the United States, in the Big Bend. By this action, the Indians had been made to believe that the American Government approved of those aggressions. As a consequence many American citizens had been murdered and robbed by the Apaches and other Indians, and unless parties were accompanied by expensive military escorts, traveling in the Big Bend was extremely dangerous. Before the violation of our soil and the employ-

ment of expatriated Americans, there had been safety as far as El Paso, at least; while at this time, all of the tribes were revengefully hostile.

Governor Trias made counter-complaint that for some time Leaton had kept an open treaty with the Apache Indians, contrary to what he had been expressly advised to do. He had been repeatedly charged with this vicious conduct, but it had been impossible to stop it, as Leaton respected neither the authorities of the Presidio nor the laws of his own country. Governor Trias presented positive proof that the great portion of this illicit traffic, in which Leaton dealt, consisted of selling and purchasing from the Indians goods and property stolen by them from the citizens of Mexico. But the evil consisted not only in this, but in return for the plunder he received from the Indians, Leaton furnished them with arms, powder, lead, and other articles of ammunition.

Just to what extent Leaton was guilty, was not clearly established. Evidently, the War Department took the stand that he was to blame. Leaton was following the practice then customary among the Indian traders, and no doubt this traffic did encourage Indian depredations on both sides of the Rio Grande. Leaton claimed that for two years previous to this, he had endeavored to pacify the Apaches about Presidio del Norte, and advised them to preserve friendly relations with the United States; his idea being that an Indian agent would soon visit the settlement and make a treaty with them. According to his statement, the causes of the hostilities with the Apaches was a party of American outlaws under Glanton, who had attacked the Indians and killed a large number of them. This was the same company of Americans, Leaton averred, who had enlisted in the service of Chihuahua, and as the Indians knew no distinction between Glanton's party and other Americans, they had become hostile toward all Americans as well as toward him. Leaton contended that, in many instances, he had turned the Indians from their purpose of attacking emigrant trains and other parties, traveling through the country.

The case of Leaton was but one of many which showed the

inability of the two governments to control their Indian wards. If the United States was guilty of violating her treaty, Mexico was equally guilty. The vacillating policy of the State of Chihuahua, whereby they were at one moment bribing the Indians to keep peace, and the next moment hiring American outlaws at a compensation of one hundred and fifty dollars per scalp, to slaughter the Indians, did more than any other cause to stimulate the Indians in their depredations. Instead of co-operating with the American Government, in an effort to control the Indians, the Mexican Government failed in every promise and threw all responsibility upon the United States.

CHAPTER X

The year 1850 may well be regarded as the beginning of that period in the history of the Big Bend, marked by the first footsteps of the vanguard of civilization, which, in time, made the beaten trail ready for the future commerce. The first two groups of actors have been introduced; their character and their conduct have been shown; the stage needs but to be set and the curtain lifted, to introduce the characters of the third epoch of the great historical romance of the Southwest. The first two epochs concerned the Spaniard and the Mexican; the third has to do with the American.

It is necessary first to take up in detail the nature of the country which comprises the Big Bend, and outline more in detail the natural causes which impeded the progress of advancing civilization. One who is unfamiliar with this great territory, can not fully appreciate the obstacles which the pioneers encountered in making it, not only habitable, but, in time, a country of prosperous ranches, wealthy communities, and law-abiding citizens. To accomplish this result, fifty years of untiring labor was required.

The Big Bend is an oblong stretch of territory, thirty thousand square miles in extent; on the south and west is the Rio Grande; on the east and northeast, the Pecos River; while New Mexico is at the upper end. In such an immense tract, it is impossible to go into a detailed topographical account, because of the many and often abrupt changes in the formation of the country. So isolated has been this region and so different in character from the greater portion of Texas, that few realize the magnificent scenery of the Big Bend. Hypothetical geography has been carried to such an extent in information given the public concerning this region, that the newcomer often exclaims, "I did not know there was such scenery in Texas!"

For Texas is supposed to be a land of plains, and not of lofty mountains and gaping canyons.

In 1850, there were only two settlements in the Big Bend, both of which were on the banks of the Rio Grande. One was the settlement of Franklin, now El Paso, opposite the Mexican town of Paso del Norte, which to-day is known as Juarez; the other was opposite Presidio del Norte, the Mexican town at the junction of the Conchos River and the Rio Grande.

As all trading was on the Mexican side of the River, it was later in the fifties that American settlements, dignified by post names, sprang into existence in this country. Paso del Norte and Presidio were the only depots of refuge and supply for the travel-worn Americans in this great region.

The Mexican settlements, however, were more numerous, nestling along the banks of the Rio Grande wherever the valleys were of sufficient width to permit farming by irrigation. The first in this line of villages extending up the Rio Grande, and one of the oldest Spanish settlements in Northern Mexico, was Presidio del Norte. In this particular year, 1850, the Indians drove off most of the cattle; the drought had caused a failure in the corn crop for the previous three years, and the town, isolated from other settlements, had suffered from famine. At Presidio, very little farming was carried on by irrigation, as the farmer depended upon the rainfall and the overflow from the two rivers.

Presidio del Norte was an adobe built town, situated upon a gravelly hill, overlooking the junction of the Conchos River and the Rio Grande, then called Rio Puerco, from the contrast of its muddy waters to that of the Conchos River, which, except during freshets, was clear. The town contained about eight hundred inhabitants, but on account of the nearness of the great Indian Trail, at this time extensively traveled by marauding bands, there was much talk of abandoning it.

The church was within the walls of the presidio, or fort, and contained one or two pictures of more value than are usually found discoloring the walls of frontier churches. In almost every house was found, in addition to the Cross, a figure of our

Saviour, which was sometimes so very grotesque that piety itself could not divest it of its ridiculous appearance. These images and pictures, however, were sources of comfort and happiness in prosperity and adversity to the simple Mexican people. They filled the imagination and gave occupation to the idle. The padre, who had charge of the church in this district, was by nature intended for the military profession. Brave, frank, handsome, and energetic, he was the leading spirit in every foray against the Indians; and upon his person were many wounds received in battle. In the isolated and defenseless condition of the Presidio, he was the type of spiritual and temporal advisor most needed.

Passing through Presidio del Norte, was the great thoroughfare, the Chihuahua Trail, which was destined to have very important bearing on the settlement of the Big Bend. Across the Rio Grande, just below the Presidio, was the Spencer farm, on the American side, and six miles further down, also on the American side, was Fort Leaton, the home of the Indian trader, Ben Leaton.

From Presidio del Norte to Vado de Piedras, a distance of twenty-four miles, the valley of the Rio Grande had a course from the northwest, and varied in width from three to four miles. This valley was enclosed by hills on the American side, and on the Mexican side by a large mountain range.

Vado de Piedras, named from the rock ford of the River, opposite the town, was a military colony where convicts were kept, and at this time contained three hundred prisoners. The main building was a large *cuartel*, or barracks. Around the town were small cultivated fields, watered by irrigation and yielding bountiful crops of wheat and corn.

From here, the Rio Grande took a course from the north, through a valley, varying in width from one-half to one and one-half miles, until Pilaes, forty-five miles above Vado de Piedras, was reached. Pilaes was at one time a military colony and convict camp, similar to Vado de Piedras; and from numerous signs visible to-day, the smelting of silver ore was carried on here extensively. This old presidio was abandoned about 1873.

Fifty miles above Pílares, the Rio Grande emerged from a narrow valley through which it had flowed for twenty-four miles, and entered Quitman Canyon, where the El Paso-San Antonio road left it, and where in later years was located Camp Quitman.

From Quitman Canyon to El Paso, a distance of ninety miles by the windings of the river, the valley of the Rio Grande averaged from six to ten miles in width; and, had water been plentiful, all of this fertile valley would have been susceptible to cultivation.

Before reaching San Elceario, and on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, there were two small military colonies of about five hundred inhabitants each—Guadalupe and San Ignacio. From San Elceario to El Paso, a distance of thirty miles by the river, there was almost one continuous settlement of Mexicans, Suma and Piro Indians, with here and there an occasional American farmer or trader.

At this time, Franklin had only two hundred inhabitants, and San Elceario, with a population of twelve hundred, had just been made the country-seat of the Big Bend district. As can be seen from the number of Mexican villages and outposts along the Rio Grande, on the Mexican side, that republic should have been in a better position to control the Indians along the border than the United States.

The topography of the lower country from Presidio del Norte to the Pecos River along the Rio Grande, was even more rugged than that above. Just below Fort Leaton, the Bofecillos Mountains bisected the Rio Grande, thus forming a canyon through which the River passed. From there to the Comanche Pass, the country was broken and very rough. This pass crossed the Rio Grande above old San Carlos, below which on the Mexican side rose the San Carlos Mountains.

Below San Carlos was the Grand Canyon of the Rio Grande, which forms one of the many phenomena occurring in this land. In ages past the walls of this canyon had been a great limestone plain, but from some cause a section twenty miles long had been disturbed by the earth's internal action, and had

forced the lower end of the plain to an elevation of two thousand feet above the surrounding country. The process of upheaval was carried on so slowly that the Rio Grande was able to continue its flow through the old channel, cutting deeper into the limestone as rapidly as the plain was pushed upward.

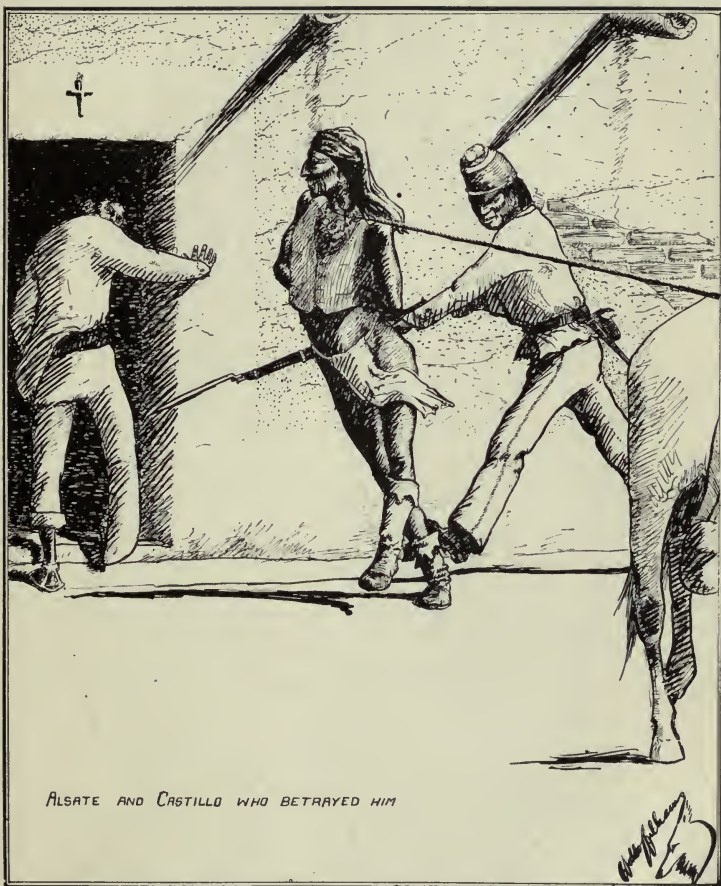
Next in order was the mountains of San Vicente, which take their name from the old presidio, long since abandoned by the Spaniards. From this point in the windings of the River, lying some distance northwest of the Grand Canyon, were the Chisos, or Ghost Mountains, the peak of which, rising seven thousand eight hundred and thirty-five feet in elevation, was named Mount Emory, in honor of Major W. H. Emory, of the Boundary Commission.

Almost directly east of the Chisos Mountains, after the Rio Grande turned its course northeastward, lay Sierra del Carmen, on the Mexican side. From here to the mouth of the Pecos River, the eastern limit of the Big Bend, was a distance of approximately one hundred and thirty miles. Here canyon followed canyon, and rapids, swift and treacherous, one after the other, made the Rio Grande unfordable, except in two or three places.

As can readily be seen, a route of travel along the Rio Grande was impracticable. The trail through the Davis Mountains; the one up the Pecos over the Delaware and Guadalupe Mountains; and the Chihuahua Trail from Presidio to Horsehead Crossing, naturally became the three main highways used by settlers and emigrants. The two first named trails led from San Antonio, or other eastern points, to El Paso. Of these two, the Davis Mountains trail became the more generally used on account of the water supply. The Guadalupe trail was used but a few years and abandoned; and to-day there remains but little trace of any habitations along that route.

These trails were traversed both by troops and by emigrants, while the number of freight outfits was gradually increasing and much trade was being diverted from the Santa Fe Trail to the San Antonio-El Paso Trail.

Emigrants, however, were the travelers who were subject



ALSATE AND CASTILLO WHO BETRAYED HIM

W. H. P. 1880



SHAFTER SCENES

to the most dangers from Indians and hardships, from lack of water, death of work-stock, and other misfortunes. A certain knowledge of conditions was necessary for an emigrant to make a successful passage across this vast country. The best season for them to leave the eastern sections of the United States for California by the Davis Mountains, or southern route, was about the first of June. There was then good grass and water as far as Camp Quitman on the Rio Grande, which they could reach the last of July. This method of travel gave them enough leisure to stop two or three weeks for their animals to graze and recuperate, and lay in additional supplies for the remainder of their journey.

The emigrants soon learned from experience that oxen were the best kind of work-stock for the country over which they had to travel. Before leaving their starting points they provided themselves with one or two extra yoke of oxen, to replace any which might be lost or stolen on the way. At this time they used light, strong wagons—much lighter than the prairie schooner which came into use a few years later. They took with them only those supplies which they required for the journey. These provisions were wrapped in oilcloth or other material, which kept them from dampness, rain, and immersion when deep fords were crossed. Each wagon carried a double canvas; two water-casks lashed to either side; and extra axle, pole, and a pair of hounds. The parties usually consisted of seventy-five to a hundred men, who were sufficient protection against Indians, and a guard for the herd and work-stock. At night the wagons were arranged in a circle, forming a corral, into which the work-stock was driven in time of danger. While traveling through the Indian country, the emigrants herded their animals night and day, and never allowed them to move from camp without an armed guard.

The relative merits of the mule and oxen was a much debated question. Mules were more gregarious than oxen and more easily herded at night; also more liable to be stampeded. Sometimes one mule with his saddle or harness on, by suddenly joining the herd, caused a stampede of every animal belonging

to the train. At night, an Indian, coyote, or a horse running by was sufficient cause for the loss of the herd; and once in the possession of the Indians it could not often be regained by the pursuing party. On the other hand, oxen traveled so slowly that they could be overtaken. But oxen would stray from the herd, lie down in the bushes, and thus often be lost. Mules would subsist where oxen could not, and in mountainous countries they could always feed on the hillsides. Their power for enduring fatigue, hunger, and thirst were greater, and, particularly so, when the marches were made during the day. They required only one-fourth as much water. Oxen had the advantage in strength when it came to service in wet, boggy soil, or on level plains; while the mules had the advantage where the country was rugged and there were many steep ascents.

Generally, when the emigrants began their westward journey, their mules were wild and unbroken. As native grass was their sole sustenance, this was at first cut for them. After a few days on the trail, they were hobbled while grazing but soon both of these methods were abandoned from necessity. During a stampede, when the mules were being led away by a horse, their flight was often arrested by shooting the horse. Horses were not permitted to run loose with the herd of mules, for the mules would almost invariably follow them. They had such an attachment for a horse that they would follow wherever he led, and be governed by sight of him or by sound of a bell attached to his neck.

The frontiersman and emigrant soon learned to display much sagacity in detecting and reading signs along the trail, when and by whom made, strength of the party, whether they were Indians, Mexicans, or Americans, and their direction. So with the places where there had been encampments; these, the wary traveler on the trail inspected with care, to see whether friend or enemy had preceded him. If they were Indians, he would find wigwam-poles, fragments of skins, deerskin thongs, and beads. A little experience enabled him to distinguish whether the campers were Comanches, Lipans, or Mescaleros. The principal characteristic was the form of

their wigwams. The Comanches set up erect poles; the Lipans bent them over in circular form; and Mescaleros gave them a low, oval shape. Then, too, there was a difference in their mocasins and the footprints they made. Each tribe of Indians had its particular fashion, which were chiefly shown in their methods of fixing their hair and covering their feet. American emigrants, or travelers, left many marks to indicate their nationality and character, such as scraps of newspaper, bits of cigars, fragments of hard bread, pieces of hempen rope, and other known articles of American manufacture. The Mexicans had none of these articles, but were identified by the remains of *cigarritos*, pieces of rawhide, which they used instead of rope; or, if they left any portion of their camp outfit or cooking utensils, these differed from those of the Americans. The remains of their food also differed. This consisted of *tortillas*, cakes made of corn or wheat flour, similar in shape to the American pancake; *frijoles*, a brown bean; *tamales*, minced meat rolled up in cornshucks and baked in cakes; *chili colorado*, Mexican red pepper; and dried beef. If the Mexicans wore shoes, they were unlike the American shoe.

The extent of the party was shown by the number of footprints. These could not be told while the party was in motion as there might be a large number of animals driven in a herd with but few attendants; but when the camping-place was reached, the number of persons could be detected with a considerable degree of certainty. The freshness of footprints, broken twigs, and similar signs, showed how recently the party had passed.

As before stated, the year, 1850, was the beginning of the third epoch in the history of the Big Bend—the American epoch. The Spaniards spent two hundred and seventy years in an effort to conquer and colonize this region; the Mexicans threw off the yoke of the Spaniards, and upon the crumbling foundation of the Spanish civilization, they, too, attempted to subdue this country but it remained for the Americans, a more northern race, with different ideas and ideals, to accom-

plish that which the two first named peoples had failed to accomplish.

Before the economic pressure, which forced the lines of civilization westward, became so great in the eastern portion of the United States, the Big Bend had attained a state of semi-civilization which might truly be called, from the Indians' standpoint, the Golden Age. Under the Spanish rule, prior to 1810, all the Indians, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of California, were brought under the benign influence of the Roman Catholic Church, through the efforts of the Franciscan and Jesuit brotherhoods. Under the Spanish dominion, a cordon of military and ecclesiastical stations existed, from ocean to ocean, for a distance of fifteen hundred miles. Troops, known as flying squadrons, passed regularly from station to station; and at each station great structures were erected for the accommodation of these troops, for religious worship, and for storing provisions. The remains of these structures still may be seen, silent witnesses of former Spanish greatness.

Two causes brought about the downfall of this magnificent cordon of military and ecclesiastical establishments and the return of Indians to a savage life, far more ferocious than ever before. First, the revolution, where both the Monarchists and Republicans courted the co-operation of the Indians, and thus invited them to insubordination. Second, and more lasting, the attempts at amalgamation by intermarriage of the Spaniards and the Indians. This last cause, which has operated so banefully over the whole Spanish America, and which after years of practice resulted in almost universal disease among the Mexicans, or Mexico Indians, has not been sufficiently stressed in the many attempts to account for the retrogression and decay of the population of the Spanish-speaking countries.

The second, or Mexican epoch, was of such short duration that judgment can not well be passed upon what the ultimate outcome might have been. But the internal affairs of Mexico, from that time until to-day, have been kept in a continual agitation by a succession of revolts and revolutions, which have

precluded the successful operation of any fixed policies in regard to the frontiers of that republic.

In order that we Americans, as a people, may not take more credit than is due us for winning the Big Bend to civilization, it might be well to advance the suggestion that our predecessors laid a foundation upon which we, as a stronger and more energetic race, have built and remodeled to a better advantage.

While the third epoch really began with the successful termination of the war with Mexico, 1846-48, the two years following were given over entirely to exploration and reconnaissance, in order that a policy for the betterment of the newly-acquired empire might be formulated. The first two important steps taken were the establishment of mail routes and military outposts. Strange to say, the mail routes were established prior to the posts. This was due, not to local conditions in the Big Bend, but to the fact that a tremendous volume of mail followed the rush of the emigrants and gold-seekers to California, and there was need for a shorter route than by ship down the Atlantic to Panama, across that country, and up the Pacific Coast to California.

In 1850, the San Antonio-El Paso link in the chain of mail routes, which crossed the continent, was welded; and the first contract was awarded to Henry Skillman. The initial "run" was made with six wild mules and a Concord coach, guarded by a party of eighteen well-armed, mounted men under the captaincy of the famous Indian fighter, Big Foot Wallace. This "run" required thirty days to cover the distance of six hundred and seventy-three miles, due to the fact that only daylight "runs" were made and there was no equipment for the various stations along the route. It must be borne in mind that the whole distance was infested by hostile Indians, and that these mail parties faced the ever-present danger of attack by superior numbers. The contract called for three mails a week, each way; but until after the Civil War, no more than one mail a week, each way, succeeded in reaching the terminals.

In a short time, along this route, thirty or forty miles apart, stage stands, or stations, were established, according to their nearness to water and their location in regard to protection from the Indians. The personnel of the guard accompanying each coach, consisted of frontiersmen, inured to hardships and experienced in Indian fighting.

Big Foot Wallace, perhaps the most widely-known Indian fighter in the history of Texas, figured as the chief character in many of the tales of romance along the frontier. One day, while living on his ranch about thirty miles west of San Antonio, he heard his dogs barking a short distance from the house. He knew from the sound of their baying that they had treed some animal, and, as customary, he took his rifle and went to their assistance. What was his surprise to find an Indian up in the forks of a tree, just out of reach of the dogs! The Indian was a young warrior, on his first raid, and had become separated from his companions. While he was armed with bow and arrow, these were strapped to his back, and evidently he had been too frightened to use them. Big Foot hauled him out of the tree, put him in the saddle on his horse, tied his feet under the horse's belly, and in this way carried him to Castroville. Riding into the village, this strange couple attracted much interest.

"Say, Big Foot, give me that Indian," called one of his friends.

"No, this is my Indian," replied Wallace. "If you want an Indian go out and get one. There are plenty left."

Another story is told, which illustrates Wallace's bravery and quick wit. Big Foot was out horse-hunting on a mule, when he came upon a fresh Indian trail leading in a northerly direction, over a divide. To make certain that the Indians took the same trail on the other side of the divide, Wallace spurred up his mule to reach the top of the rise. If he could establish the fact that the Indians had continued in the same direction, he intended to hurry on to Castroville and organize a party to intercept them. As he rode over the crest of the hill, he came suddenly upon twenty-five or thirty Indians,

who were busy catching saddle-horses out of a big herd they had stolen.

Big Foot instantly saw his danger; there were too many Indians for him to fight, and if he attempted to run, the swifter horses of the Indians would soon overtake his mule. Without a second's hesitation, he charged down upon them, waving his hat towards his rear, and shouting at the top of his voice, "Come on, boys! Come on! We've got em!"

This was more than the Indians could stand. Naturally supposing that a company of "badly riled" frontiersmen were just over the hill, out of sight, they jumped on their horses and fled. Wallace leisurely drove the stolen horses back to their owners.

Two other hardy frontiersmen who accompanied Wallace as guards with the first mail party to enter the Big Bend were Diedrick Dutchover and E. P. Webster, both of whom settled and lived at Fort Davis, where to-day their numerous descendants reside.

The name, Dutchover, is of peculiar significance on account of its origin. In 1842, a youth, by the name of Anton Diedrick, in Antwerp, Belgium, happened to be the sole witness of a cold-blooded murder. The murderers, fearing exposure, drugged and shanghaied Diedrick; and when he awoke, he found himself virtually a prisoner on board a tramp wind-jammer—a sailing vessel carrying nondescript cargoes from one port to another. For three years he remained a prisoner on board of this boat, and during that time he sailed the high seas and made many ports. Eventually, the wind-jammer reached the port of Galveston, and there Anton Diedrick was allowed to go ashore.

The struggle between the United States and Mexico had just begun; all the able-bodied men, who could fight, were being urged to enlist in the army. Impelled by curiosity and wondering at the strange commotion around him, Anton Diedrick one day found himself near a recruiting station. Suddenly a man in a blue uniform grabbed him by the arm and began talking to him rapidly in English—of which Diedrick

understood not one word. Before the dazed youth could make out the situation, he was pulled into the recruiting station and called upon to give his name. Not understanding the question asked him, naturally he made no answer. Whereupon the recruiting officer exclaimed, "Aw, he's Dutch all over. We'll name him Dutchallover!" In this manner he became an American soldier and answered to the name of Diedrick Dutchallover.

As time passed, after serving with merit in the Mexican War, the name of Dutchallover became too cumbersome, and the second syllable was therefore stricken from the name—leaving Dutchover. In after years when Diedrick Dutchover applied for pension papers, as a Mexican War veteran, he had considerable trouble in establishing the co-identity of Anton Diedrick, Diedrick Dutchallover, and Diedrick Dutchover.

By the close of the year, 1850, the stage-stands along the mail routes were completed and the mail facilities expedited. The stage-stands of adobe were all built on the same plan. They were usually placed on a rise or sweep of ground, which permitted the stage-tender to see several hundred yards in every direction. On either side of the broad entrance was a large room. This entrance, or gateway, was barred, and opened into a passage-way, which was covered overhead by a roof extending from the rooms on either side. In the rear of these rooms, and large enough to accommodate a number of teams, was the corral or patio. The walls of the corral were twelve or fifteen feet high, two or three feet thick, and constructed of *adobe* brick. One of the rooms was used for cooking and eating; the other was used for sleeping quarters and a store-room. The stage company furnished each stage-tender with supplies, and he cooked for the passengers—when there were passengers—charging them fifty cents a meal. The stage-tender was allowed to keep for his recompense all money collected in this manner.

When the stage rolled into the station, the tender swung open the gates, and the mules, which were of the untamed Spanish breed, dashed into the corral. As soon as they were

unhitched from the stage-coach, the men would turn around the stage by hand, pointing it towards the entrance. When the fresh mules were hitched to the stage-coach and the gates again opened, with a yell from the driver, and a crack from his whip, the mules would dash out of the enclosure on a wild run, which did not slacken until the next stage-stand was reached.

Often, when the Indians were quiet, the detachments of troops which ordinarily camped near the stage stations were ordered away; and during these unprotected periods, the Indians would creep up to the stage-stand unobserved and, not infrequently, succeed in killing the stage-tender. A few years after the establishment of the mail route, an amusing incident occurred at the old Barila stage-stand, thirty miles northeast of Fort Davis, near the present J E F Ranch. The stage-tender was in the act of feeding his stock in the corral, and was bending over a barrel containing shelled corn. The Indians had been quiet for some time and he had no thoughts of them. Suddenly a great shadow was thrown on the ground near him, and at the same time he heard a noise overhead. It flashed into his mind that a bear had climbed the wall, and he was blaming himself for not keeping his gun by his side. He realized how tired he had become of salt pork; and visions of a juicy bear-steak arose in his mind. He looked up. As he did so a big buck Indian lit on the ground an arm's length from him. The surprised stage-tender yelled for fear. The Indian, too, stood amazed in his tracks. He was as much surprised as the stage-tender. The yell of the white man still confused him; and while he stood transfixed, the stage-tender scrambled over the wall. Later, the old stage-tender remarked, "I left it with him, and ran nine miles to a ranch settlement."

From 1850 to 1857, or until the Government subsidized the Butterfield Overland Daily Mail route through the Guadalupe Mountains, the Davis Mountains' route was the highway over which passed the freight, mail, and passenger traffic from the East to the West. Comanche Painted Camp (later Fort Davis) became known as La Limpia, the name being derived from the clear running stream which flowed down the great

canyon in the Davis Mountains. As yet, no intermediate post-offices had been established on the mail route west of the Pecos River, but letters were delivered at the various stage stations. A few settlements sprang up here and there. On account of the Chihuahua Trail and Overland Trail passing through La Limpia, a few Mexicans settled on Limpia Creek and raised corn and cut prairie hay for the stage-stands. On Alamito Creek a few settlements likewise sprung up. Also, on the northern side of Davis Mountains, where now is Toyahvale, along the banks of Toyah Creek and at the famous Head Springs, a few of the more daring of the Mexicans built their ranchos. These settlements, however, could not be called permanent. Hardly were they established, before the Mescalero Apaches destroyed them, killed the men, and took the women and children away into captivity.

After the establishment of the line of stage-stands, E. P. Webster became stage-tender at La Limpia, while Diedrick Dutchover continued riding as guard for two years.

There was so much trouble in getting the mail over the route that a change took place whereby the escort guard was reduced to four men, and the War Department stationed detachments of troops along the routes, thus forming an almost continuous picket-line from San Antonio to El Paso. These troops worked in relays from permanent camps, which in time automatically became known as posts.

Until 1852, there was no official postoffice on the north banks of the Rio Grande. Opposite Paso del Norte, there had grown up a village of two hundred inhabitants, which included the majority of the dwellers in the El Paso district. In order to satisfy the needs of this growing community, the Postoffice Department established a postoffice, giving it the name of Franklin, in honor of the first postmaster, Franklin Coontz. At the same time, San Elceario became Americanized, and the name of the town changed to San Elizario. This town, with a population of two thousand inhabitants, had grown to be the largest town in the Big Bend. Two years before, the Big Bend had been divided into two immense counties, El Paso

and Presidio. El Paso county included the extreme western corner of the state, and San Elizario was made the county seat, with jurisdiction over Presidio county, which was not then organized.

While settlement was growing in the El Paso district and the great trails were becoming more and more travel worn, the Boundary Commission was progressing slowly with its work along the Rio Grande. Major W. J. Emory had been removed from duty in 1850, but was reinstated in the fall of 1851. Work on the commission was greatly handicapped by complications arising from the control of the work being transferred from the Department of State to the Department of the Interior. Drafts to the amount of forty-three thousand dollars, drawn by the commissioner in charge at that time, J. R. Bartlett, had been repudiated by the Department of the Interior; and the affairs of the commission were in a bad way. By the prompt action of the War Department, in having Major Emory reinstated, and thus placing the commission in the hands of the military, the situation was saved. In 1853, a new boundary treaty was made with Mexico, known as the Gadsden Treaty, which superseded the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, of 1848. The field or exploration work under charge of Major Emory was not completed until 1856. The American Commission during these several years of work had crossed the continent from the mouth of the Rio Grande, in Texas, to San Diego, California, with the loss of only two men, while the Mexican Commission was robbed twice by the Apaches, and otherwise handicapped by the inability of the Mexican Government to furnish means of carrying on the work as had been agreed.

The year 1854, witnessed the next important step in advancing the line of civilization west of the Pecos. The Mesqueros had gathered in large bands in the Davis Mountains and were striving fiercely to hold back the tide of whites, which was now flowing steadily into the country. The principal points of attack lay along Limpia Creek and the western slope of the Davis Mountains. For years, the military authorities

had been recommending and urging the War Department to establish permanent posts along the Overland Trail, to compel the Indians to remain in their haunts, beyond striking distance of the line of travel. Posts had been established east of the Pecos and soldiers had followed the Indians westward. Thus the region west of the Pecos was subjected more severely than ever to Indian depredations; and at last, the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, decided to establish in the center of this great region a post, the influence of which would tend to discourage Indian interference with settlers and Government work in that country.

Heretofore, no man's life was safe on the Limpia. Even with the added protection of the few troops, so inadequate was their ability to do the work demanded of them, that almost daily an emigrant train, a freighter on the Chihuahua Trail, or a mail party brought word of an Indian attack. Fortunate, indeed, was the party, who reached their destination without the loss of one or more men, or perhaps the loss of their entire work-stock. The Indians had retreats within rifle-shot of the little settlements and could easily escape pursuit; and after an attack they have been known to return to a settlement by a circuitous route, and unmolested, burn, murder, and pillage to their hearts' content, while all the available men were away following their trail.

When the Eighth Infantry, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Washington Seawell, arrived on the Limpia, four hundred men strong, on October 3, 1854, he was compelled to fight his way into camp, through an Indian ambush, where the warriors, stationed behind every rock and boulder, had an unobstructed view of their target. Four days later, October 7, Fort Davis was formally established and named; and from the moment the first adobe brick was laid in the construction of the post buildings, a new era dawned for the country.

The Eighth Infantry, the first troops to occupy this post, was composed of six companies of mounted riflemen. The news of the establishment of the post spread rapidly over the

West. Traders and merchants came; and, unfortunately, with them came saloonkeepers and gamblers. But, true to the rough times, these several elements—the useful and the parasitical—stood together in building up a sturdy town, which in time became the metropolis of the Big Bend.

The nearest point of supplies, to the east, was San Antonio; to the west, El Paso; to the south, Chihuahua City. These distances necessitated expensive hauling. In the valleys surrounding the Davis Mountains, the black gramma grass was knee-high; and on the little irrigated farms, wheat could be successfully raised. With so many local resources, it was but natural that in a short time grain was harvested and hay cut for the use of the new post command.

The naming of Fort Davis has long been an unsettled question. Historians are loath to accept evidence submitted in proof of a point unless that evidence bristles with truth. It has long been the custom of the War Department to name forts, fortresses, military posts and cantonments after leaders who have been prominent in the army or navy. Usually the names are chosen from the honored dead. This custom is today more closely adhered to, however, than in early times. When Fort Davis was established Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War. The post was located, either after a personal inspection by Mr. Davis, or upon the recommendation of someone considered authoritative by him. Despite the fact that historians generally hold to the opinion that Jefferson Davis was never west of the Pecos River, many bits of evidence would point to the fact that he had visited this country.

When Jeff Davis County was organized, in 1887, James Stewart, the first county clerk of the new county, wrote to Mr. Davis, informing him that the county had been named in his honor. In reply to this letter, Mr. Davis wrote Mr. Stewart that he recalled well his visit to the old Fort Davis, while on a trip of inspection he had made to the frontier posts. Unfortunately, this letter has been misplaced. A close reading of Mr. Davis' Annual Report to the President, while Secretary of War, shows an intimate knowledge of the country

west of the Pecos, which could only have been obtained through personal observation and travel. The fact that Mr. Davis introduced camels into the country shortly after establishing Fort Davis is but further evidence that he had a personal knowledge of conditions in this arid region.

Bearing out Mr. Davis' letter to Mr. Stewart, there was another letter, also lost, written by an army officer, while attached to the Jeff Davis party. The letter was to the officer's wife and described Mr. Davis' trip of inspection along the frontier.

It is unfortunate that these proofs of Mr. Davis' visit to the Big Bend cannot be produced. Many months of earnest effort have been spent to substantiate this interesting point. The oldest inhabitants—and there are some whose memory can reach back to 1854—claim that Fort Davis was named in honor of Jefferson Davis.

Prior to the coming of the troops, there were but few cattle in the country. It was now necessary that beef should be obtained; and beef contracts were made. John W. Spencer, at Presidio, had failed in the horse raising business—the Indians had attended to that. He then turned to cattle, buying his first cattle from the great *haciendas* in Chihuahua. With the coming of the troops, came a Virginian, Milton Favor, who, striking out with that certainty of self, so characteristically American, established a ranch a few miles above Presidio. This same year, Señor Manuel Musquiz settled in the canyon, six miles southeast of Fort Davis; which later became known as Musquiz Canyon. Musquiz was a political refugee from Mexico, of prominent family; to-day the remains of his ranch-house and corral may be seen on the road between Fort Davis and Alpine, and the great *alamos*, or cotton-wood trees, planted by him, still stand.

It did not take long for the word to spread among the Indians in the West that a fort had been established, the purpose of which, as they saw it, was to cheat them out of their domain. They had seen the result of the establishment of other posts east of the Pecos River; and with prophetic eyes

they saw truly the result of this new post, which had been established in the very heart of their stronghold.

To the Indians, depredating and murdering were a religion; and in the minds of these savages one idea became fixed and remained so, until the remnants of the last band of Mescalero Apaches was driven from their retreat in the mountains of the Big Bend, many years later. Their idea was to destroy Fort Davis, and thereby so greatly discourage the white settlers that the country west of the Pecos River would be left to the Indians. In the twenty years following the establishment of Fort Davis, perhaps that fort stood more attacks from the Indians than any other post of that day.

In pursuance of the policy, which after years of delay and indecision has been put into operation by the War Department, Colonel Seawell began a systematic campaign to drive back the Mescaleros from the strip of country bordering either side of the Overland Mail route. It was imperative that this be done, not only in order to protect the American settlers, but in order that the Government might not become embroiled with Mexico, on account of the Indians raiding south of the Rio Grande.

One advantageous condition resulted from this active campaign. There had been considerable complaint from the officers commanding the different posts on account of the unsatisfactory class of recruits which had filled up the ranks since the Mexican War. The Eighth Infantry had been exceptionally hard hit in this regard. Immediately following the war, in 1848, this regiment raised a purse of eight hundred dollars and employed counsel at Washington to have a law passed, by which they would all be discharged. In 1849, the regiment was recruited almost entirely anew, and by the time these men had learned something of military tactics, they were transferred to the Pacific division, and, for the third time in six years, the regiment was built up from raw material.

The campaign against the Indians in the Davis Mountains, in 1855, converted this raw troop into efficient and formidable fighting men. The active warfare waged against them in the

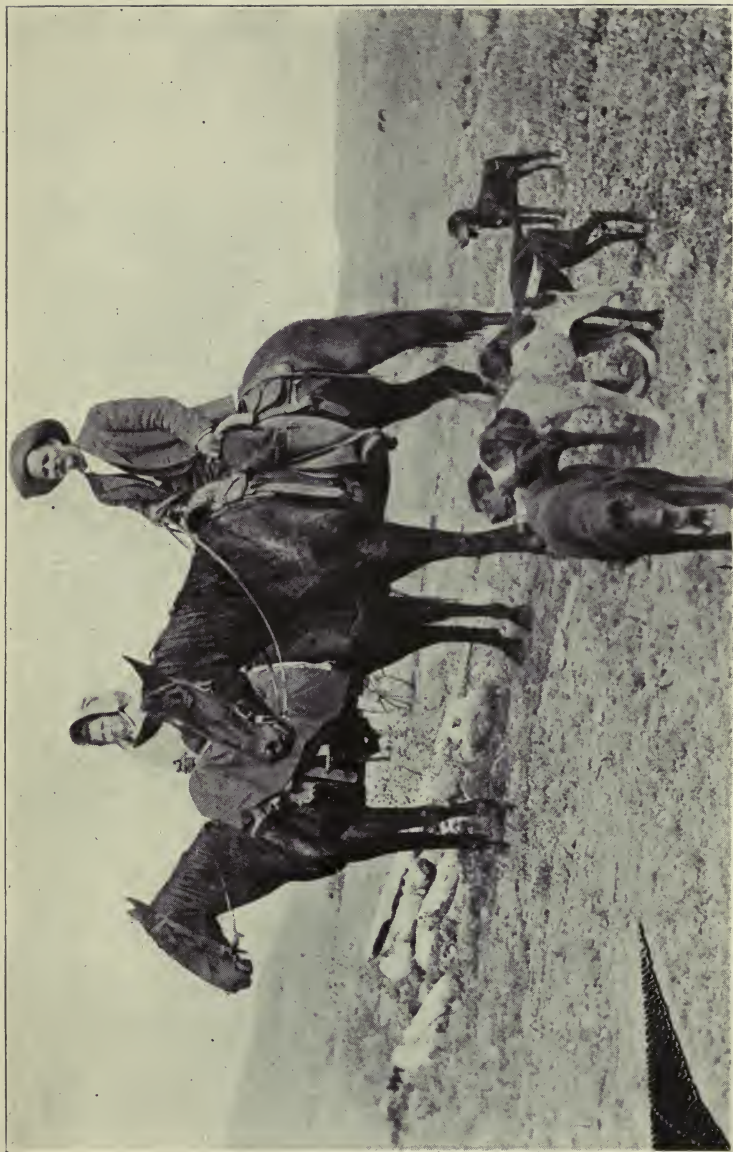
Big Bend and Davis Mountains country, caused the Mescalero Apaches, Comanches, and Lipans to enter Mexico in large numbers, not to depredate, as formerly, but to make treaties with the different Mexican states and to gain protection from the American troops.

For a time, the usual Indian situation was reversed. Instead of the Indians raiding into Mexico, from their mountain retreats in Texas and New Mexico, they now raided into Texas and New Mexico, from their mountain retreats in the northern states of Mexico.

Owing to the vacillating policy practiced by the Mexican Government in matters pertaining to the Indians, it was impossible for the American settlers to look for redress. It was but a short time after Colonel Seawell had cleared the country of the marauders, when they again began their depredating. The first intimation of the return of the Indians the settlers had, was the attack at El Muerto, or Deadman's Hole, on a detachment of mounted riflemen from Fort Davis. A sergeant and a musician were killed before the Indians could be driven off. Between El Muerto and Van Horn, the same party of Indians attacked the west-bound stage, but were kept from doing serious damage by the appearance of the east-bound stage with a heavily-armed guard.

Lieutenant Horace Randell, with a detachment of mounted riflemen, intercepted these Indians, who proved to be Mescaleros, in Canyon de los Lamentos, or Quitman Canyon. A running fight began midway between the Canyon and Eagle Spring, and covered the same ground where one of the hardest Indian fights took place twenty-five years later. The punishment inflicted upon the Indians by Lieutenant Randell had a salutary effect upon many other bands which were preparing to cross the Rio Grande and attack the mail route at various points.

There is no question but that the soldiers rendered invaluable service in keeping the Indians out of the Big Bend, in the years '54-'55; they were aided to a certain extent, however, by a drought, which covered an unbroken period from 1850-55.



MR. AND MRS. W. L. KINGSTON
Pioneers of The Davis Mountains



JUDGE AND MRS. J. F. MIEIR
Their first home in Toyah Valley

The Indians were even more dependent upon rainfall than the whites; it was necessary that their trails should be well supplied with water; that game be plentiful, and that grass contain nourishment for their horses. They carried neither commissary nor water canteens, as did the whites. If their trails crossed a country devoid of springs, they waited for rains to fill *tenejas* and *charcos*—the former being great rocks in which the wind had burrowed holes; the latter were the ponds and water-holes filled by drainage during the rainy season. On account of this severe drought, raiding parties were less frequent; and no big movement, numbering several hundred warriors, could be undertaken.

This drought was so severe that, in the second year, the Rio Grande was dry below the El Paso district; and a party of whites drove a bunch of mules from Presidio del Norte to San Elizario, traveling the whole distance in the bed of the River.

The Davis Mountains were the only section during this time that had any considerable rainfall, and, in the last year of drought, Milton Favor—*Don Milton*, as he was called by the Mexicans—and John W. Spencer drove their cattle out of the Rio Grande and Alameto ranges into the Davis range.

In the same year that Fort Davis was made a post, another important settlement was founded. This was at the cross-roads of the great trails—Comanche Springs. The Government here located a military post, and named it in honor of Commodore Stockton, who occupied Monterey, California, during the Mexican War. It was not, however, until 1859 that General Anson E. Mills, deputy surveyor of El Paso County, formally laid out old Fort Stockton.

One very interesting point, which either has passed unnoticed or has been ignored by chroniclers of Texas history, is the fact that Jefferson Davis, while Secretary of War, introduced camels in the arid portions of the Southwest. In 1856, the first cargo of thirty-two camels reached the coast of Texas, and was distributed from San Antonio to the Davis Mountains. The year following, upon the arrival of a second cargo of forty

head, the deserts of New Mexico and Arizona began to know these strange beasts of burden.

Considerable time was required for the first lot of thirty-two camels to recover from their long sea voyage and become acclimated. During the period of acclimation, two of the beasts died. When one considers the great change in climatic conditions from that to which they had been accustomed and the difference in grasses and foodstuffs, it speaks well for the hardiness of the animals that only two succumbed.

The first practical tests made to ascertain the suitability of the camel for burden carriers in the Southwest proved successful. On one occasion a train consisting of wagons drawn by army mules and a caravan of six camels were sent from Campe Verde to San Antonio, a distance of sixty miles, over a road no worse than was usually found on the frontier. The result was much in favor of the camels. Two wagons, with a combined load of 3,684 pounds, and each wagon drawn by six big army mules, took four days to make the trip. The six camels, likewise with a combined load of 3,684 pounds, made the trip in two and one-half days. On another occasion, the capacity of the camel for traveling over rough, stony country and muddy roads was tested with satisfactory results. This journey was made during an unusually heavy rain, which at first glance would seem a serious handicap, but which later will be shown to have been the cause of such a successful trip. Instead of following the wagon road, which the rains had made impassable for a wagon at that time, the caravan followed a trail over the mountains, each camel loaded with 328 pounds. Despite rain and mud, these beasts covered sixty miles in two days, suffering neither unusual fatigue nor inconvenience.

After these and similar tests made under what was considered most unfavorable conditions—mud and rain—forty more camels were imported; and transportation authorities began to show considerable surprise that the camel, among the first beasts to be domesticated by man, had not been introduced long before. The theory was advanced that if the camel, being accustomed to desert sands, could perform well in mud and

rain, he should perform better as conditions approached those to which he was accustomed.

It was beginning to look as if hard times were in store for the old time "mule-skinner" and "jerk-line" teamsters; it seemed as if the time had come when he must degenerate into a camel-driver. To add to the teamster's dislike of the beasts, each time he met them meant the runaway of his mules. So with accumulative hatred he waited the seemingly inevitable development.

With the coming of summer, came a long drought, accompanied by hot winds and sand storms. Typically Saharian, said the camel experts; and they waited expectantly to see the imported camels out-perform the native mules. And they did. They carried more than the mules could pull; they needed little water and less food; sun, heat, sand, and wind failed to bow their serenely-poised heads. With a shuffling, pacing gait, they passed slow-plodding, heat-maddened mules, who, upon the strange beasts' passing, invariably wasted a day's worth of energy in a desperate effort to get as far from them as possible.

Gradually, then more rapidly, the terrible heat of the summer and the hot winds, began to draw the moisture from the earth. The ground cracked open and a hard-baked crust formed on the surface. Less frequently, the camel-trains passed the wagon-trains. The teamsters began to look more cheerful. Evidently, something was wrong with the "critters." Then occasionally teams began to pass a caravan on the road, the camels, with heads still held serenely high, resting upon their leathery knees.

The experts began to look anxious, then dubious; then disgusted. Finally, the staunchest friends of the camel acknowledged that the beasts would not do for American use. From Texas to Arizona, the small, sharp, igneous rocks had literally cut to shreds the soft-padded feet of the camels. They were irrecoverably tenderfooted! Unlike the mule, whose tenderfootedness could be remedied by proper shoeing, the bottom of the camels' feet were gristly pads. The first sea-

son of tests the beasts performed so well because the continual rains kept the ground soft, both on plains and on mountains. The weakness of the camels' feet did not show up until the ground became hard and dry, which prevented the small sharp-cornered rock from being mashed into the earth when trod upon by the camel.

For a time after the experiment with the camels was abandoned, these animals were herded and cared for by the Government, principally in Arizona. But being of no further value—in fact, being considered a burden and a nuisance—the herders became slack in their herding, and many of the beasts strayed away—unsought and unmourned. Many stories are centered about these pilgrims of the desert—how they were shot by Indians, and hunters who thought they had discovered a prehistoric species. Then, in time, they disappeared, and, to-day, the only trace that remains of the camel's brief life in the great deserts of the Southwest is contained in a few scattered Government records.

In 1857, the Government subsidized the Butterfield Overland Daily Mail, from Saint Louis to San Francisco; and for a short period the mail route left the old line at the Pecos River, turning northwest and following that stream to the New Mexico line; from there it crossed to the foot of the Guadalupe Mountains, on to the Huaco Tanks, and down to El Paso. On account of the scarcity of water this route was abandoned in a short time and the old trail, through Fort Stockton and Fort Davis, was resumed.

We have considered the first early efforts of the American pioneers to win homes in the new country west of the Pecos River. We have seen them wrest the land from the savage. So occupied had been these people with their own struggles that they had not heard the rumbling sounds of dissension, which soon would divide the North and the South, and precipitate a struggle which would not only have a far-reaching effect over the more civilized sections of the United States, but which would wipe out the growing settlements west of the Pecos River and cause the Big Bend again to be overrun by redskins.

CHAPTER XI

The conditions in the Big Bend country, in 1860, were more favorable to a healthy growth of the settlements than in any other year since the establishment of the military posts. Both Fort Davis and Fort Stockton were at this time flourishing settlements of several hundred people, including large bodies of troops stationed at these points along the Overland Mail routes. The route by way of Delaware Creek and Guadalupe Mountains had been abandoned, and a daily mail had been established over the San Antonio-El Paso division, by way of Comanche Springs and the Davis Mountains. And another mail division, coming from Fort Worth, converged with the main route at Fort Stockton. Traffic over the Chihuahua Trail had grown to enormous proportions, and as many as two hundred freight outfits made round-trips over the trail between Chihuahua and San Antonio. Another freight line followed the mail route from San Antonio to El Paso. Just as the advent of a railroad in modern times expedites the growth of the towns through which it goes, so did these great freight trails hasten the growth of the settlements through which they passed.

The Indian situation was well in hand; although there were times when spasmodic raiding was carried on by small bands, who broke away from the control of the authorities in New Mexico. The habit so long established among the Comanches and Apaches to follow the lure of the Mexican moon, or September moon, could not be overcome in one generation. Still, these raiding parties were so small that they dared not attack a well-armed freight outfit or mail party.

In the El Paso district, the postoffice of Franklin had grown to be a "metropolis" of one thousand people. San Elizario, still the most important town in the Big Bend, with a jurisdic-

tion over *thirty thousand square miles* of country, contained two thousand inhabitants! In the more southern section, the Big Bend settlement, started by John W. Spencer and others, had grown until it rivaled the town on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, Presidio del Norte. At this point, the Government encouraged the settlers to raise wheat for the troops at Fort Davis and Fort Stockton. A small flour-mill was erected, and a new industry was added to that of stock-raising, which had been started in 1854, by Spencer and Favor. In a way, the United States was taking reprisal on the Chihuahua state government for a decree, which had been issued in 1855, forbidding the exportation of corn across the Rio Grande. This decree, made to annoy the Americans, was put into effect during the time of a great drought, when practically no forage or grain were obtainable elsewhere than in Chihuahua.

While the Government was lavish in the quartering of troops for the protection of various settlements in the Big Bend, and while for years military commanders had urgently advised that such a step be taken, the Government steadfastly refused to station troops at Presidio, the port of entry opposite Presidio del Norte. It is incomprehensible that the United States should neglect to protect that settlement, especially as the grain supply for several large bodies of troops was grown and milled there. Possibly, the fact that the feeling between the American and the Mexican troops was of a nature none too cordial might have caused the Government to take no chances in engaging our country in another war with Mexico.

These were the conditions in the American settlements west of the Pecos River at the outbreak of the Civil War, in 1861. The six companies of the Eighth Infantry, which had made Fort Davis their headquarters since 1854, had been scattered in small detachments along the mail routes, as guards for the stage-stands and mail company's property. Immediately after the outbreak of the Civil War, these troops were cut off from communication with the North. In the meantime, the Second Texas Confederate Cavalry, under the command of Colonel John R. Baylor, was enroute from San Antonio to El Paso.

At every troop station, the Federals were given the choice of being paroled or joining the Southern cause. As the Eighth Infantry was composed largely of Northern men, they accepted parole and were allowed to withdraw.

The advance guard of Colonel Baylor's command, under Captain Parker, on April 13, 1861, marched into Fort Davis, just as Company H, Eighth Infantry, Captain Edwin D. Blake commanding, retired.

The change of governments had little effect upon local conditions in the Big Bend. Those whose sympathies were with the North were given ample time to close up their affairs and depart. In this first year, under Confederate protection, there was no perceptible decrease in freighting over the great trails. The mails continued to run as usual, although at less regular intervals. Detachments of Confederates filled the stations which Federal troops had occupied.

But while trade conditions remained practically the same, the Indian situation became more menacing. Owing to the disturbed condition of the country and the withdrawal of large forces of Federal troops, which had heretofore been employed in controlling the Apaches, these Indians had sensed the great war the whites were waging among themselves, and conceived the idea that the appointed hour had arrived when they could gain control of the hunting-ground of their forefathers. With this idea prominent in their minds and their spirits fired by mescal feasts, the fierce Mescaleros debouched upon the Big Bend in war parties of unusual numbers.

The effect of this was soon apparent; and once again the frontiersman learned to accept with equanimity the loss of his work-stock and, often, a member of his family, or a friend; a thing which boded no good for the red marauders if caught. In a letter written by Pat Murphy, a storekeeper at Fort Davis, under date December 29, 1861, the casual manner in which raids were mentioned is clearly shown. The letter was a long business letter, addressed to John W. Spencer, at Presidio, and the following excerpt was the last paragraph: "Night before last, the Indians came to my corral and drove off a num-

ber of my cattle. A party of thirty-three men pursued them yesterday, hot on the trail, and I hope will be successful. Yours, P. Murphy."

The Indians, as a rule, preferred to strike small, outlying settlements, rather than risk losing warriors in what might prove to be a sanguinary battle with well-armed forces. With the coming of the troops, in 1854, Señor Manuel Musquiz settled in the beautiful canyon, six miles from Fort Davis. Here he built a substantial ranch home along the edge of a well-watered meadow, which was sufficiently large to furnish grazing for his cattle. Including his family and servants, or peons, this little settlement numbered twenty people. Don Manuel made frequent trips to Presidio del Norte, and it was during one of these trips that old Nicolas, the chief of the Apaches, with two hundred and fifty warriors, attacked the ranch, killed three members of the Musquiz household, and drove away all the cattle.

As soon as the Indians left, a messenger was dispatched to Fort Davis for aid. Lieutenant Mayes was at that time stationed at the post with a detachment of twenty men. Not knowing the size of the raiding party, the lieutenant took up the pursuit with twelve soldiers and four civilians, at the same time sending for reinforcements to Fort Stockton, where the main body of the Confederate troops was then stationed.

The trail was plain. The Indians followed down the canyon to Mitre Peak, a well-known landmark, ten miles northwest of Alpine; from there they headed south toward Cathedral Peak, where they struck a well-watered canyon, which led them toward the Rio Grande.

Lieutenant Mayes, with his well-mounted detachment, pressed hard upon the heels of the Indians and overtook them the following day. Seeing a small band of Indians, Mayes engaged them in a running fight down a great canyon. This fight continued until the Indians reached a point in the canyon where the sides rise precipitously several hundred feet. All at once a storm of arrows from the rocks and trees overhead greeted the pursuers. Too late, Mayes saw the ambush. As

he turned to retreat from the death trap, he found the passage blocked by a hundred warriors. The Indians, who had been luring them on, now turned and, reinforced by those who had been hidden in the rocks overhead, rushed upon the soldiers and closed the death trap.

But one man escaped—the Mexican guide, who sprang from his horse and fled up the sides of the canyon. Unobserved by the Indians, he managed to hide in a cave, where he lay all day and night. The Indians, knowing he was in the neighborhood, searched thoroughly for him, but finally they gave up the hunt and departed. The next day the guide made his way on foot to Presidio with the news of the massacre.

A messenger was dispatched on horseback through Paisano Pass to intercept the Fort Stockton reinforcements. This he succeeded in doing; and although the troops pushed on with renewed speed at the news of the massacre, they were unable to overtake the Indians, who were by that time safe with their friends and relatives in Mexico.

Outside of the immediate vicinity of El Paso, nothing of importance transpired in the Big Bend relative to the Civil War; although the results of the campaigns of Sibley's brigade, C. S. A., and Canby's Brigade, U. S. A., had direct bearing upon the country. In May, 1861, George W. Baylor was sent from Fort Clark to El Paso, to become the adjutant of Colonel John R. Baylor, his brother. The first regiment of the Union army against which these brothers were called upon to lead their forces was the old Seventh Infantry, to which their father had been attached during his lifetime. Before the close of the war, George W. Baylor rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; and almost continually in the years following the Civil War, Colonel Baylor was identified with the Big Bend, as a fearless Indian fighter and Texas Ranger captain.

As the months of struggle between the states passed into years, both the passenger and freight traffic on the great trails decreased. The settlements lost their prosperity, and, one by one, the settlers drifted away, either to enter the army or to seek elsewhere a livelihood.

Many of the old freighters on the Chihuahua Trail changed their routes from San Antonio to Santa Fe. But even this was too hazardous. John W. Burgess, who was one of the first men to arrive at Presidio with John W. Spencer, attempted to make a trip from San Antonio to Santa Fe. Like his neighbors, he had espoused the Southern cause. His train consisted of twenty-two wagons and two hundred and twenty mules. When he reached the state-line of New Mexico, his entire outfit was captured by the Federals; and by the merest chance, he, with one of his men, escaped on fleet horses, and eventually reached Presidio in a starving condition.

An effort was made by the Confederate troops to punish the Mescalero Apaches for their recent misdeeds; more especially, by pursuing Chief Nicolas and his band. Finally, this crafty old chief called on Colonel McCarty at Fort Davis, and offered to negotiate peace terms. He agreed to accompany Colonel McCarty to El Paso and talk the matter over with Colonel John R. Baylor. This was done; and after a treaty had been satisfactorily arranged, Nicolas, accompanied by Colonel McCarty and an escort of soldiers, began the journey back to Fort Davis, on the stage.

Whether or not Nicolas had arranged a meeting place with his warriors was not known, but when the party reached Barrel Springs, the first stage station west of Fort Davis, Nicolas jerked Colonel McCarty's six shooter out of the scabbard, jumped from the stage, and ran down the canyon where his band awaited him. Unsuspecting danger, two soldiers followed him and were killed. Colonel McCarty pursued Nicolas a short distance, but fearing an ambush gave up the chase. George W. Baylor was then sending a herd of contract beeves over the trail to Fort Davis, and later in the day word was brought in that Nicolas and his band had attacked and killed Baylor's herders and had driven off these cattle.

In 1862, freighting and traveling over the trails ceased. The able-bodied men of the country had either gone to war or to Mexico. The enforcement of Lincoln's blockade naturally curtailed transcontinental shipping, and mails and imports

from Mexico were now diverted to San Antonio, by way of Laredo and Brownsville, on the Rio Grande.

The settlements at Presidio and El Paso alone remained, and to the population of these settlements had been added refugees from the other communities. Troops were no longer needed in the Big Bend. There was nothing in the country to protect. This was the prime reason for the abandonment of the Big Bend, by the Confederates.

During all these years, Diedrick Dutchover remained with the mail company. He established a small ranch, five miles down Limpia Canyon from the post, where he attempted to raise sheep—attempted to raise them, for the Indians rarely failed to rob him. When the post was abandoned, Dutchover, who had taken no part as yet in the struggle between the North and the South, was left in charge of the post buildings and of such equipment as could not be handily removed. Another reason for selecting Dutchover as caretaker was that he had taken no part in any of the fights against the Indians. He was considered by them to be a harmless fellow, and he would probably be treated friendly by them.

The post at Fort Davis was built of adobe brick, and many of the out-buildings and stables had the conventional Mexican-style flat roof, with a parapet some three feet high, extending above the roof on all sides. Shortly after the Confederate troops left the post, Chief Nicolas, with two hundred and fifty Indians, entered the town. For some reason, Nicolas was in an ugly mood and his actions were so threatening that Dutchover found it advisable to gather his party and take refuge on the top of an old building.

The refugee party consisted of Dutchover, a Mexican woman with two children, and four Americans, one of whom was quite ill. Dutchover expected the stage from San Antonio any moment and it was his intention to send the sick man to a doctor. The only provisions they were able to carry with them were a sack of flour and two barrels of water. Fortunately, on the roof of the house they found some old wagon-wheel spokes, with which they built fires for cooking. Every

precaution was used to hide the smoke and flames and avoid betraying their position to the Indians, who, as yet, were so busy pillaging the post that they paid no attention to Dutchover's movements.

For two days and nights, the refugees remained on the housetop. By that time, the Indians grew tired of their work of destruction in the post buildings, and scattered over the valleys and mountains in search for stray cattle left by the troops. The third night, under cover of darkness, Dutchover and his party, with the exception of the sick man, crept out of their place of concealment and struck out for Presidio, ninety-two miles away.

When the stage arrived, the day after Dutchover left, the sick man was dead. Four days later in an exhausted and starving condition Dutchover, and the three Americans, the Mexican woman and children, staggered into Presidio.

One of the most interesting spots in the country is that known as Skillman's Grove, where the Bloys Campmeeting Association holds the annual campmeeting. This beautiful grove derives its name from the original locator, Captain Henry Skillman. While a mail contractor, Captain Skillman lived at Franklin, the present El Paso, and was a well-known character there. As long as the tide of war was in favor of the Southern cause, the mail-stage kept up communication between the Confederate headquarters at San Antonio and the western posts. After the abandonment of Fort Davis, however, from lack of protection against the Indians, it was no longer possible to get the stage through, and it fell to the lot of such men as Captain Skillman to act as couriers for the Confederate Army.

Captain Skillman was a Kentuckian—a great blonde giant with flowing beard and hair—the “Kit Carson of the Big Bend.” He had been an Indian fighter, mail contractor, guide and scout for the United States troops, and later served with credit in the Southern army. He was highly esteemed by both the Americans and Mexicans, but had one great fault. At rare intervals he drank heavily, and while under the influence of liquor

would "shoot up the town" and "wind up" by ordering everyone to close their stores, as he wanted "to run the town" himself. After sobering up, he would return to the scene of his exuberance, pay the damages, and apologize to everyone for his actions.

But he permitted no one else to do likewise. At one time, when a desperado attempted a similar action, and had terrified everyone, including peace officers, Skillman disarmed him, gave him a good thrashing, and ordered him out of town.

After the Union army occupied Franklin and Fort Bliss, which had been established shortly after Fort Davis, the Confederate colony gathered in Mexico, at Paso del Norte, or Juarez, as it is known to-day; and it was Captain Skillman's duty to keep communication between San Antonio and that colony.

The Union commander desired to capture Skillman and his party, and Captain Albert H. French was detailed for that duty. But Skillman was not the kind of man to be captured. On the night of April 13, 1864, Skillman, with a party of thirty men, went into camp a mile below Presidio, in the Big Bend, on the old Fortin road.

At the same time, Captain French had gone into camp with his command near the ford above Presidio, opposite the Mexican custom-house. Diedrick Dutchover, seeing their camp, paid French a visit, and French told him his purpose. Dutchover had enjoyed years of friendship with Captain Skillman, but had no knowledge that the Confederate scout was camped below Presidio. Had he had this knowledge, the affair might have had a different termination.

At midnight, French, with his command, slipped into the unguarded camp of the Confederates, who suspected no enemy nearer than El Paso. At the signal from Captain French, the Federals sprang into the midst of the sleeping Confederates and called for surrender.

Skillman, with his gun in his hand, sprang up at the first sound, barely awake; and Captain French killed him the first shot. Then followed a volley from the Federals, which killed

two and wounded one of Skillman's party. The others surrendered and were taken to San Elizario.

The termination of the Civil War, in 1865, saw the Big Bend, with the exception of the settlements of Presidio and El Paso, re-occupied by the Indians. Once again the Indians had established their rancherias in the Chisos and the Davis Mountains. On the north slope of the Davis Mountains, where the Head Springs are located, which to-day furnish water for fourteen thousand acres of irrigated land at Balmorhea, the Apaches had again established a rancheria, and the springs were called San Solomon Springs, after the chief of that band. In Limpia Canyon, and as far east as Horse-head Crossing, on the Pecos River, old Espejo, or Looking-glass, ranged with his warriors and hunters in undisputed possession. But the significant fact was quite clear that no Comanches came west of the Pecos. While the Apaches and Comanches were inveterate enemies, and fought each other relentlessly for the possession of a broad strip of country running north and south the whole distance of the Big Bend, including the Davis and Chisos Mountains, and east to the Pecos River, still it was not the prowess of the Apaches which caused the Comanches to give up forever the Big Bend.

The Comanches were a nomadic people, who depended largely upon the buffalo for sustenance. These animals never frequented the Big Bend. Then, too, after the establishment of the overland mail routes and numerous military posts between San Antonio and El Paso, the constant travel of troops to and fro, emigrants and freighters, who traveled in large well-armed parties, formed a southern boundary over which the Comanches could not with impunity cross. This they had learned by bitter experience on occasions when small bands more daring than their fellows crossed the boundary into the more thickly settled country to the southeast.

Just before the beginning of the Civil War, Captain L. S. Ross, later a governor of Texas, with a mixed troop of cavalry and mounted frontiersmen, numbering one hundred and thirty-two men, inflicted such severe punishment on the Comanches

that they were driven far up into the Panhandle of Texas and the present State of Oklahoma. This fight took place several hundred miles east of the Big Bend, but it was one of the direct causes of the Comanches relinquishing their hold upon Southwest Texas.

Hardly had Lincoln's blockade been removed from that great trans-continental highway, when commerce began again to move along the overland trails. Once again, after a silence of five years, the musical jingle of harness bells and the creaking of heavily laden wagons, could be heard in the Big Bend.

Two of the first freight outfits to leave San Antonio were the wagons belonging to James and John Edgar, loaded with government supplies and merchandise, consigned from San Antonio to El Paso. Each outfit comprised twenty wagons and two hundred head of mules. The two outfits traveled three days apart, and they made good time until Horse-head Crossing was reached. About midway between Horse-head Crossing and Escondido Springs, the second train under James Edgar encountered a terrific rain-storm, which turned into a snow with the thermometer at zero. Such extreme weather coming at that late time of year—April 22—Edgar was wholly unprepared to meet it, and one hundred head of mules froze to death that night. In this crippled condition, he pressed on with half of his outfit to Fort Stockton, twenty-six miles away. There he dispatched a messenger to his brother, who by that time should have reached Fort Davis.

In the meantime, John Edgar was also having trouble. His lead outfit had reached Wild Rose Pass, but here he encountered old Espejo and his warriors, numbering one hundred. Being an experienced Indian fighter, John Edgar corralled his wagons, preparatory to making a last stand. Old Espejo attempted to make a treaty with the freighter, and while doing so he took inventory of the twenty-five determined, well-armed frontiersmen and their well-protected position. Although the twenty loaded wagons greatly aroused his cupidity, the wary old chief saw that to gain them meant the sacrifice of many warriors—more warriors than he could

afford to lose. Arriving at this conclusion and meeting a refusal to enter into a treaty, Espejo withdrew with his warriors into a deeper, more rugged part of the canyon. Believing Espejo still planned an ambush, John Edgar turned his train back to Fort Stockton. On the road he met his brother's messenger with the story of his disaster. After a short rest at Fort Stockton, the brothers stored part of their wares, joined the two trains together and proceeded unmolested to El Paso.

In 1866, the Postoffice Department let a new mail contract for the Overland Daily Mail. Fickland and Sawyer were awarded the contract. No two men could have been apparently more mismatched as partners. Ben Fickland was economical to parsimony, while Sawyer was a light-hearted, "devil-may-care" fellow. Both, however, were good managers and business men notwithstanding their different dispositions.

One time Fickland stopped at Fort Concho with a large drove of horses and mules, which he was distributing along the several thousand miles of mail route covered by his contract. Some of the animals needed shoeing badly. Fickland went to the commander of the garrison and asked to have his horses shod by the post farrier, or blacksmith. The commander replied that if the farrier wished to do the work and had time, he had permission to do so. The stage-man found the farrier; and took four days to shoe all the horses.

When the big job was completed Fickland proffered a Mexican dollar to the smith, saying as he did so, "I want to make you a little gift after all that work."

"Gift, hell!" replied the farrier, "you can't 'gift' me. You'll pay me for that work."

After considerable argument, Fickland went to the commanding officer to prove that the soldier had been ordered to do the work. He explained that had he known there were to be charges he would not have had all the horses shod.

The commander pointed out that he had said the farrier could do the job if he cared to, and in the end Fickland was compelled to pay the soldier twenty-five United States silver dollars.

After the mail contract had been going for a year or so, Frederick P. Sawyer was called to Washington to explain why the contractors were unable to get the mail over the route on schedule time; also, to explain why so many of his mules died of disease. When Sawyer was on the witness-stand, he painted a fearful picture of the hardships, the Indians, the bad men, the dry country, the lack of water, and many other evils. In astonishment, a congressman asked him, if conditions were so hard and dangerous, how he ever managed to get drivers for the coaches.

To which question Sawyer replied, "If you would start a mail line to hell, I could get all the drivers I wanted."

Sawyer, a good mail-coach man, liked to be on the road, with the coaches, and he knew the outdoor business; while Fickland knew how to make every dollar count and never allowed even a piece of broken leather to be wasted.

The first stage to run west out of San Antonio for El Paso, under the contract of Fickland and Sawyer, was under charge of Captain T. A. Wilson, with Sam Miller as one of the guards. Both men had been in the Big Bend with Sibley's Brigade, and both men in later years were prominent in public affairs of the Big Bend.

On the trip west they encountered signs, but had no trouble with the Indians until they reached Escondido Springs, eighteen miles east of Fort Stockton; here the mail party was rounded up by old Espejo, who now had a following of three hundred and fifty Indians.

Captain Wilson, an old Indian fighter who had with him Texans well versed in Indian warfare, quickly reviewed the situation and prepared to make a stand. There were forty men in the party, and they fortified themselves on a hill, a quarter of a mile from the Indians.

For forty-eight hours the Indians held them in this position and occasionally old Espejo would circle within range of the Texans' "long" rifles, but at a volley from the whites, immediately withdraw to a safe distance. On the second day,

old Espejo tried to make a treaty—one of his customary devices to pave the way to later treachery—but Captain Wilson was too wise to fall into the trap. Furthermore, there was nothing about which a treaty could be made. While the Indians held the water they had no food, and the mail-party had food and some water in their canteens. With the full knowledge of this, and as his attempt at making a treaty had failed, Espejo withdrew.

The first stage-party to run from El Paso, however, did not fare so well as the party under Captain Wilson. The east-bound party was composed of Northern men, who knew little or nothing about Indian warfare, and while they had two Mexican guides, they were not willing to listen to their advice. This party was ambushed in Wild Rose Pass, by Chief Espejo, in the same spot that John Edgar's party had been caught less than a month before. Had the white men followed the advice of their Mexican guides, they would have come out of the ambush unscathed.

Espejo followed his usual tactics of rushing the party out of their lodgment, but failing in this, he offered to make a treaty. The leader of the mail-party, a Mr. Davis, agreed, and with due solemnity drew up a formal treaty with the Indians.

In pursuance of the treaty, Espejo apparently withdrew, but when the mail party emerged from their stronghold, the Indians attacked them with full force. The first man wounded was an army officer. This happened when he and an Irishman became separated from the others. Pat attempted to carry the wounded officer back to the party, but was forced to lay down his burden and fight. While Pat had his back turned, feeling his case was hopeless, the officer placed a pistol to his own head and killed himself.

Eventually, the Indians were beaten off, but not until several men had been killed and the stage and horses stolen. After the Indians had retreated, the party walked into Fort Stockton, sixty-eight miles. Before the fight began the Mexican guides, knowing only too well what would happen when the treaty was

made, deserted the party and walked all the way to San Felipe Springs, to-day Del Rio.

Fickland and Sawyer's contract called for three mails per week, with Fort Stockton as the meeting place between San Antonio and El Paso, but during 1866, the year before the return of the Federal troops to abandoned posts along the mail route, not more than one mail a week, each way, was put through, owing to the activities of Espejo and his band.

The restless feeling of the people in the more thickly settled sections of East and Central Texas had not been quieted by Lee's surrender at Appomattox. As a result immigration was heavy, and once again the great trails resounded to the creaking ox-wagons, the lowing of cattle, the crying of travel-worn, thirsty children, and the loud commands of the frontiersmen, as they pushed westward seeking more elbow room.

Years of raiding by the Apaches and Comanches in the Northern states of Mexico had drained that country of cattle. Great haciendas embracing thousands of acres had been laid waste. After the Comanches had been driven further north and the Indian agents had gained a hold, although none too firm, upon the various tribes coming under the head of Apaches, these great haciendas in Mexico began to offer good prices for imported cattle. These prices tempted the more adventurous and hardier cattlemen in Central Texas to drive great herds of cattle over the Chihuahua Trail, to this newly established Mexican trade. In 1868, one of the first men to put cattle over the trail was Captain D. M. Poer. He drove twelve hundred head from Fort Concho, which to-day is San Angelo, by way of Fort Stockton, Paisano Pass and Presidio, to the great Terrazas Hacienda in Chihuahua. This drove of cattle passed through the unsettled country unmolested either by Indians or cow-thieves.

In the same year, W. O. Burnam left Burnet County, for Chihuahua, with a party of twenty-five neighboring cowmen, and over a thousand head of cattle, to trade for sheep. Two months were spent on the trail, and from the time they left the Pecos River until the Rio Grande was reached, they never

saw a white man. While at Burgess Springs, or Charco de Alsate, just east of Alpine, seven or eight suspicious-looking Mexicans, with a bunch of Texas cattle, were observed. They had evidently picked up "strays" from other herds, and Burnam, suspecting that some of his cattle were included, started to investigate. In the fight which followed the Mexicans were overcome and their herd inspected to observe the brands. There was not a single Mexican brand in the outfit, but Burnam failed to find any of his cattle. By necessity, he turned the rascals loose, although he knew they had stolen their herd from other Texan outfits.

On account of the new trades' relations between the citizens of the United States and the Northern states of Mexico, and the reopening of the Chihuahua Trail, a friendly feeling sprang up between the Americans and the Mexicans. The Big Bend once again was rapidly becoming habitable; and it needed but the re-entrance of the United States troops to keep in check the Indians and other reckless, lawbreaking elements for the settlements to again become thriving and prosperous.

CHAPTER XII

On June 29, 1867, four troops of the 9th Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Wesley Merritt commanding, reoccupied Fort Davis, after an abandonment of six years. Fort Davis now for the first time became a regimental post. The 9th Cavalry was a negro regiment officered by white officers. Colonel Merritt at once started building permanent quarters, and for the fortsite, he chose ground well above the high-water mark in Limpia Canyon. While the War Department had acquired a block of land for the post buildings, a more suitable site was chosen on land owned by John James, upon which the Government took a long term lease. In 1856, John James, a prominent pioneer and surveyor, had laid out a townsite for the growing settlement. In some manner, not stated in the records, James obtained six hundred and forty acres adjoining the townsite from A. C. Lewis, original owner. Lewis had obtained the land when Texas was granting land to settlers. John James had also acquired the fortsite of Fort Stockton and a number of other posts in the West. He had the distinction of surveying, platting, and recording more land than any other surveyor in the state.

Colonel Merritt did his work thoroughly, although handicapped by lack of tools; and, to-day, much of it remains in a well preserved state. In 1854, while exploring the neighboring mountains, Major Simonson had found a quantity of pine timber, up Limpia Canyon, eleven miles from the post. From this point, Colonel Merritt hauled logs and sawed them by hand at Fort Davis. Later, a sawmill was erected in what is to-day known as Sawmill Canyon, and the sawed logs were brought to the post by ox-teams.

With the troops at the time they returned to Fort Davis, came Whitaker Keesey, as head baker, and Sam R. Miller, as

butcher. Both of these men have left the mark of their work upon the country.

Fort Davis, under the encouragement and protection of the troops, soon became the most important town west of the Pecos River, until San Elizario was reached. It was not long before merchants opened their doors to catch the passing trade over the Chihuahua Trail and the mail route. Hunters made it their headquarters, and daily these silent mannered men came into the post leading their horses laden with venison, antelope, or bear meat and, occasionally, the honey from a bee-tree. For the bee was the sure forerunner of settlements. Various sorts of contractors came in to secure government contracts for wood and forage. Every three months, the paymaster visited the post, and usually he was accompanied by two sisters of charity, who came to collect money for St. John's Orphanage, at San Antonio. One of these sisters of charity, Sister Stephens, of the Order of the Incarnate Word, is living to-day, in San Antonio.

Just west of the parade grounds, opposite the barracks, stood the well built houses of Officers' Row. Colonel Merritt lived in Number Seven, and in this house he had the first Christmas tree. Near the old spring at Murphy's Grove, but a step from the south walls of the post, Dan Murphy had his home and store. Here nightly, the officers and their wives gathered to indulge in such amusements as the western outpost afforded. On the other side of the post, Abbot & Davis, the post traders, had their commodious store. Here, too, Patrick Murphy, no wise related to the patriarchal Daniel Murphy, had reopened the doors of his store, which had been closed since the first year of the Civil War. In these two famous old trade emporiums, gathered those rough and ready members of western society who lay no claim to class distinction,—the soldier, the hunter, the trail driver,—and here could be heard, deleted of all fancy phrases, stories of daring, of bravery, of human kindness, as well as of human hate.

At the time the troops re-occupied Fort Davis, Sam Miller, who had the regiment's beef contract, had brought in one

hundred and sixty-five head of beeves and stock cattle. While these cattle, with one hundred and fifty work-oxen, were being herded by Mexicans, in the flats east of the post, a band of Apaches attacked and killed the herders, and stampeded the cattle.

By the time word reached the post, the Indians had several hours' start, but as quickly as possible a detachment of troops, with Sam Miller as guide, started on the well-marked trail. After killing enough beeves for their immediate wants, the Indians had attempted to drive the remainder; and the trail followed by the troops was marked by the carcasses of cattle, which the Indians, in pure maliciousness, had shot down when they could go no further. The trail followed down Limpia Canyon, along the north slope of the mountains, to Gomez Peak, and from there up the Van Horn Flats, to the foot of the Guadalupe Mountains. At this point, the Indian signs showed that several large parties had met, and the captain in charge of the troops refused to follow them further. Against the earnest protests of Miller, the chase was abandoned and the party returned to Fort Davis. A short time afterward this captain was court-martialed and cashiered from the army, because he had refused to go on.

This statement should not be construed as being a condemnation of the military in general. It was no fault of the officers in command of the western garrisons that troop movements were slow. They were bound by rules and regulations which were meant for civilized warfare, if there is such a thing; and before orders could be conformed to by the troops, the Indians would have a start which could never be overcome. The frontiersmen, also, had a considerable advantage over the soldier, as they, like the Indian, carried no excess baggage, slept where night overtook them, ate what they could, and depended largely upon their rifles for meat; while, on the other hand, in any considerable movement of soldiers, it was necessary to provision both men and horses, which resulted in the loss of much valuable time.

Presidio,—for so had John W. Spencer's farm been named,

—although lacking troops to form the base for its prosperity, still, next to Fort Davis, was the most important town on the Chihuahua Trail. So important had this port of entry grown that an American custom house was opened. Captain Mose Kelly, who for some time since the Civil War had been employed in the El Paso custom house, was sent to Presidio to organize and officer the new port of entry. Accompanied by Juan Ochoa, William Leaton, and John Burgess, Captain Kelly floated down the Rio Grande in a boat from El Paso to Presidio. Kelly was a lively, kindly, and dashing young fellow and had won a captaincy in the Union army as a cavalryman. He rented two rooms from John Spencer, and established his office and his home in them. Shortly after establishing the custom office, Captain Kelly opened a general merchandise store in Ojinaga, or Presidio del Norte, the Mexican port overlooking Presidio, Texas. Shortly afterwards, Charles Spencer, a son of John W. Spencer, became interested in the store with Captain Kelly, and he took charge in Ojinaga. The American colony at Presidio had been strengthened by the addition of several men who later became prominent in the affairs of the country. Richard C. Daily, who had seen service in the Mexican War and also served with the army of the South, entered Presidio by way of Chihuahua. William Russell came about the same time; he, too, was a veteran of the Civil War. Milton Favor—*Don Milton*—and John B. Davis had pushed out boldly from the settlement and established ranches in the mountains. The majority of these men had married among the prominent Mexican families, and, to-day, their descendants are numbered among the most worthy citizens of the country.

These were Arcadian days for Presidio. While the Indians were raiding in every other portion of the Big Bend, the little colony remained undisturbed. What a few years before had been the cultivated fields of John W. Spencer, was now a cluster of prosperous stores, ranged along either side of a long street, which also served as a passage way for the Chihuahua Trail drivers.

In the peaceful quiet of their *patios*, the families gathered at night, with no fear of being disturbed by the terrifying war-whoops of the Apaches. The doors were without locks, for nobody stole.

One instance, which is a matter of record, throws considerable light upon the attitude of the Presidio pioneers. With the overthrow of the Maximilian regime, the conditions in Ojinaga for a few years were chaotic. This was in 1867. Some of the inhabitants of the Mexican border towns fled across the Rio Grande to Presidio, Texas, and amongst the number were quite a few characters of questionable repute.

The coming of so many undesirables into the peaceful community became the subject of grave consideration for the city fathers. One giant Mexican, particularly, was a subject of suspicion; and it was not long before he was caught entering the living quarters of some of the women in the Spencer household, with the intent of theft.

But a short time before, Judge J. Hubbell, the local justice of the peace, had been killed by the Indians at El Muerto, and no new justice had been elected to fill his place. But action was quick and certain. The giant was seized and hauled before a body of law-enforcing citizens. Judge and jury were quickly chosen. John W. Spencer was made judge, and his jury was composed of Captain Mose Kelly, Larkin Landrum, Robert C. Daily, and a number of Mexican citizens, among whom was Patricio Juarez, the blacksmith, a man of powerful physique. After a brief trial, the prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to have one hundred lashes delivered upon his bare shoulders. And Patricio was delegated to wield the lash.

The blacksmith went down to the river bottoms and returned with an armful of willow switches; but so powerful were his strokes that the willows broke easily, and he threw them away in disgust. He stalked into his shop and returned with a heavy rawhide bull-whip—the kind used by the Chihuahua Trail drivers. Doubling this in his great fist, he delivered the remaining blows. Not liking his first taste of American justice, the Mexican meddler returned to the Mex-

ican side; and the story of the first law on the border, reaching others of his kind, discouraged any ambition they may have entertained of overrunning the little American colony.

The United States custom service was not well organized in those days, and in the afternoons many hundreds of pack mules forded the river and drew up to the American stores in Presidio. Later, under cover of darkness, they returned to the Mexican side, their cargoes free of duty. The coin most current was the silver *peso*, or Mexican dollar. The fact that Presidio was the port of entry for the Chihuahua Trail, brought many characters whose names are woven into the history of the Southwest. Most of the local men had freight outfits on the Trail, while such men as Ed Frobboese, August Santleben, John Holly, Shay Hogan, Seferino Calderon, at regular intervals, directed their trains of ten to twenty wagons to their camping places on the Rio Grande, near the custom house.

While Presidio was unmolested by the Indian attacks, other portions of the Big Bend were filled by marauders. Once again the Apaches saw the Big Bend wrested from their grip; and, in reprisal, they left such scenes of horror behind them that any sympathy which might have been felt for them, over the loss of their domains, was destroyed.

John Burgess had secured a contract for hauling large quantities of supplies from San Antonio to Fort Stockton and Fort Davis. After delivering his freight, he would continue south to Presidio del Norte—his home—recuperate his animals, attend to necessary repairs, then load up with grain and flour, which he would deliver to the posts on his return trip to San Antonio.

The previous year a considerable number of cattle had been driven over the Chihuahua Trail, but instead of going through Fort Davis they had gone down the great valley between the Davis Mountains and Glass Mountains, through Paisano Pass, and struck the old Chihuahua Trail on Alamito Creek. When Burgess was loaded with grain for Fort Stockton, he took this short cut, by way of Paisano Pass; and the

spring just east of Alpine, on the Kokernot ranch, became known as Burgess' Spring.

It received the name after Burgess' encounter with Chief Leon and his braves. While the wagon train was corralled about the springs, Chief Leon, who had started on a raid into Mexico, surrounded the outfit. But Burgess had between thirty and forty wagons and a corresponding number of men, which caused the chief to hesitate to attack, and instead, send an Indian for re-enforcements. There had not been a single shot fired by either side, and the Indians were squatting stolidly about their camp-fires fully aware, as were the whites, that the trail-drivers could not escape.

It was the custom of the wagon-master to ride horseback, so that he might better oversee the progress of the train. Sometimes the line of wagons was strung out for a distance of two or three miles. It happened on this trip that Burgess was riding a very fine racehorse, and that night, after the Indians had laid down, Burgess quietly mounted the lightest man in his party on the racehorse, tied the horse's feet in sacks, and sent the man charging straight through the Indians' camp.

Before the Indians recovered from their surprise, the horseman was safely through the lines, headed straight for Paisano Pass. The Indians pursued him on their fleetest ponies, but the racehorse easily outdistanced them.

It was now a question as to which party's re-enforcements arrived first. All day the besieged and besiegers kept their positions, and that night both parties slept upon their arms. The next morning, Burgess' worn-out party saw a great cloud of dust rising at the point where Paisano Canyon spilled out into the grassy plains. His re-enforcements were arriving. Chief Leon, also, saw the cloud of dust, and his guttural commands to his warriors could be heard in Burgess' camp. A moment's confusion, a whirlwind of horses, and the Indians swept away to the north at full gallop.

Burgess' messenger had ridden his horse to death twenty miles out of Presidio, and he had run and walked the remainder of the distance in four hours.

While the Kokernot Spring was known to the whites as Burgess' Spring, in the *lingua franca* of the Indian war trail, it had become known as Charco de Alsate. Usually the Chihuahua Trail ran through Fort Davis, but after John Burgess had opened up the route through Paisano Pass, this new route became quite popular among the more intrepid of the trail drivers. It was the same route used by the Jumano Indians, by de Vaca, by de Espejo, and Mendoza, in their travels through the Big Bend, as well as being the great Indian thoroughfare of the middle nineteenth century. Perennial rains had formed a chain of water holes, or *charcos*, at the spring, which led the Indians and Mexicans to refer to that watering-place as the *Charco*. The name Charco de Alsate was given to it because the most powerful chief on the war trails at that period was the Apache chief, Alsate—a leader who ranked with Bajo el Sol, Guera Carranza, Victorio and Geronimo, the ablest Indian generals of their time.

We Americans have been accustomed to place the Indians in one category—to us there are no good Indians. We go so far as to use the word, Indian, as a synonym for every evil and ferocious propensity in the human animal. When we say, "He behaves like an Indian," we infer that his conduct was in some manner uncouth, or inhuman. Being thus brought up to regard the Indian, it is very difficult to appreciate or understand the attitude of the Mexican people toward the Red Man. Reference is here made to the common, or *pilado* Mexican.

Perhaps a parallel illustration will bring this point more clearly to the reader. A half-dozen mounted men ride down the main street of a small western town, surround the bank, dismount, and stage a bank robbery. It doesn't matter whether they escape or are captured, the point is they are considered outlaws. If they should return again and be recognized, there would, no doubt, be a strong effort made to capture them. Now suppose a similar appearing band of mounted men—good citizens, however—should enter that town, ride up to the bank, dismount and enter that institution, how would they be regarded? They, too, were strangers, their behavior up to the

time of entering the bank had been identical to that of the first party. Outwardly their appearance and bearing was identical. But they would not be regarded as outlaws.

So among the Mexicans there was a differentiation between the good and bad Indian, which we Americans never recognized. This seeming forbearance on the part of the Mexican is explained by the fact that a relationship existed between them. Two or three hundred years of civilizing influences had raised the Mexican to a higher plane of existence than his Indian cousin. A Mexican himself will tell you, "Yo estoy puro Indo!" ("I am pure Indian!") That is, he will tell you this if he has imbibed sufficiently of mescal.

Parenthetically, it is well to add that the Mexican manner of judging between the good Indian and the bad was not always based upon the Indian's moral status. It also involved to a greater or lesser degree a consideration of the Indian's ability and strength to retaliate when he was interfered with. Therefore, when at the head of a score of warriors, Alsate, chief of the Mescalero Apaches, marched into Presidio del Norte, one crisp autumn morning, 1867, he entertained no fear of being molested by the Mexican authorities.

The salutations which greeted him on every side bore witness to the respect he elicited. Curious children followed mothers to the doors and clung to the protecting skirts, while they gazed with awe at the Indian chief about whom centered many thrilling tales, false and true. Many times had these children seen the Apache chief thus enter Presidio del Norte, but never before had they seen him wearing an overcoat of the white man's pattern; they looked and wondered. What unfortunate Americano had crossed the trail of the Apache brave?

The procession of half-naked savages filed silently down the street, the quick bird-like motions of their heads and the restless glitter in the eyes showed that the Indians noted everything, perhaps in anticipation of the time when they would take the war-path against the Nortafios, to rob and to plunder them in a carnival of bloodshed. The Indians filed past the

casa in which lived John Burgess, who at this time was away on the Chihuahua Trail, in company with John Davis and William Brooks. In common with her neighbors, Mrs. Burgess came to the door to look curiously at the passing savages. She gave a start, and her eyes strained horror-stricken at the tall Indian in the overcoat—her husband's overcoat!

The Burgess family was one of the oldest and most influential in Presidio del Norte. Mrs. Burgess hurried to the *alcalde* with her fears and suspicions. The result was that Alsate and his band were thrown into prison, upon the charge of having murdered John Burgess.

The day of trial came. In sullen silence, Alsate and his band looked through the bars of their prison. Alsate had related to the Alcalde a strange, wholly improbable story. The Mexican had smiled unbelievably; and, thereafter, Alsate maintained a dignified silence. Heavily guarded, the Indians were escorted to the *juzgado*, where the trial was to be held.

Presidio del Norte overlooked the Rio Grande from a high gravelly bluff. As the prisoners were being led to the *juzgado*, they cast longing eyes across the River, to the beckoning hills beyond. With eyes inscrutable, they watched a long line of freighted wagons, with their teams of eighteen or twenty mules, as they plowed through the deep sands of the alluvial river bottom just before crossing the stream to the rocky and more secure footing on the Mexican side.

It was a customary sight to the guards, who hurried the prisoners to the tribunal. The court was called to order, with the Alcalde presiding. The evidence of the overcoat was introduced. Mrs. Burgess swore to its identification. There was a settled air on the face of the Alcalde.

At this juncture, a disturbance broke out at the door of the courtroom. All present looked hastily around, expecting—perhaps, a surprise attack by Alsate's tribesmen. But it was a white man—an Americano. Mrs. Burgess gave a cry of relief as she recognized her husband.

The trial proceeded no further. Burgess' appearance put an end to that. Then followed the trail-drivers' recital of the

manner in which Alsate had gained possession of the overcoat.

For mutual protection, Burgess had joined forces with John Davis and William Brooks. The three outfits were loaded with grain and corn, raised at Presidio and bought by the Government, for the troops at Fort Stockton. After delivering their cargoes, it was customary to proceed to the salt lakes beyond the Pecos River, and load with salt, which found easy sale at Presidio del Norte.

Up Alamito Creek, through Paisano Pass, into the grassy plains beyond, without sign of the Indians, drove the freighters. But when they drew near Charco de Alsate, they were halted by a large force of Apaches, led by Alsate and Leon. Immediately, the freighters formed a large circle with their wagons, corralling their work-stock in the enclosure for protection against arrows and to prevent them from stampeding. For four hours, by every wile known to the savage general, the whites and their teamsters were tempted to leave their impromptu fort. The Indians swept by on their horses, then formed in a madly racing line which disappeared over the nearby hills. After time had been given the freighters to conclude the attack was abandoned, the Indians swooped down from another direction, thus hoping to catch the whites off guard.

Finally, becoming tired of the exhibition, Burgess and Davis walked out some distance from the wagon train, although careful to remain under the protecting cover of the freighters' long-rifles, and, in the commonly understood sign language, invited Alsate and Leon to a parley.

Burgess told his story, simply, dramatically and, of course, in Spanish, every word of which Alsate understood. When Burgess reached this point in his narrative the discomfited chief shot a look of understanding and hatred at the trail driver. Should another meeting occur, plainly there would be a different story to tell.

When the two chiefs advanced to meet Burgess and Davis, the white men drew their pistols which they had concealed, and

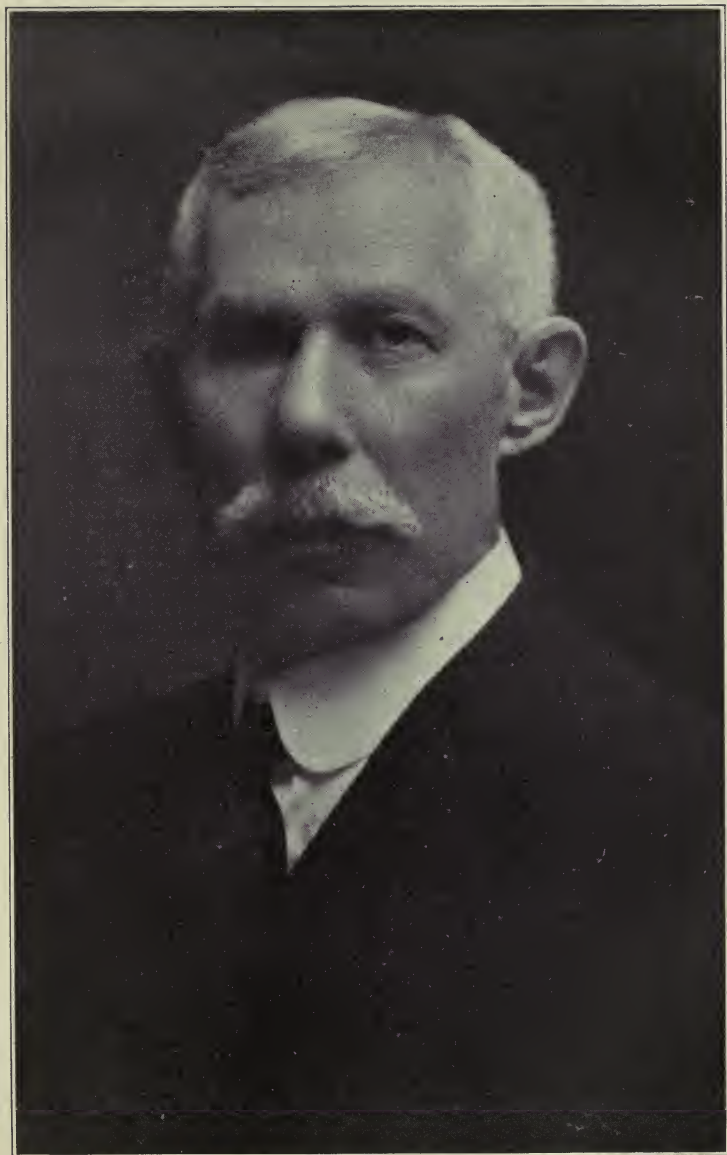
under threats of death, forced the chiefs to order their warriors to withdraw to a distant hill. So well did the bluff work, that Burgess stripped off his overcoat and presented it to Alsate with a view of, at least, partly placating the disgruntled chief. After reaching Charco de Alsate, the freighters made themselves safe from attack; and being aware of this, Alsate and his band gave up their attempt to trap them.

At the close of Burgess' story, Alsate and his warriors were set free. No thought was given to the evident intention of the Indians in waylaying the wagon-train. Attempts at murder, unless successfully carried out, were not deemed important.

In justice to the Indians, however, it must be admitted that all of them were not bad. To illustrate: After the re-occupation of Fort Davis, the little settlement, located as it was in the heart of the Apache country, stood the brunt of the Indian attacks. One morning, the inhabitants were awakened by the war-whoop, as the Apaches poured into the outskirts of the town from the nearby hills and canyons. The surprise was complete; but, aided by the presence of several large freight outfits which had camped in Fort Davis on their way over the Chihuahua Trail, the soldiers and citizens managed to beat off the attack and inflict severe punishment on the marauders. Many dead and wounded Indians were left on the ground. Among the latter was a young Indian girl. She was badly wounded, and would have been taken to the hospital with the other wounded had not a Mrs. Easton insisted on taking charge of her. Mrs. Easton finally nursed the young squaw back to health, and kept her for a companion and servant.

For two years, Emily, as the girl was named, lived with the Easton family. She had grown accustomed to the ways of the whites and her stay among them seemed indefinite. Mrs. Easton's son, Lieutenant Thomas Easton, was a great favorite with Emily, and in a shy, unobtrusive way, she attended his wants.

Then the Nelsons moved to Fort Davis. Immediately, Thomas Easton was attracted to Mary Nelson, an occurrence which did not escape the keen eyes of the Indian girl. She



I. L. KLIENMAN
Presidio, Texas



MR. AND MRS. J. D. JACKSON
Of Alpine, Texas

began to act queerly, and for hours at a time, she would sit and gaze at the mountains, as though she was considering some action of which she was uncertain. The day the engagement of Tom and Mary was announced, Emily disappeared.

For some time, Mrs. Easton hoped for Emily's return, but the months stretched into a year, with no word of the girl. The newly acquired daughter, however, made up for the loss of Emily; but the Indian girl was not forgotten.

The Apaches had become more troublesome than usual; raids were more frequent and increased in boldness. The soldiers were kept busy and the post command was constantly on the lookout for an attack on Fort Davis. One night, during this troublesome time, a sentry heard someone trying to pass him. Suspecting it might be an Indian, he called, "Halt, or I fire!" Instead of making reply, the intruder broke into a run towards the post buildings. The sentry took careful aim and fired. The shot was answered by a scream in a feminine voice. The soldier rushed up to the fallen woman, who proved to be an Indian squaw, and lifting her carefully in his arms, he carried her to the commanding officer's quarters. It was Emily, and she was mortally wounded.

Mrs. Easton was immediately sent for. Upon seeing her friend, Emily, with failing breath, gasped out: "All my people come to kill—I hear talk—by light of morning—maybe you know—Tom no get killed—good-bye"—and the faithful Indian girl was gone. The Indians did come, and in a force sufficient to annihilate the unprepared settlement; but Emily's warning had been in time to make preparation, and the Indians were beaten back with heavy losses.

When the tide of gold-seeking reached high-water mark, those who failed in their efforts to moil a fortune from the rocks and sands of California, drifted eastward on the ebb tide. New Mexico and the Big Bend of Texas became a haven for many adventurous barks. After braving the perils of the great Arizona deserts, the weary travelers were afforded a breathing spell in the settlements along the Santa Fe and El Paso-San Antonio Trails, and many, seeing opportunities which they

had failed to find in the goldfields of California, remained in this new country.

Heretofore, immigration to Southwest Texas had been from the older settled eastern sections of the United States. Now, in the recoil from the goldfields, immigration flowed in from the far west. This was due largely to the reason that when the emigrants to the goldfields passed through the Big Bend on their way to California, they crossed a country devoid of settlements and trails. When they returned, on their way eastward, they found many towns, populous and thriving. Their stay in California had weaned them of a desire to return to their old homes in the eastern states; the West had gotten into their blood. But little persuasion, therefore, was necessary to induce many of these travelers to cast their lot with the young and optimistical Southwest.

It was natural that many of these newcomers belonged to that class of adventurers who were not sticklers in the observance of the laws, either of their own country or of Mexico. It must be borne in mind that in the early days questions of polity in no way hampered the movements of bodies of men or of individuals. The seats of government,—Washington, D. C., and the City of Mexico, respectively,—were several thousand miles away, with but a few scattered officials to enforce a semblance of restraint. It was not regarded as a moral breach to become a free-trader or filibuster, any more than it was to become a racehorse man, a gambler, or a saloon-keeper.

But the administrations at Washington and the City of Mexico,—when that republic had one,—were as much opposed to the smallest infraction of the laws along the Rio Grande as they were at either of the above named seats of authority, especially in regard to filibustering or an avoidance of customs duty. So when Harry Hinton, late of the goldfields, with twenty-five men, armed with Sharp buffalo-guns and conveying a pack-train of valuable merchandise, crossed the Rio Grande one dark night, unobserved by the handful of customs guards, he felt no qualms of conscience on the score of unpaid duties.

The money thus saved would add much to their already assured handsome profits.

Straight for Chihuahua City headed the filibusters. The trail was free from Indians, weather conditions were favorable, and all signs were propitious. In high spirits, the party entered the city, displayed their goods to the merchants, and sold out at a price exceeding that anticipated.

Their business satisfactorily closed, the Americans tarried in the city for a few days, basking in the smiles of the fair señoritas, enjoying the *plaza* life, the *siestas*, and the quaintness of the Chihuahua capital. They were in no hurry to quit the life of ease and pleasure which their profits had opened for them. Finally, however, Hinton rounded up the several members of the party who had become widely separated in pursuing their several sources of pleasure. Then something happened. Inexperienced in-dealing with Mexicans, Hinton had failed to "salve the palm" of the local custom officers. This was an oversight for which he dearly paid. Los Americanos had broken the law and evaded the customs, therefore merited punishment. The first intimation the filibusters had of this was when a much-uniformed Mexican officer with a squad of bare-footed *soldados*, with rifles thrust forward in the most threatening manner, surrounded the departing pack-train. Hinton attempted diplomacy; it was too late. To have used their fire-arms would have brought upon them the death penalty. But one other course remained; and, at a low command from Hinton, each man picked a weak spot in the cordon of soldiers. Surprising the Mexicans by the suddenness of their attack, the Americans managed to escape.

Between them and the American boundary lay two hundred miles of desert. Across this, Hinton with two companions made his way. The journey was one of thirst, hunger, and untold hardships; but, eventually, the Rio Grande was reached, and they crossed to the Texas side a few miles below Presidio.

So relieved were they to reach the United States and the protection of the Stars and Stripes, that they proceeded no further, but cast themselves upon the ground in a thicket of

tules, and dropped into an exhausted sleep. Night came, the moon rose full and bright, and cast upon their haggard, upturned faces its mellow glow, but the three Americans slept on.

Technically, they should have been safe from Mexican pursuit, but then, as to-day, the Rio Grande furnished a boundary only in the physical sense. After they had been asleep for some hours, Hinton was awakened by feeling some object being thrust over his head. Springing up he gave the alarm. There stood three Mexicans who had quietly crept upon them and were attempting to put sacks over their heads. It would have been useless for the Americans to inform the Mexicans that they were on United States soil; sometimes explanations are better made to surviving relatives. At least, so Hinton must have thought, for when the Americans departed, they left three Mexicans in the sleep from which there is no awakening.

Eventually, the three white men reached Fort Stockton. Their filibustering days were over. Neither Hinton nor his companions ever learned the fate of the other twenty-two men. Presumably, most of them reached the United States, as the two Governments were enjoying friendly relations, and, at that particular time, the death penalty to the Americans who had committed misdemeanors on Mexican soil, was being prescribed only in extreme cases.

CHAPTER XIII

Slowly, but none the less surely, the Indians were being forced westward in the Big Bend. While Fort Davis was yet the center of attention of the retreating Mescaleros, Fort Stockton, the metropolis of the great plateau country lying east of the Davis Mountains, enjoyed a period of uninterrupted quiet. Comanche Springs, already famous as a watering-place and for being the cross roads of the great western trails, rapidly became a farming and commercial center.

In 1868, such men as George M. Frazier, Peter Gallagher, and Joseph Frelander had found the western post a good stopping-place. The year following, came Francis Rooney, an Irishman, who left the stamp of his name upon the West-of-the-Pecos country. Cezario Torres came also, and, to-day, the great *alamos* and adobe-brick buildings stand witness to the energy of the founder of the 7D Ranch.

For the first time, the waters of Comanche Springs were turned to productive use. Canals, or *acequias*, were dug, into which was turned the precious life-giving water, which heretofore had been allowed to waste its virtues on useless salt grass and tules. Alfalfa, corn, and other forage crops were raised. Sheep and cattle were brought into the country and grazed on the stubble-fields in the winter; while in the spring and summer, they were herded on the surrounding plains.

Not only were the waters of Comanche Springs brought to obey the will of man, but Leon Waterholes, nine miles west of Fort Stockton, was utilized. George M. Frazier and George Lyle located farms in Leon Valley, where, to-day, a seven-thousand-acre feet reservoir stores water for the three thousand and more acres of farm lands in the valley.

The community life in Fort Stockton differed little from that in other settlements. At the army post, three or four companies of troops were constantly stationed. This blending

of army and civilian life produced a kaleidoscopic picture. The pioneers and their families, the West Pointers, their wives, and daughters, presented a contrast which was heightened by the sprinkling of Indians, army scouts, cowboys, and Mexicans.

The prices of all commodities were high. Drygoods and groceries were freighted from San Antonio, a distance of four hundred miles. Store and saloon usually occupied the same building, and often were to be found in the same large room. Some of the prices rivaled the existing high prices of to-day—butter, \$1.50 per pound; eggs, \$1.00 per dozen; milk, blue with water, 25 cents per quart; potatoes, bacon, ham, and like staples, 50 cents per pound. Still, the community was prosperous. The wealth of the local ranchmen, coupled with the Government's liberality in letting high-priced contracts for wood, grain, hay, and freighting, offset the high cost of living.

With the exception of a trail which follows the windings of the Pecos River into New Mexico, all trails passed through Fort Stockton. This added largely to the importance of that settlement. Usually, these travelers were cowmen and farmers, whose fathers had migrated to Texas from the states east of the Mississippi River. They inherited the pioneer instincts of their fathers, which caused them to move westward in advance of civilization—seeking more elbow-room.

A page chosen here and there from the life of one of these particular old pioneers, will create a much clearer picture of the conditions met with and overcome by the builders of the West, than an unlimited indulgence in generalizing statements.

The inhabitants of the region in Texas, west of the Pecos River, have much in common with the inhabitants of that portion of New Mexico which lies immediately north of the Big Bend and adjacent to the Pecos River, in that state. This is due largely to the similarity in topography, geology, and climatic conditions of the two countries, which are separated only by an imaginary line—the state line. Both are cattle and irrigated farms countries, and many men of the two are associated in business enterprises. Therefore, an illustration which holds good in the one holds good in the other.

In 1868, Robert Casey rounded up his cattle on his Menard County ranch, packed his household belongings, put his wife and five children in a covered wagon, and headed west for New Mexico. With the help of one man, a Mexican, he undertook to drive eighteen hundred cattle through a country infested by the thieving Apaches, while he depended upon Mrs. Casey to take care of the children and drive the wagon.

Some time before, Casey had made a trip to New Mexico, over the same trail, so he knew the location of water and grass along the route. The Caseys had not traveled far when they fell in with another cow outfit, consisting of the owner, Mr. Gooch, and two cowboys. These outfits joined forces for mutual protection.

As the party approached the Pecos River, they began to see Indian signs. For several nights, lights had been discernible in the distance, sometimes to the north of the trail, at other times to the south. Mr. Gooch ridiculed the assertion of Mr. Casey that the lights were Indian fires calling together the different roving bands in the neighborhood for the purpose of attacking their outfit, and he contended that the lights came from another cow outfit. In proof of this, he volunteered to find the camps and return with a firebrand.

The discussion was ended, however, one morning about daylight. Mrs. Casey was the first to hear a low, rumbling noise. At first, she thought the noise was thunder, and she raised up in her bed to see the direction of the approaching storm. Clouds of dust, not of rain, met her gaze, and she caught glimpses of dust-hidden Indian horsemen, as they raced down full speed upon the bedding-ground of the cattle. Robert Casey had stood night-guard over the cattle and was sleeping peacefully when he was grabbed roughly by the shoulder and jerked to a sitting position by Mrs. Casey.

"Get up, Robert!" she cried, "the Indians are taking our cattle!"

Instantly, Casey was alive to the situation. Before he had reached his feet, he had his gun in hand and began shooting. Mrs. Casey hastily put the children in the wagon, then grabbed

a double-barreled shotgun—a muzzle-loader—which she began to load. Being excited, however, she rammed the powder into one barrel and the shot into the other. This harmless weapon she thrust into the hands of the bewildered Mexican, who soon discovered the mistake, and could only use the gun as a “bluff” throughout the fight.

One of the Gooch cowboys had a new suit of clothes, of which he was very proud; and, after their efforts to move their wagon closer to the Casey outfit had failed and his companions were retreating to the safety of the Casey shelter, he remarked that he would stay with his clothes, and quietly climbed into the wagon. Strange to say, he was not molested by the Indians, although they ransacked the back of the wagon, where the provisions were stored.

With the exception of Casey, the other men were practically powerless, as they had used most of their ammunition on game. Single-handed, he held the Indians away from his provisions, although they succeeded in running off thirteen hundred head of his cattle. In the fight, Casey wounded one Indian.

Mrs. Casey had a bunch of pet sheep, which the Indians noticed, and a band of them got off their horses to drive these sheep before them. When Mrs. Casey saw what they were doing, she grabbed up a tin pan and ran out some distance from the wagon. She beat on the pan and called, “Nannie! Nannie!”

When the sheep heard the familiar sound, which to them meant a generous supply of shelled corn, they turned upon their Indian herders, and, upsetting every Indian who attempted to bar their progress, ran blithely back to their mistress. Had Mr. Casey not rushed to his wife’s rescue, she, too, would have been taken captive.

The loss of the cattle would not have been felt so greatly had the Indians not taken all their work-oxen as well. Traveling through the heart of an unsettled and hostile country, with practically no ammunition, with few provisions, in the dead of winter, the future welfare of the little caravan was a question of grave consideration.

But Robert Casey was not the man to grumble at mis-

fortune. With the optimism which undying lay in the hearts of those sturdy old pioneers, he and his wife gathered the few straggling cattle the Indians had failed to run off, broke in a new team of wild steers, and continued their westward journey.

As though by a preconcerted arrangement with Fate, the newly-broken oxen made all the trouble they could. They would either sulk and refuse to pull, or they would take a running start, which would land them and the wagon in a pile at the bottom of an arroyo or gully. This was fine sport for the children, who shouted with glee at every new disaster. But to the pioneer and the worried mother, it brought home their desperate situation.

Up the Pecos River, to the point where the old Immigrant Trail struck Pope's Crossing, thence into New Mexico, to Fort Stanton, struggled the brave little party. The last three weeks of the journey was made without flour; and upon reaching their destination, the children, seeing their first wheat-bread, thought it was cake and offered to exchange their most highly treasured keepsakes for some of it.

Casey settled on the Rio Hondo, about twenty-five miles south of Fort Stanton, and immediately began the construction of a house, barns, and corrals. When this work was well under way, he cleared and broke ground for wheat and corn. After the hardships experienced on the journey across the plains, the new home soon became the center of a cheerful and contented family.

Surrounding the house and barns was a high adobe wall, which served at night as a corral for the cattle. With the exception of two large swinging gates, which were locked at night, there was no other opening. Neither bear nor other wild creatures could kill the calves, nor could the Indians run off the cattle without first arousing the household.

So thought Robert Casey. One morning, however, he went out to open the gates in order that the cattle could graze over the hills, and he found the corral empty.

Upon investigation, he discovered a gap in the adobe wall where the Indians had used their rawhide lariats for saws, by

an Indian standing on either side of the wall and dragging the lariat back and forth over the top, thus cutting through it from top to bottom, after which they had pushed over the sawed section of adobe and quietly drove the cattle through the aperture without making a noise. Indeed, it was fortunate that Casey had not awakened, as moccasined prints showed that a guard had been stationed at the front and back doors of the house; and Casey, undoubtedly, would have been killed had he attempted to leave the house.

The only source of aid was Fort Stanton, twenty-five miles away. Casey rode to the fort and made his report; but troops, who were immediately dispatched to run down and capture the Indians, returned empty-handed.

Finally, Casey, after being depredated upon several times by the Indians, and, growing discouraged at losing each herd of cattle as fast as he built it up, proposed to the officer in command at Fort Stanton that he might be permitted to go with the troops as guide and scout. This was readily agreed to by the post commander, who was glad to have the aid of one so well versed in Indian signs as was the frontiersman.

After traveling several days on the Indians' trail and finding the carcasses of cows and calves, which the Indians had killed to eat while in flight, the pursuers lost the main trail and were debating as to which way to go. Casey and several of the older troopers had been sent out to circle the end of the trail, when one of them discovered some freshly cut grass. From this point, Casey wanted to go in one direction, and the commanding officer another.

When the officer ordered his detachment to follow him, Casey rode off in the direction he favored, muttering half to himself, "That's why you never find the Indians. When you get on a hot trail, you turn off in some other direction."

Hardly had he finished speaking, when up jumped what he supposed to be an Indian, from behind a clump of bear-grass. Casey called to the officer for orders, but the detachment was some distance away and he was not heard. In the meantime, the Indian was yelling, "*Cautivo! Esclavo!*" Casey thought he

said, "Cow! Cow!" and began to shoot. Fortunately, the frontiersman's shots went wild; and about that time it dawned upon him that his target was only an unarmed boy who was crying "Captive! Slave!"

Casey's firing attracted the attention of the soldiers, who rode back to learn its cause, and the Mexican boy—for such he proved to be—told his story. He had been captured by the Indians while herding sheep in Chihuahua, Mexico. He could speak some Mexican, although the Indians never permitted him to use his own language, and had often punished him because he persisted in using it. His story was typical of Mexican captives. He told of the time when he was tied to a post to be shot, because he would not obey his savage master, and an Indian squaw saved his life by giving a red blanket for him. Across his forehead was a deep mark, caused by a rope which he used to secure a pack on his back when the Indians forced him to carry heavy burdens.

With the one exception of the squaw who had saved his life, Timio, the Mexican boy, feared the sight of the Indians. He was given to Robert Casey, who cared for him. After the death of the old pioneer, one of Casey's sons took him, and, to-day, Timio, very old and feeble, lives upon Casey's New Mexico ranch which is located on the same spot settled by Robert Casey. At one time, Jose de la Paz, an Apache-Mexican renegade chief, offered Robert Casey three fine horses for Timio, and the boy was greatly frightened for fear that Casey would make the trade.

Close questioning of the Mexican boy disclosed the fact that he and several of the Indian bucks had been grazing their horses. Timio cut the grass while the bucks looked on. After a time they all became drowsy and fell asleep. Timio, taking advantage of this, fell asleep also. Evidently, the coming of the soldiers had awakened and alarmed the Indians, who did not have time to find and warn Timio before they fled.

After obtaining all the facts possible from Timio in regard to the whereabouts of the Indians, the soldiers followed his guidance over a rise into a canyon. There, spread out before

them with the camp-fires' smoke curling lazily up into the sky, the squaws busying, equally lazily, about their duties, and children of every size and description playing about the camp, the watchers saw the Indian village. No warriors were in sight, but thinking possibly they might be hidden in the low, oval-shaped tepees, the whites wasted no time on the picturesqueness of the scene, but charged, yelling and shooting, straight down upon the village.

Robert Casey, on his swiftest saddle mule, was in the lead, and was the first to reach the tepees. The women and children, at the first sound of the charge, huddled together or scurried into the nearest tepees, seeking escape from the whistling bullets. After searching several tepees for possible bushwhackers, and failing to find them, Casey raised his hand and called to the shooting soldiers to cease firing. The order was quickly obeyed.

With the true instincts of the child, no matter what the color, the little Indian children ran up to Casey, seeing in him a protector, and, catching him about the legs, fairly swarmed over him, jabbering at him in their shrill, unintelligible *lingua*.

One squaw, at the outset, had jumped on a large sorrel horse and broke for the hills. But the soldiers shot the horse from under her. She then tried to escape on foot, but by that time the troops had formed a cordon about the village, and they drove her back.

It may seem remarkable that no one was wounded nor killed in the charge. The soldiers shot only to frighten the defenseless women and children. Had a warrior appeared, no doubt he would have been riddled with bullets. Robert Casey was looked upon by the Indians as being their preserver and protector—a matter which proved, later, to be of much importance to him.

The surprise of the village was complete. When the bucks discovered the soldiers so near to them, they were forced to flee in another direction, and had no time in which to warn the village of danger.

A peculiar custom of the Mescalero Apaches was brought to the attention of Casey upon his return to Fort Stanton. The squaws and children were taken to the post and held there, with the view of persuading the bucks to come in for a council. Among the squaws was one who had been bitten by a rattlesnake. She had been left in an abandoned camp, with an earthen vessel of water and a small quantity of jerked meat to stay her thirst and hunger until she should die.

Upon reaching the army post, this squaw was placed in a house under the care of several other squaws. The sentry, on duty not far away, saw the squaws rush suddenly from the house, and, try as he would, he could not prevail upon them to return. With some impatience, he entered the room to investigate, and found the sick squaw had died. It was customary in camp when a death occurred to move to another spot. The military authorities exerted all their persuasive powers, but were unable to induce the Indians to return to the cabin formerly occupied by the snake-bitten squaw.

The captured squaws and children were comfortably quartered at Fort Stanton, and a systematic effort made to induce the bucks to come in. The squaws were fed, clothed, and otherwise well treated. After several months had passed, one of them was dressed up and given a mule, loaded with presents and blankets, and told to go out, find her buck, and bring him back with her.

This squaw was never heard from. In a short time, another squaw was sent out, and returned later on foot. She gave as excuse that her mule broke away from her. For a second time, this squaw was sent out; and, before long, she returned, bringing several bucks. These were well fed and cared for, and sent out in like manner, until the whole band was induced to come in. The Government set aside a reservation for these Indians, and monthly rations were issued to them. To-day, this is known as the Mescalero Apache Indian Reservation, and lies principally in Otero County, New Mexico.

The establishment of this reservation did much to free

the Big Bend of Texas from Indian depredations. It enabled the Indian agents to keep in closer touch with the Government's wards, and to see that those returning, after leaving the reservation on raids, were properly punished.

Up to the time of this chase after the Indians, in which he acted as scout, Robert Casey had never been able to keep cattle or horses on his ranch any great length of time. The Indians would steal even the milch-calves; and, at one time, so said Timio, the Mexican, they had planned to steal the two young daughters of Casey. But after Casey had caused the firing to cease at the attack of the Indian village, the Apaches made him a promise never again to harm him or his property. Often the Indians would break out on the war-path, and steal from the ranchmen below and above the Casey ranch, but never did they molest the Caseys.

That the old pioneer had the respect and esteem of the Indians is illustrated by a story told by his daughter, Mrs. J. L. Moore, of Balmorhea, Texas. At the time of this occurrence, she was six years old. She was staying with an officer's wife, at Fort Stanton, and Robert Casey often came to the post. Mrs. Moore says, "When Father came to Fort Stanton, the little Indians, even at that age, evincing that keenness of eyesight for which they are famous, would spy him before I did, and run, pell-mell, to meet him. Father would stop his team and take them into the wagon with him, after which he would drive slowly along, smiling in reply to their excited jabbering. They seemed to think that they had more right to him than I had."

Up to the time of the establishment of the Mescalero Apache Indian Reservation, 1869, the troops, stationed along the overland mail route from San Antonio to El Paso, were kept constantly in the field. This applied more especially to the troops stationed at Fort Stockton and Fort Davis.

From the day his command had reached Fort Davis, Colonel Wesley Merritt had been erecting post buildings and otherwise improving his station. This work was not carried on without constant danger from Apache ambush, and, almost

daily, some unpleasant incident took place which brought to the notice of the post commander the constant watchfulness of the red marauders.

In examining the records covering the Indian depredations for a period of twenty years—for which later the Government paid the early settlers millions of dollars in indemnities—one is astonished at the number of times certain of these old pioneers had all their cattle and other belongings taken from them in a single night's work of the Apaches.

Perhaps Dietrick Dutchover—whose name had been shortened from Dutchallover—was the most persistently raided settler in the Big Bend country. For one thing, his ranch was located in Limpia Canyon, in easy striking distance of the Indian trails leading to and from New Mexico. Another potent factor which caused the Indians to have no fear of him, was their knowledge that he had not been an active belligerent in the Civil War and never carried a gun.

Dutchover had a hauling contract with the quartermaster department, at Fort Davis, to haul *vigers*—heavy rafters—from the post sawmill, twenty-five miles up Limpia, in Sawmill Canyon. A squad of soldiers was stationed at the sawmill, to protect it, and Dutchover and his men were camped near them for protection. Notwithstanding this fact, the Mescaleros slipped up to the corral, where the work oxen were kept at night, and managed to steal thirty of them. The soldiers pursued them the following morning, but failed to get near enough to the Indians to strike a “warm” trail.

Not long after this theft, five Mescaleros passed by the Dutchover ranch, four miles from the post, and drove off fifty head of cattle. Again the Indians escaped, although a detachment of troops was sent after them.

Prior to 1871, the only effort made to use the water from Head Spring and Phantom Lake, on the north side of the Davis Mountains, was by a few scattered Mexicans. In this year, however, the beautiful Toyah Valley—the valley of flowers—attracted the attention of Sam Miller, George B. and Robert E. Lyle, and Daniel Murphy. Lyle was the first

American to use the waters from Toyah Creek for irrigation purposes. His farm was near Victorio or La Loma—the hill—about a mile and a half down the valley from Head Springs. But it was Sam Miller who first located Head Springs, or, as it was named then, San Solomon Springs, the name being taken from a locally famous Mescalero Apache chief.

Daniel Murphy, who had arrived at Fort Davis shortly after the reoccupation of the post by the Eighth Cavalry, also located a farm in Toyah Valley, at La Mata, ten miles down the valley from San Solomon Springs. To-day, the canal he built in that first year is used by the farmers at Balmorhea.

The coming of Miller and Murphy brought on a water-right controversy, which, in later years, developed into a water feud. But, for several years, the two owners kept an agreement to divide the water equally between them.

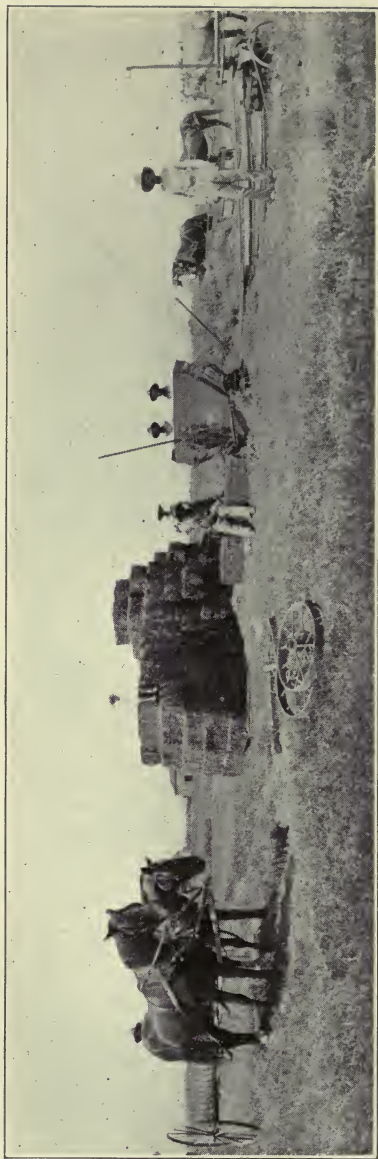
While Murphy maintained his home at Fort Davis, he spent considerable time in Toyah Valley, looking after his farm and cattle. In time, he built a ranch headquarters on the opposite side of Toyah Creek from Miller's farm. Mr. H. Huelster, who worked for Murphy in the early days, describes Murphy's ranch house as being of adobe and surrounded by a stone corral, ten feet high, large enough to accommodate three hundred cattle or horses. Into this corral the herd was driven at night. Mr. Huelster says that he has seen Mr. Murphy sit on one of the sheds or outhouses, where he could view all his cattle, and, laboriously, count them, over and over. If one was missing, the Mexican herders were sent out to look for it.

The first year after Murphy had located his ranch near San Solomon's Springs, both he and Miller had a large crop of wheat, and between the two farms, they were using all the available water. Further down the valley, at the present town of Saragosa, there was a settlement of Mexican farmers. It was a dry year, and, to live, all had to have water.

Ed Brady, the seventeen-year-old stepson of Murphy, with Jim Riley, a boy two years his senior, was living at the Murphy ranch, taking care of the wheat crop and the cattle. Murphy



J. C. BIRD, PIONEER COW MAN OF BREWSTER COUNTY
Tabernacle Bloys Campmeeting Association in background



ALFALFA IN TOYAH VALLEY

was at Fort Davis, but Sam Miller was living on his farm across the Toyah Creek. A dam had been thrown across the creek between the two farms, from which each owner took his water.

One day a Mexican brought to Sam Miller a letter which stated that if the Americans did not let the water come down the creek the Mexican farmers down the valley would come in force and tear down the dam. As the water belonged to the men who had located it, Miller consulted with the boys on the Murphy farm and they decided to fight for it.

Miller had two white men working for him, which made a force of five men to stand off the Mexican mob.

"How are you boys fixed for ammunition?" asked Miller.

"We've got a thousand rounds," informed Brady, eagerly; the boys were spoiling for a fight.

"All right. Build a breastwork of adobe on top of your house, and get up there with your guns and cartridges. If you see any Mexicans coming, shoot. Don't ask any questions—just fire away."

Then Miller returned to his side of the creek, to clear his house-top for action.

By the middle of the afternoon all was in readiness for the expected attack. With eyes strained down the valley, the two boys waited expectantly and impatiently. They finally decided that the Mexicans had postponed their attack until darkness came to their aid and they could creep up the bed of the creek, in the shadows of the tules or along in the purple black of the banks. With the coming of night, the boys stood guard with unabated watchfulness. They listened for a step—for the sound of crunching gravel under foot—with guns ready, anxious for a skirmish.

So intent had they been on watching for the Mexicans that neither of the boys had noticed gathering clouds over the mountains. Suddenly, great cooling drops began to fall, slowly at first, then more rapidly, until with a burst of thunder-claps, a storm was upon them. The boys retreated hastily from their barracks, although not before they were drenched

to the skin. Wet and shivering, they huddled in the house. Still the rain fell in increasing torrents. It rained all night; all the next day; and the next. The whole valley was a solid sheet of water; the adobe buildings, which were not built to withstand such storms, began to crumble and to melt away. The Mexican farmers got water aplenty; and there was no fight.

CHAPTER XIV

The dangers and difficulties attendant to operating a trans-continental mail line is well described in an article written by C. Babock, in the Texas Almanac, published January 1, 1870.

Relative to the San Antonio-El Paso mail line, it says, "This line starts from San Antonio and runs via Boerne, Fredericksburg, Loyal Valley, Fort Concho, Camp Stockton (Fort Stockton), Fort Davis, Fort Quitman, Fort Bliss, to El Paso, a distance of 735 miles, carries the United States mail and passengers weekly. . . . From Fort Davis to Presidio del Norte, a distance of 100 miles (this distance applies to the old mail road), there is a weekly line carrying mail and passengers.

"Entirely along this portion of the line the Comanches and Apaches, the most troublesome and bloodthirsty tribes of Indians, frequently commit severe depredations, not only to the mail line, but to the government trains and droves of cattle passing through the country. They frequently, by their skill (if it may be called such) stampede every hoof of stock belonging to a mail station, and more frequently, by the same means, manage to get possession of a whole cavayard (caval-lado) of mules belonging to a government train, thus leaving the train and wagoners at a complete standstill, their train being loaded with stores for the different military posts along the lines, and they in a wild Indian country without food or water. As a matter of consequence, great suffering on the part of the train employees is occasioned, as well as for the stores and by the troops for whom such stores are designed.

"The Indians, thus far, have only captured three mails since the establishment of this line, the managers using every effort to guard against capture, etc. We are informed and see by various accounts in newspapers, that these Indian dep-

redations are frequently committed by small parties of Indians. Still, while they are small, the United States forces to watch them are much smaller, which the Indians are smart enough to know—hence the casualties.

"This line is under the supervision of B. F. Ficklin, who is the same man that first established the pony express between San Francisco and the States, and who, it may be said, was indirectly instrumental in the building of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads. We trust that his advent in Western Texas may prove means of an early construction of a Southern Pacific Railroad. Mr. Ficklin is an experienced frontiersman, mail contractor, and stage man, and we think and expect much will be accomplished by him for the settling up and developing the many resources of this fine country."

Ficklin and Sawyer had the overland mail contracts which covered the entire Southwestern part of the United States, both on mail lines and branches. The various divisions of these lines were sub-contracted, but at all times were supervised and inspected by Ficklin and Sawyer. On the whole, the contracts were filled to the satisfaction of the Postoffice Department; but in 1870, complaint was made to the department by several of the larger towns along the route for neglect of the Mail Company to get the required number of mails through to their destination. W. W. Mills and James A. Zabriskie, of El Paso, represented the complainants at Washington. The charge was made, and proved, that in some instances postmasters along the route signed up for mails which had never arrived. As a result of the investigations, the Mail Company was penalized several thousand dollars, and the situation was considerably bettered.

The concurrent opinions of the passengers who traveled on these great mail and passenger routes, as to the characteristics of the typical stage driver, is well expressed in a description of them given by W. W. Mills, in relating one memorable trip from El Paso to San Antonio, accompanied by Mrs. Mills. The other passengers on the stage were Judge Charles H. Howard, who was killed in the Salt Lake War, in 1877; and

a young St. Louis lawyer, who was receiving his first lesson in frontier life and customs.

In substance, Colonel Mills says: "If I desired to learn a man's true character, I would take a long day-and-night journey with him in a stage-coach. The lack of sleep and other annoyances, vexations, and privations, bring out, at times, all the ill nature and selfishness one may possess; and, again, when everything goes smoothly and all are moving leisurely and silently over some long stretch of prairie or plain, and the weather is pleasant, men appear to cast all cares and reserve to the winds and converse with each other more frankly and confidentially than elsewhere.

"Here, and during other like experiences, Mrs. Mills made the acquaintance of the stage driver—a character difficult to describe. He possessed the courage of the soldier and something more. The soldier goes where he is told to go, and fights when he is told to fight, but he has little anxiety or responsibility. The stage driver, on the other hand, had to be as alert and thoughtful as a general. There was not only his duty to his employers, but his responsibility for the mails (he was a sworn officer of the Government); and the lives of passengers often depended upon his knowledge of the country and the Indian character, as well as his quick and correct judgment as to what to do in emergencies. Like the sailor, he was something of a fatalist; but he believed in using all possible means to protect himself and those under his charge.

"Your stage driver was usually of a serious, almost sad, disposition; inclined to be reticent, particularly about himself and his former life; and his surname was seldom mentioned either by himself or his associates. He was known as 'Bill,' or 'Dave,' or 'Bobo,' or 'Buckskin,' or some like sobriquet. When, however, he could be induced to talk about himself as a stage driver, his stories were interesting and sometimes thrilling. There was, occasionally, a liar among them, but most of them had really experienced such serious adventures and hair-breadth escapes, that it was not necessary for them to draw upon their imaginations.

"Rough, profane, and unclean of speech among their associates, they were remarkably courteous to lady passengers, and ever thoughtful of their comforts and feelings. More than once, upon arriving at a station where the drivers were to be changed, I have heard one whisper to another, 'Remember, Sandy, there is a little lady in the coach.' That was sufficient.

"During the most interesting portion of the trip, we had two drivers, 'Uncle Billy,' who was going to San Antonio on leave, and 'Bobo,' the regular driver. They vied with each other in trying to make everything comfortable and pleasant for Mrs. Mills. They would prepare the driver's high seat with cushions and blankets, and assist her to mount to the seat. Then for hours, they would call her attention to points of interest or entertain her with stories of their experiences, both humorous and tragic.

"One morning, just after daybreak, Bobo halted the coach and said, 'Gentlemen, get your guns ready. The print of moccasins are as thick as turkey-tracks.' And so they were; and fresh, at that. A large party of Indians had recently crossed the road; but we neither saw nor heard more about them."

After crossing the Pecos River and reaching the Concho River, the mail coach party ran into a herd of buffalo. "Of course, we dismounted and wantonly fired into them," continued Colonel Mills. "With what effect I do not know, except that some one wounded an immense bull so seriously that he became angry, and sullenly refused to run away, as the others did.

"We, with our deadly winchesters, ceased firing at him, as he was of no use to us; but not so the young St. Louis lawyer. He wanted to do something he could tell about at home, and he advanced upon the irate animal with his little thirty-two calibre pistol, firing as he went. He was encouraged and animated by the shouts of Bobo and Uncle Billy.

"'Charge him, mister!' they shouted. 'You've got him! The next shot will fetch him!'"

"'Why, Uncle Billy!' exclaimed Mrs. Mills, 'that animal will kill the man! Call him back.'

"'Of course, he'll kill him,' agreed Uncle Billy. 'Now, you just watch and you'll see the fun. He'll toss that little lawyer higher'n the top of this coach!'

"'Still,'" says Colonel Mills, "neither Uncle Billy nor Bobo were bloodthirsty men. So, to satisfy Mrs. Mills, the tender-foot was called back."

The Mescalero and Lipan Apaches—principally the former—were the only Indians giving trouble in the country west of the Pecos River—the Big Bend. On account of the friendly relations which had sprung up between these Indians and the Mexican inhabitants of San Carlos, San Vicente, and Presidio del Norte (Ojinaga, Mexico), populous Indian rancherias were built along the Tres Linguas Creek and in the Chisos, or Ghost Mountains. These mountains, of which Mount Emory is the apex, were the most rugged and precipitous mountains in the Big Bend. Even to-day they furnish a safe refuge for individuals who desire to remain without the pale of the law.

The name, Tres Linguas, is derived from the fact that three different races of Indians—the Comanche, the Apache, and the Shawnee—lived on the three branches of this creek. There is no record available which explains the presence of the Shawnees in this far-off country. Therefore, the creek was called the Creek of the Three Languages; and this name, by usage, has been gradually slurred into Terlingua Creek.

Soon the bands of Apaches who settled in this country became known as Chisos Apaches, and, while Fort Davis and Fort Stockton had formerly been considered the strategical bases from which to operate against and control these marauders, it was found necessary to establish another post, Piña Colorada (red rock), six miles below the present town of Marathon. At the time of establishment, Piña Colorada was isolated from all settlements, the nearest being Fort Davis, sixty-five miles to the northwest.

From their retreats in the Chisos Mountains, the Apaches harassed the Chihuahua Trail; and, if pursued, they crossed

into Mexico, where they found protection among their friends and kinspeople in the Mexican settlements along the Rio Grande. From the south banks of this river, they could defy their pursuers on the north bank without fear of punishment.

In 1870, William Russell, with Dario Rodriguez, his father-in-law, established a sheep ranch at the foot of Capote Mountain, fourteen miles north of Candelaria, a settlement on the American side of the Rio Grande. The Indians had never before molested the settlements along this portion of the Rio Grande, as it lay too far away from the Indian trails.

Two years prior to establishing his sheep ranch, Russell had established an extensive irrigated farm on the Rio Grande, near Candelaria, on which he raised grain for the troops at Fort Davis and Fort Stockton. The river, in a freakish mood, changed its channel in flood time, and swept away the Russell farm.

As if to aid and abet the forces of Nature in bringing ruin upon the hardy old pioneers, the Apaches attacked the sheep ranch and killed four of his herders, while Matildo Rodriguez alone escaped by hiding behind a large boulder. The Indians lost three of their number in the fight, however, before they killed the herders.

No troops had ever been stationed regularly at Presidio del Norte since the abandonment of that post by the Spaniards, and up to the beginning of the Madero Revolution, in 1911. Every year or so, however, two or three hundred troops would appear suddenly at the old presidio and camp for a few months. Ostensibly, they came to fight Indians, but, in reality, they came to take care of some captain's smuggling interests, or to collect port receipts. Upon news of the Capote Mountain massacre reaching the authorities, a company of Mexican regulars was sent to chastise the Apaches. In a sense, the Nortños felt that the Indians had violated their friendship.

Much has been said in regard to the alien votes which are yearly cast along the border. On account of the overwhelming majority of Mexicans in the country, this question has long

been a cause for the serious consideration of every American citizen.

In the early days, however, nothing was thought of importing Mexicans from across the Rio Grande and voting them in droves. This was considered a privilege shared equally by all candidates for office. If the candidate failed to take advantage of his opportunity, and his opponent did, no one was to blame but the negligent candidate.

The story is told about the Democratic candidate for Congress, who made the long journey by mail coach from Ysleta to Fort Davis, to garner in the votes in that thinly settled portion of his district.

At Fort Davis, the first man the candidate saw was Captain Mose Kelly. Captain Kelly had come up from Presidio on some business. The two men shook hands warmly; they were old friends.

"Help me get elected, Kelly," said the candidate, after the preliminary greetings had been gone through with.

"I'd like to," replied Kelly, "but I am a Republican."

"Politics don't matter," explained the office-seeker. "This is a Democratic state, and a Republican can't be elected. So why waste your energies trying to elect one?"

"All right," said Kelly, after a moment's consideration. "I'll do it. How many votes do you need to be elected?"

"One hundred and fifty," said the candidate.

"Can you buy two barrels of whiskey?" asked Kelly.

The candidate could, and he gave the money to Kelly with the admonition to "make it count."

The day before election, Kelly was in Presidio. That night, he gave a big celebration and invited the Mexicans from the south side of the Rio Grande. Fully one hundred and fifty attended. One of the barrels of whiskey was opened, and soon the fiery liquor was flowing down the throats of the thirsty Mexicans.

"To-morrow is election day," shouted Kelly, above the uproar. "Will you all vote for me?"

"*Segurro! Sure!*" cried the *hombres*. "*Viva la Kelly!*"

So Kelly began to poll their votes.

"Will you cast your vote for me, Juan?" he would ask; and when Juan would cry, "Yes!" very gaily and enthusiastically, Kelly would write down the ballot for his friend, the Democratic candidate.

Then he would say to Juan: "Have you a father, a brother, or a good friend, you can vouch to vote for me?"

"Oh, *si, si, Señor!*"

"What is *his* name?"

"Pedro Sanchez, my cousin, *Señor.*" Whereupon, Kelly would write down Pedro Sanchez' vote for the candidate.

The election went merrily on. By the time each man had cast his vote, and the vote of a friend or relative, the first barrel of whiskey was emptied; and still it was only around midnight. But who was there to question such a small detail as casting votes before election day!

By the time the first barrel of "voting juice" was empty, all had voted; so, as Kelly pulled the bung stopper of the second barrel, he remarked, "Just to make certain, it will be a good idea for everybody to vote over again, and have four or five hundred votes."

"Sure! *Segurro!*" shouted the happy Mexicans. "*Viva la Kelly!*"

All of which transpired in the year, A. D. 1872.

The year, 1873, was of considerable moment in the history of the Big Bend, owing to the fact that the Government decided to place all of our Indian wards upon reservations. It will be recalled that the experiment had already been tried out at Fort Stanton, New Mexico.

To the Indian, this was the land of his forefathers, and had been for unknown ages. Better to understand the Indian situation, some idea of the Indians' viewpoint must be dealt with. His claim was that of prior possession. To him, the Rio Grande had no particular significance, and the fact of its being the initial boundary between two powerful republics was never recognized. He had learned by experience that the troops on the north side of the river were more to be feared

than those on the south side. Therefore, the Rio Grande was the limit of his activity only in a physical sense. Wherever the trails crossed the Rio Grande, thus overcoming the physical obstruction of that stream, it meant no more to him than the Pecos River or other streams crossed by the trails.

In fact, the country claimed by the Apaches lay on both sides of the Rio Grande. Therefore, it was difficult to determine whether the Indians depredating in the Big Bend were the wards of the United States or of Mexico. Hence, the necessity of co-operation between the two governments in rounding up these Indians. This co-operation was extended, in so far as the Mexican Government could give it.

For some years the Apaches had been led by Chief Alsate, who stands a spectacular figure in the annals of the Apaches. In the roundup of these Indians, which followed the arrival of Colonel Williams at Presidio, almost all of the Chisos Apaches, including their chief, Alsate, were taken to the City of Mexico. His subsequent return to his old haunts in the Big Bend furnishes a chapter in itself, and will be dealt with later. One of the last hostile acts accredited to Alsate, before his capture, was his attack on the freight outfits of Wolff and Hagelstein, at Charco de Alsate, east of Alpine. The freighters were returning from the salt lakes, in what is now Crane County, loaded with salt for Presidio. Alsate had a hundred warriors, but the freighters fought them off without loss on either side.

The Comanche and Kioway Indians had been eliminated as factors in the disturbed conditions in the Big Bend. In 1872-3, a campaign was inaugurated by the civilian organization which later became known as the Texas Rangers. This campaign culminated in the Deer Creek fight and the Pack-saddle Mountain fight, two of the last engagements with the Comanche and Kioway Indians on Texas soil.

But different from either of these Indians, were the Lipans and Mescaleros, who belonged to the Apache family and inhabited the rugged mountain country adjacent to the Rio Grande, in the Big Bend. After Colonel Williams had gathered

all the Indians whom he could find and had placed them on reservations in the Indian Territory and New Mexico, there still remained scattered bands, numbering from a dozen to fifty men, women, and children.

Against these, the Government instituted a vigorous campaign, either to capture or to exterminate them. In May, 1873, Lieutenant John L. Bullis, of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, took charge of the Seminole Negro-Indian scouts; and in the following eight years of active campaigning against these Indians, his record was such that Brigadier-General D. S. Stanley, in recommending Bullis for promotion, declared that his career in Southwest Texas was the most successful of any Indian fighter in the history of the United States Army.

In 1875, Charles Mulhern, who for fifty years has been closely identified with the upbuilding of the Big Bend, was ordnance sergeant, C troop, Fourth Cavalry, under Captain John A. Wilcox. While stationed at Fort Clark, on the east side of the Pecos River, a citizen came into the post one day with the information that he knew the location of a band of Apaches who had in their possession a bunch of stolen horses, and that these horses could easily be retaken by the soldiers.

At that time, Captain Wilcox and most of the troop were out on an Indian scout, so Lieutenant Irwin, the next in command, with five soldiers and five citizens immediately went in pursuit. In the meantime, another citizen had trailed the horses, until he found them herded by two Indians. Considering himself the equal of two Indians, he fired upon them, and succeeded in running them off and retaking the horses. Later, Lieutenant Irwin and his party had met the valorous citizen and were helping him drive the horses back to Fort Clark, when, by accident, they struck a fresh Indian trail, which showed signs of having been made by a large band.

Leaving the citizen alone to drive the horses into the post, the Lieutenant's party struck out on the newly discovered trail. They rode rapidly; but the Indians evidently expecting pursuit did likewise; and it was the second day before the pursuers saw their first encouraging signs. This was a camp, where the In-

dians had killed and eaten a young colt. This sign spurred the party's flagging hopes, and, despite hunger, they pressed on rapidly. They had ridden only a few miles, when they came upon the Indians, camped on Devil's River, in a canyon shaped like a washbasin, where they were preparing a meal.

All fear of pursuit had left them by this time, and they were cooking a meal of colt's meat. One lone Indian was driving their tired saddle-horses to water, and so secure did they feel that the usual custom of posting a sentinel was not observed.

Unfortunately, in maneuvering for a better position for their attack, one of the Americans became over-eager and fired his gun. The shot alarmed the Indians about the camp, and they fled precipitously to the hills.

The horses of the party were almost exhausted, and, at the command of Lieutenant Irwin, they were abandoned, and the whites took up the pursuit on foot. But this did not last long, as the Indians easily outdistanced them.

Giving up the chase, the party returned to the Indians' camp, and after rounding up the scattered horses, sat down to a hearty meal, consisting of barbecued colt's meat.

While the hungry whites feasted, the Indians sat up in the rocks, out of rifle shot, and watched them, no doubt envying them the feast.

It was customary for the army quartermaster to sell all captured horses when the owner did not claim them. This was done with the horses captured on this trip. The animals were sold to the highest bidders, for seventy-five cents to one dollar each. Mr. Mulhern bought two fine animals for the total sum of \$1.50!

An hour or so after the sale was over, the owner reached the post, anxious to recover his horses. But the buyers had either departed or could not be found. The owner was not reimbursed, for by the rough and ready military laws of the rough and ready West, he was loser for "keeps."

It was probably due to this incident, a short time after, that a general order was issued from the department headquarters at San Antonio for all captured horses to be sent to the depot

there and disposed of after a sufficiently long period had elapsed for the owner to make claim for his stock.

In 1875, the Indians were very active, especially along the northern slope of the Davis Mountains. At that time, Sam Miller ran a mail stage from Fort Davis, north, through Toyah Valley, into the Seven Rivers country of New Mexico. Miller kept his work stock on his farm at San Solomon Springs, and found it difficult to provide a sufficient number of mules for the stage journeys, because of repeated thefts by Indians.

Fires to the number of seventy or seventy-five were frequently observed on the cliffs of the Davis Mountains. These signals proved to be the Indians calling together their families before a general attack on the settlers in the valleys below. After they had gotten their women and children out of the way, they struck daily at some settlement or lone settler.

While Robert Lyle was cattle hunting near the present Seven Springs Ranch, five Mescaleros attacked him. For two hours, he stood them off, although he was shot in a leg, an arm, and had a bad bullet wound in the forehead. It would have been his last fight, had not Daniel Murphy happened along, on his way from Fort Davis to his Toyah Valley farm. The two men succeeded in driving off the Indians, and Murphy took Lyle to his Toyah Valley farm.

Another fight occurred a short time afterward with the same band of Indians. Four white men were hauling corn to Fort Davis for Whitaker Keesey, from his Phantom Lake farm. One of their wagons had broken down and half a load of corn had been left on the ground, while they continued to Fort Davis with the remainder. On a return trip to mend the wagon and pick up the corn, they walked into an Indian ambush, which had been formed about the scene of their late breakdown. The men ran for a small hill nearby, and succeeded in gaining its summit, where they quickly built up a barricade of loose boulders. All day, the besieged held the Indians at bay, but finally three of the whites were killed. As evening approached, worn out by the strain, his companions dead, seeing the Indians were ready to close in upon him, the fourth man

was about to turn his gun upon himself, when a shout from down the canyon, told him that aid was at hand.

Robert Lyle, with ten Mexicans, who had been working cattle further down Limpia Canyon, hearing the shots, had ridden up the canyon to investigate. At sight of these reinforcements, the Indians fled.

This fight took place at a little knoll, along the present road leading down Limpia Canyon, between the ranch homes of Bennett B. and Willis W. McCutcheon; and the barricade of rock still stands, mute evidence of the tragedy.

CHAPTER XV

On July 24, 1875, by an act of the state legislature, Presidio, which hitherto had been attached to El Paso County, was made a county, with Fort Davis as county-seat. This act made Presidio the largest organized county in the United States, embracing approximately twelve thousand square miles.

The unsettled condition of the country is illustrated by the fact that when the new county was divided into five districts, or precincts, the fourth district had no justice of the peace nor tax collector, the reason being that no one lived in that district.

The roll of new county officers contained the names of men who played important parts in the upbuilding of the Southwest. John R. Davis, justice of peace and tax collector for the third district, had come to Presidio del Norte with John W. Spencer, in the late forties. In time, he had established a ranch headquarters above Presidio, on Alamito Creek, and his ranch became one of the stopping places on the great Chihuahua Trail.

Captain Theodore A. Wilson, sheriff, and Sam R. Miller, justice of the peace and tax collector for the second district, are already well known to us from their activities in fighting Indians and outlaws; while Whitaker Keesey, a grand old man, who, perhaps more than any other one man, helped build up the cattle industry in the Davis Mountains, had come as head baker with Merritt's troops in 1867. From his meager army pay, Mr. Keesey saved enough money to found a mercantile establishment, in 1873, which has never closed its doors. With almost prophetic vision, he saw the great future of the country and, consistent with his views, in later years, he risked his personal fortune, time after time, in carrying cattle men through disastrous droughts and hard years.

Fort Davis was rapidly settling with a sturdy class of pioneers whose descendants to-day are meritoriously upholding

the dignity of their names. George Crosson, for a number of years had been wagonmaster on the San Antonio-Santa Fe and the Chihuahua Trails. After the organization of Presidio County, he gave up trail-driving and brought sheep to Fort Davis. Upon the arrival of Mrs. Crosson and the children, two years later, Crosson established permanent ranch headquarters several miles away from the army post. In those days, living on a ranch was very hazardous, on account of the Indians. Time after time, the Crosson ranch was raided. The Indians seemed to prefer sheep to cattle, as they could be driven more easily and readily over mountain passes; and, when pressed closely by irate citizens or soldiers, the Indian herders could secrete the sheep in small bunches, where their tracks would pass unnoticed by the trailers.

In this year, the Indians were unusually active around Fort Davis. The spreading out of the settlers, who dared brave the perils of raids in order to have the fine pasturage for their stock, had attracted the Indians' attention. Grafton T. Wilcox, county and district clerk, lost eighteen head of beeves, forty-two young cows, and several fine horses in an Indian raid upon Captain Wilson's ranch, down Limpia Canyon. None of these was recovered. At that time Wilson was a young man, just beginning life with this little bunch of cattle, which would have grown him a fortune. He lost all in one raid!

Indeed, the Indians became so bold that they crept up to the adobe wall surrounding the post buildings and shot a soldier who was working in the post garden. Again, they stole the sheep and goats from a corral in the rear of Patrick Murphy's store, and succeeded in reaching their mountain fastnesses with their slow-moving captives.

Were the records obtainable concerning the thrilling experiences of the stage-drivers, they would be replete with interest. In 1877, the Twenty-fifth Infantry, a negro regiment, commanded by white officers, was stationed at Fort Davis. Their duty was to keep the Indians pushed back from the overland mail route.

An amusing incident connected with this stage route, and

an instance of ironical retribution, took place, which brings out the iron-fisted way a proper regard for the code of the West was taught.

At every stage stand, army pickets were posted. In addition to this, soldiers acted as guards for United States mails. The stages were the Concord coach type, with a driver and two guards riding in the driver's seat.

One day, something had incapacitated the regular driver, and E. P. Webster, who had charge of the stage stand at Fort Davis, mounted the driver's seat to take the stage over the first division west. As usual, two negro soldiers climbed up in the seat with him. All went well until the stage reached a thicket of live-oaks between El Muerto and Van Horn Wells. At this point, the stage was ambushed by the Indians, who closed in from both sides of the road. Webster was driving a team of four wild, half-broken mules, and successfully ran the gantlet of the Indians' cross-fire, without man or beast being disabled.

The Indians were poorly mounted, but in the first burst of speed to regain their lost advantage, they came up almost abreast of the stage. Webster carried only a six-shooter, and was too busy managing his thoroughly frightened mules to be able to use it. But the two soldiers were armed with the regulation army guns, and replied to the fire of the racing Indians.

As the Indians momentarily gained on the stage, one of these negroes, thinking a position inside the stage would be less perilous, scrambled back over the top to get inside. He failed to consider that the canvas side of the stage afforded but scanty protection. In crawling down, he caught his gun in the rear wheel and it was jerked from his hand, rendering him useless in the fight. His mishap was greeted with a yell of glee from the Indians. Naturally, he felt very uncomfortable.

However, after the first burst of speed, the Indian ponies were outdistanced by the wiry stage mules, and the mail raced into Van Horn Wells at top speed. A report was made of the attack to the officer in command, who immediately arrested the unfortunate soldier.

Instead of dismissing him from the service, with a dishonorable discharge as a punishment, the soldier was placed on night guard for one year, at a lonely station, without either rifle or side-arms. With the Indians ever threatening, the terrorizing noises of the night and the rough men of the day, this unofficial punishment was meted out to the careless soldier. At the end of the year, he was taken to Fort Davis, and dismissed from the service.

This same year, Lieutenant Bullis, with his Seminole scouts, made a dash into Mexico after a band of Mescalero Apaches, who had been raiding and murdering in the neighborhood of the Pecos River. Bullis had been on a chase after the Indians operating in the Davis Mountains, and was returning to Fort Clark, when he picked up the fresh trail of a large party. The Indians were headed for the old war trail, which crossed the Rio Grande a hundred miles above the mouth of the Pecos River. Across the Rio Grande, at the old crossing, into Mexico, followed Bullis. This point was afterwards called the Bullis Crossing.

On the third day of pursuit, the scouts came upon the Indians as they were resting. Never dreaming that they would be followed into Mexico, the Indians were completely surprised. The advantage in position was in their favor, however, and after a short stand, they fled up the mountain side, where the scouts, smaller in number and worn out from their three days' steady riding, could not follow. Bullis rounded up twenty-three head of stolen horses and returned to the Texas side.

When he first discovered the Indian signs, Bullis had dispatched a courier to inform General Ord, commanding the Department of Texas, of his purpose to give chase; and Ord had ordered Colonel Shatter to march to Bullis' relief. Before the Colonel's forces had gotten under way, however, Bullis, in person, rode into Fort Clark to make his report. He had left his scouts in camp, and had ridden 140 miles in thirty-six hours.

Lieutenant Bullis was a remarkable man. No military commander, until the coming of Gaston and Langhorne, was so well liked by the frontiersmen. At one time, a request was sent

to General Ord, by the citizens of a border county which Bullis had successfully rid of Indians, to assign Lieutenant Bullis an independent command of seventy-five men, to be selected by himself. This could not be done on account of army regulations. Again, Frederick Remington, who needs no introduction to the reader, in an article written for the *Century Magazine*, pays a tribute to Bullis after Bullis had been assigned to the charge of the San Carlos Indian Reservation, in Arizona. The artist draws this word picture:

"The affairs of the San Carlos agency are administered at present by an army officer, Captain Bullis, of the Twenty-fourth Infantry. As I have observed him in the discharge of his duties, I have no doubt that he pays high life insurance premiums. He does not seem to fear the beetle-browed pack of murderers with whom he has to deal, for he has spent his life in command of Indian scouts and not only understands their character, but has gotten out of the habit of fearing anything. If the deeds of this officer had been on civilized battle fields instead of in silently leading a pack of savages over the desert wastes of the Rio Grande, they would have gotten him his niche in the Temple of Fame. But they are locked up in the gossip of the army mess-room, and end in the soldiers' matter-of-fact joke about how Bullis used to eat his provisions in the field, by opening a can a day from the pack, and, whether it was peaches or corned-beef, making it suffice. The Indians regard him as almost supernatural, and speak of the 'Whirlwind' with many grunts of admiration, as they narrate his wonderful achievements."

The Seminole scouts were the one-time slaves of the Kickapoo Indians. The name, properly *Simanoli*, means renegade, or runaway, in reference to their secession from the Creek confederacy early in the eighteenth century. In time, a branch of Seminoles crossed with the Southern negro, and became the slaves of the Kickapoos. Upon the outbreak of the Civil War, six hundred Kickapoos left their reservation in Oklahoma to settle in Mexico, taking their half-breed slaves with them. After the abolition of slavery, they desired to return to the United States, but, before they could do so, they had to free

their Seminole slaves. Gradually, these slaves drifted back across the border, and, on account of their knowledge of Indian customs and habits, were employed in the army as scouts.

One of the men to cross trails with Bullis in the early days, was Judge Joseph Jones, judge of the Sixty-third District. At that time, Judge Jones was a surveyor, and was running surveys in the country infested by both the Lipan and Mescalero Apaches. Sometimes, Lieutenant Bullis and his scouts were detailed as escorts for the Jones' surveying party, when the Indians were particularly bad. On one of these occasions, the surveying party was camped near a water hole, and, early in the morning, Bullis saw a suspicious looking smoke not a great distance from their camp. Although the party had not breakfasted, Bullis decided to attack before the Indians should discover them.

The surprise was complete; the Indians, five or six in number, fled; no casualties. But when the whites rushed into their camp they found nice, juicy horse meat broiling on the fire; and, joining in with the others, Judge Jones ate a hearty breakfast of the meat.

Another peculiar incident happened to the Jones' surveying party while surveying across the Devil's River, above the present town of Del Rio. In reports to the War Department, in the early fifties, Colonel Joseph E. Johnston, in command of the topographical engineers, mentioned losing a man, with a surveyor's transit and chain, in a quick rise of the San Pedro River (Devil's River).

Thirty years later, the Jones' party was surveying the same stream. In crossing a shallow place, a Polish boy, by name Wyschetzky, stepped on a sharp-pointed object, like the fin of a large fish. He made for the bank, plunging and yelling. Upon investigation, an old surveyor's transit was dug out of the mud, with the initials "J. E. J." stamped upon it.

The events which led up to the so-called Salt Lake War are difficult to relate. The personal prejudices which are bound to crop out in any bitter struggle between two factions are hard to eliminate. Our oldest and best citizens alive to-day who

took part or were in any way connected with or sympathized with one faction or the other see, from their personal viewpoint, the incidents and tragedies of that darkly-clouded year, 1877. In so far as available, this account is drawn from official sources and reports.

It is inevitably true that two races so widely dissimilar in temperament, business and moral standards, historical precedents and traditions, as are the Anglo-Americans and Latin-Americans—commonly called Mexicans—can never come to an understanding, unless the above named differences are overcome through education, and a stable form of government under which the Mexican people, *as a whole*, are taught to aspire to higher ideals, both in national polity and in personal behavior; and until we Americans cultivate, not forbearance, but a more sympathetic understanding of these people, which will enable us to render them assistance. We must ever bear in mind, when dealing with lawlessness along the border and in Mexico, that since the coming of Hernandez Cortez to the present time, these people have had to live under conditions which absolutely preclude a possibility of their attaining higher standards, either morally or spiritually. Slaves they were; slaves they are today; slaves they will be to-morrow, unless they receive assistance from without. And it must be remembered that when for a brief space they break their bonds and run mad with rioting and killing—a throw-back to their Indian progenitors—that it is but the resultant reflex action from the terribly miserable lives they are wont to live.

Under the Spanish and Mexican rules, the Mexican citizens of the settlements along the Rio Grande were given the free use of the several large salt deposits, about one hundred miles north of the Rio Grande. For many years after Texas became a state, this custom was continued, as the country was unsettled and there was no demand for either the salt or the land.

As the country became more settled, however, and citizens began locating land under the Texas settlement law, Judge Charles H. Howard, of El Paso, and his father-in-law, George Zimpleman, of Austin, located the largest of these salt lakes,

which lies northeast of San Elizario, at that time the county-seat of El Paso county.

Immediately, a protest arose from the Mexicans, who maintained that the treaty by which the territory was ceded to the United States did not extinguish the rights of the public to use these salt lakes. To add to their dissatisfaction, Judge Howard would permit no one to take salt from the deposits. He was acting within his rights, and had filled every requirement of the law.

As soon as Howard took possession of the salt lake, he put into execution plans to market quantities of salt in Chihuahua and other points. This was transported by wagon, and, to overcome the dearth of water between San Elizario and the salt lakes, he had water barrels placed at intervals along the road.

The situation had by this time grown tense. Heretofore, the Mexican populace, on both sides of the Rio Grande, had expressed their discontent in mutterings and veiled threats. Now, the situation took on a political aspect.

In every county along the border, not only in Texas, but elsewhere, the Mexican vote was, and is, controlled by certain political bosses or factions. As a rule, national political creeds did not figure prominently in these fights; but, when they did, the bitter feelings engendered took on a more personal aspect. This statement holds good to-day.

Judge Howard had been placed in office by the white vote. Opposing him was Luis Cardis, an Italian, who had come to the Southwest in the 60's. Up to five or six years prior to the Salt Lake trouble, Cardis had been the political lieutenant of W. W. Mills. He knew the Spanish language and understood the Mexican people thoroughly. He succeeded Colonel Mills as leader of the Mexican people, and was the acknowledged dictator of the Mexican vote. Cardis was a Republican; Howard was a Democrat. Also, Cardis had the sub-contract on the Overland Mail between El Paso and Fort Davis. A statement is on record which claims that Cardis collected \$2.50 revenue from each cart-load of salt the Mexicans hauled away from the

salt lakes. Yet, the Mexican people loved and obeyed Cardis; and therein lies the crux of the trouble.

Judge Howard was a man of imposing appearance, powerful physique, and wonderful determination and courage, and was district judge of El Paso, Presidio and Pecos counties. Before coming to the Southwest he had served in the Confederate army. Howard's chief characteristic was force; that of Cardis, persuasion and management—a natural diplomat.

On September 10, 1877, the real trouble began. Judge Howard had two prominent Mexicans of San Elizario arrested for making public threats against him. No sooner had this been done, than a mob of forty or fifty Mexicans broke into the jail and forcibly released their countrymen; and, in turn, arrested Howard and the county judge, held a farce which they called "court," and possibly would have killed them both, had not Luis Cardis and the parish priest appeared in time to cool the Mexicans' thirst for blood. After a promise was extorted from Howard to leave the country and never return, he and the county judge were released.

Howard then proceeded to New Mexico, where he telegraphed Governor Hubbard, of Texas, for protection. There was great excitement in the state, and the incident, much to the detriment of many good citizens of Mexican blood, was generally termed a race war.

Major John B. Jones, Adjutant-General of Texas, suddenly appeared in El Paso, organized a company of rangers, commissioned John B. Tays as lieutenant, and returned to Austin.

On October 10th, Judge Howard returned to El Paso. He had already accused Cardis of being the instigator of the trouble by creating dissatisfaction among the Mexicans about the salt lakes. Howard went out to hunt for Cardis, and found the Italian in the store of S. Schutz & Brother, where Cardis had gone to have Adolph Krakauer write a letter for him. Howard walked into the store, and with a double-barreled shotgun, killed Cardis. When the dead man's body was removed, a six-shooter was found in his pocket, in a scabbard, and cocked. The details of this tragedy is a matter of record.

Again Howard fled to New Mexico, but he returned in December to hold court at Fort Davis. From El Paso to San Elizario, he was escorted by the rangers, twenty in number, under command of Lieutenant Tays. But they never got beyond San Elizario.

A detachment of regulars, under command of Captain Thomas Blair, was stationed at San Elizario, and his report on the subsequent occurrences was as follows:

"As soon as Howard arrived in San Elizario, the town was surrounded by a cordon of armed men (Mexicans) and pickets posted on all roads. As soon as Tays saw the state of affairs he and his party retreated to their quarters (which was a detached building with corral) and barricaded the doors and windows and cut port-holes in the walls. On Thursday morning the firing began, and continued with but few intermissions until the rangers surrendered on Monday forenoon. Mr. Ellis, a merchant, was the first one killed; that was Wednesday night. When the tumult began, he went out to find out what it was, and not stopping when halted by one of their sentinels (Mexicans), was shot. Afterward his throat was cut and his body thrown into an *acequia* (water-ditch).

"On Thursday morning, Sergeant Mortimer, of the Rangers, was killed while making his way to the building where the others were posted. The Rangers consisted of just twenty men, I believe. With them in the building were Howard and his colored servant; Mr. Adkinson, a merchant of San Elizario, a Mr. Loomis, from Fort Stockton, I believe, and Mrs. Campbell, the wife of one of the rangers, and her three children.

"After hearing that I had been inside, Mrs. Marsh and Mrs. Campbell (senior) went down from El Paso on Sunday morning. Mrs. Marsh got out her son who was with the rangers, but the Mexicans disarmed him and retained him prisoner. Mrs. Campbell (senior) got out her daughter-in-law and her two children.

"The ranger party on Monday found that they could not hold out much longer, the men were being overcome by sleep, and under a flag of truce went out and had a talk with the leaders,

who told them if they would give up Howard it was all they wanted. This they refused to do. They then said that if Howard would come out he could make arrangements by which it would be all right. Tays returned and told him so, but told him not to go unless he wanted to do so, that he would defend him to the last man. Howard returned with Lieutenant Tays to the leaders. However, after some talk they asked Tays to leave Howard to them and go into another room, which he refused to do, whereupon he was seized by about a dozen men and carried out, and then found that all his party had surrendered at the instigation of Adkinson (it is said).

"During the afternoon, Howard, Adkinson, and McBride, Howard's agent, were taken out and shot. A strong effort was made by the more violent of the party, and by those from the other side, to have all the Americans shot, but Chico Barela opposed this, said there had been enough blood shed, and that only after they had killed him could any more Americans be killed.

"Thursday forenoon they were all released, each one having his horse returned to him, but their arms were retained. Some of the rangers with whom I have talked, informed me that they were all asked whether they were employed by the Governor of Texas or by Howard, and then each one was required to sign a blank paper. They were then escorted by guard as far as Socorro.

"The mob is estimated by Lieutenant Tays at no less than five hundred, many of the leaders being from the other side. The loss was five Americans killed and at least one Mexican, belonging to a party under Captain Garcia, who tried to assist the Americans. The losses on the side of the mob are unknown, but at least five or six are known to have been killed and a large number, not less than thirty or forty, wounded."

During the five days of fighting, Captain Blair states that he held frequent communications with the leaders of the Mexican mob. He says:

"I found the people excited over the fact that Howard, who had taken a life, was permitted to go at large, while two of

their number, who had only said they would go for salt to his salinas, had been arrested. They said Howard had killed their friend, Cardis, and they would have his life, cost what it might.

"I found their force to consist of about three hundred and fifty sober, well-organized, well-armed, determined men, with a definite purpose. Howard they wanted, nothing less, nothing else. I told them I thought they would regret their course, that for Howard personally I cared nothing, but I would be sorry if anything happened to Lieutenant Tays. Yes, they said, but why was he defending Howard?"

The frank acknowledgment of Captain Blair that he had held communications several times with the outlaws, but still made no move to prevent the killing of his five countrymen, on United States soil, especially as the most of these outlaws were known to have come from Mexico, makes quite clear the principal reason the army was respected neither by the American settlers nor by the Mexicans. It is true that Governor Hubbard called on President Hayes for assistance, but by the time the President's instructions had been acted upon by the War Department, the instructions passed to the commander of the Department of Texas, who, in turn, passed them on to the commanding officer at Fort Bliss, who instructed Captain Blair what to do, the tragedy had occurred, and the outlaws had escaped to the south side of the Rio Grande.

Upon news of the killing reaching the Governor, he ordered an additional force of rangers recruited to assist the authorities in restoring order and calm. In reviewing the testimony, the Judge Advocate General of the Army reports:

"Many outrages were committed on innocent people in the neighborhood during the excitement, but of these not a few were perpetrated by members of the State force raised in New Mexico under authority of the Governor of Texas. These last seem especially to be responsible for the crimes of which the people justly complain."

The United States Commissioners, Colonels King and Lewis, before whom all the testimony was placed, say:

"On December 22d, another small force of about thirty

men (this was the force already referred to) arrived from Silver City, who had been called into temporary service under telegraphic instructions from the Governor, but, unhappily, as was natural and according to experience in raising volunteers along the border when the exigencies of the occasion do not permit that delay which a wise discrimination in the choice of material would cause, the force of rangers thus suddenly called together contained within its ranks an adventurous and lawless element which, though not predominant, was yet strong enough to make its evil influences felt in deeds of violence and outrage, matched only by the mob itself. Notably among these atrocities, should be classed the shooting of two Mexican prisoners who were bound with cords when turned over to the guard at Ysleta, ostensibly to bury the bodies of Howard, Adkinson and McBride—then lying in the fields of San Elizario—and when next seen, about an hour after, were pierced with bullet holes, their appearance giving rise to grave apprehension in unprejudiced minds that their deaths were neither necessary nor justifiable.”

No one was punished for this last tragedy. Lieutenant Tays was forced to resign, and the Adjutant General of Texas ordered Colonel George W. Baylor, captain of Ranger Battalion Company D, to proceed to Ysleta as quickly as possible, and restore order.

Thus ends the story of the Salt Lake War. No one was punished for this last tragedy. In the rough code of that day, it was “an eye for an eye.” Just ever so often, a similar occurrence takes place, for instance, the Glenn Springs raid; the Columbus raid; the Brite’s ranch raid—end upon end, they could be enumerated. Can Mexico cite us to similar deeds committed by Americans upon Mexican soil?

CHAPTER XVI

Pecos and Presidio counties had been created in 1870. It is not convincingly clear regarding the formation of these counties, but a search through the records revealed that the first legislative act to form them went by default, and that the election in 1872 was held on the authority of a proclamation of a "township" or "precinct" in Presidio County. It is possible that this precinct was called Pecos. The records say that, in 1870, Pecos and Presidio Counties were created by the legislature, by boundaries which were found to be incorrect. In 1871, Pecos County was again created by boundaries, and a board appointed to organize on the first Monday in May, but the board members were not appointed until May 12. This is why the organization seemed to go by default. The board consisted of Peter Gallagher, George Frazier, and Caesario Torres.

In 1874, Pecos and Presidio Counties were attached to El Paso County for judicial purposes. On March 13, 1875, a board of commissioners was appointed to organize Presidio County, under act of 1871, with power to organize that which was enacted under the provisions of 1871. Pecos County, being also approved under act of 1871, is presumed to have been organized in this same manner; for it is a fact by all records that Pecos County was organized in 1875, with Saint Gall as the county seat.

Following is a report of the first grand jury in Pecos County, in June, 1875: "We have thoroughly investigated all matters of a criminal nature which have been brought before us, which have occurred since the organization of the county. We have found the county generally in a quiet and peaceable condition." The document is signed by Bernardo Torres, foreman.

Despite this statement from the jury, it appears that there were many cases of murder, attempted murder and theft per-

petrated at this time, as is evidenced by the report of the criminal docket.

The grand jurors were, perhaps, lolling in their self complacency, as the following portion of their report from Pecos County, October 10, 1875, will indicate: "We, the jurors, recommend there be some suitable place erected or provided for the safe keeping of prisoners, as, at the present time, we are entirely dependent upon the military authorities at Fort Stockton for the safe keeping of prisoners, and they, the military authorities, may at any time refuse to receive a prisoner in their guard house. The grand jury has discovered, with regret, that in this county there is a looseness of moral conduct based upon old habits, and found in a new and somewhat uncivilized country.

"The grand jurors have a reason to congratulate themselves upon the prompt and efficient manner in which they have discharged their duties. They have found a large number of indictments and have thoroughly investigated other matters that are common within their knowledge."

The first district judge was Charles H. Howard, who was afterward killed at San Elizario by a Mexican mob in the Salt Lake War of 1877. In the year 1871, on June 28th, the district court was opened, under the supervision of the district attorney, James A. Zabriskie.

In 1875 the first commissioners' court met. Officers present were George M. Frazier, presiding justice, as the record says; Caesario Torres, Francis Rooney, Hipolito Carrasco, E. W. Bates, clerk, and Andrew Loomis, sheriff.

Then followed the passing of laws which dealt first with the primary necessity of life—the preservation of food. After this most important act, laws were drawn up against murderers and thieves. Then came readjustment of titles, and, ultimately, laws against such minor offenses as gambling and "boot-legging."

The fourth law passed by the commissioners, at the first meeting, held forth that if any description of livestock be found trespassing between March 18 and December 1, the ani-

mals would be impounded and the owners held liable for damages and fine.

It was not, however, until 1881 that Fort Stockton was named the county-seat. The commissioners called a meeting for August 13th, of this year, to choose a permanent seat, and the choice lay between Fort Stockton and Saint Gall, lying side by side. Ninety-four votes were cast in the election; Fort Stockton received sixty-four of this number; Fort Davis, situated in Presidio County, receiving one, and Saint Gall the remainder.

The courthouse at that time was an adobe building which, at the present time, is still standing, and is being used for a Mexican school. The present courthouse is standing just across in the southwest corner from the old one. A point of interest, which elicited little or no attention at the time of the old courthouse, was the fact that it was situated within the precincts of Saint Gall, and was continued to be used in this capacity for many years, although Fort Stockton was the county-seat.

About this time the shortness of water in Limpia Canyon necessitated the mail route being changed temporarily to Musquiz Canyon. Judge Joseph Jones made a trip over this route when he was sent out to Fort Davis and Fort Stockton to measure wood contracts for the quartermaster department. Colonel Lawton, afterwards of Spanish-American war fame, was head of the department, and had his command divided between the two posts. At this time, however, he was away on leave of absence, and Lieutenant Kendall was acting quartermaster. Lieutenant Kendall refused to receive the wood, which was mesquite, because it was all roots. After an investigation, however, on the part of the War Department, following a recommendation by Judge Jones, the lieutenant was ordered to receive the wood.

The contractors for the wood were Francis Rooney and Caesario Torres, who had been clearing some farm lands of mesquite grubs, and had used the mesquite trunks for fence posts. Their contract with the Government had been filled with the roots.

In 1878, Captain Shavley built a road through Wild Rose Pass, and during the same year, Lieutenant Kendall worked a road in Musquiz Canyon, which later Colonel Grierson completed.

Mrs. Kendall, wife of Lieutenant Kendall, while her husband was absent on one of his trips of inspection, during the time he was acting as quartermaster, had an experience with a negro trooper. With her and her little children was Lizette Stivers, the daughter of a neighboring officer. In the night, after they had retired, they heard a noise, and plainly saw a negro man picking the glass from the window to gain an entrance. Although frightened, Mrs. Kendall did not lose her nerve, and immediately got her revolver, which she kept under her pillow. With this, she crept quietly to the foot of the bed, and, within a few feet of the negro, fired at him point blank range. The negro was not given a military funeral. Mrs. Kendall deeply regretted the occurrence, but was highly praised for her bravery and presence of mind. After this happening, she would no longer go about alone, but was always attended by an escort.

In 1879, a flood completely washed away the old telegraph office, which was located near Limpia Creek, below Fort Davis. The telegraph line was from Fort Concho to El Paso, and connected at Fort Davis with the telegraph line to Presidio and Piña Colorada. After the flood the telegraph office was moved to the south side of the present post.

During the year 1878 the Indians were at their worst. The country for miles about was continually infested with them, and soldiers and rangers had to be kept constantly in the field to ward off their attacks. The troops finally drove them eastward from the field of operation around Eagle Springs, Diablo Mountains, and other points west of the Davis Mountains.

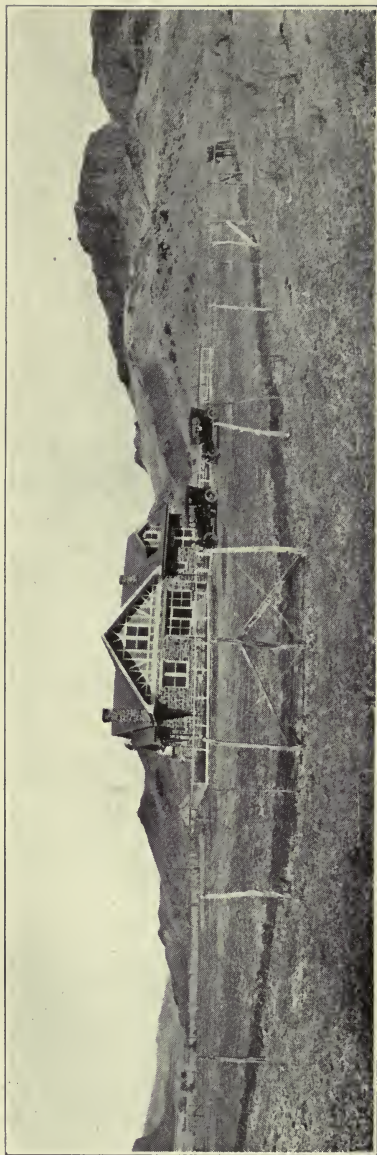
As a result of this, however, the Indians retaliated by raiding in and around Fort Davis. Dutchover's ranch, four miles north of Fort Davis, was raided, in July, 1879; twenty-one head of horses stolen; one Mexican woman killed, and other damages perpetrated by the savages. Captain Carpenter, com-



Puddling
Reservoir and Main Dam

Paving with Reinforced Concrete
Diversion Weir and Headgates

CONSTRUCTION OF THE BALMORHEA DAM



BENALMAR RANCH, HOME OF MR. AND MRS. B. B. McCUTCHEON
Davis Mountains

mandant at the post, hurried a detachment after the marauders. After scouring the country, and failing to apprehend any of the band, four of the soldiers were left to guard the ranch for a month.

Another striking incident connected with the Indian activities at this time was the attack on three stonemasons who were coming from New Mexico by way of the El Paso trail. They had walked from Ysleta to within a half a mile of Barrel Springs, on their way to Fort Davis, where they intended to catch a Chihuahua freight-outfit and ride into San Antonio. Cautiously and successfully they passed through the most dangerous part of their route, and were in sight of the stage station. Fatigued and worn out, they were sighted by a band of Indians, and in plain sight of witnesses at the station who were powerless to interfere, were brutally attacked. Two of the masons were killed. One of them swung a trowel across his back, which a bullet pierced, penetrating his heart. The third man escaped and reached the stage station.

Another incident occurring about the same time was when John Spencer, and his son, William, a small lad, were riding across the Fort Stockton Trail, between Charco de Alsate and Lioncito. The son glimpsed a group of horsemen at a distance, and suggested to his father that they were Indians. The elder man was of the opinion that they were cowboys, and paid no attention to them. He alighted from his horse to arrange something about the saddle, when, suddenly, he was startled by the yells of Indians sweeping, in full speed, toward him and his son. Spencer jumped quickly upon his horse, but the Indians were so close that they shot the horse underneath him. Immediately he sprang up behind his son, whose horse, though heavily handicapped, outdistanced the Indians' ponies and escaped.

In 1879, Colonel W. R. Livermore, retired, after whom the highest peak in the Davis Mountains is named, was instrumental in completing a route for the approaching Southern Pacific Railway. Previous attempts had been made during the fifties, of the last century, to find such a route, but it was left for Colonel Livermore to perfect a successful expedition.

Colonel Livermore's experiences were similar to those of other explorers, scouts, and travelers in the Fort Davis region during that period. His explorations followed a tour of observation made by him when he was engaged in Mexico on a mission of international courtesy, together with the Honorable Elihu Washbourne, and his topographical assistants, Butterfield and Cotera. At this time the party made a rough survey from Fort Clark to Fort Davis.

An appropriation had been made by Congress for explorations to establish the sites for a series of military posts to defend the frontier lands from any possible plundering raids from Mexico or from the Indian reservations, and to protect the scanty population from outlaws.

Such protection made explorations more possible than before, and in 1880 an expedition was organized by Colonel Livermore at San Antonio and Fort Clark. This consisted of a company of the Eighth United States Cavalry, under William A. Shunk and John W. Pullman, who were at that time lieutenants in the United States army. The expedition also included a detachment of Comanche and Seminole Negro-Indian scouts from Lieutenant Bullis' company. They were supplied with plenty of six-mule teams, and a large pack-train, so that on passing the plains and climbing the mountains, new roads and paths were opened up. From Fort Clark to Fort Davis the explorers followed almost in the trail made by Butterfield and Cotera. This trail has been erroneously confused, however, with the trail of the Butterfield Daily Overland Mail; but which has no connection with the Butterfield-Cotera trail.

Colonel Livermore and his attendants completed the wagon road and the survey, halting at points some twenty or thirty miles apart, which, but a few years later, became stations along the Southern Pacific Railroad.

In the year of 1880 H. Huelster moved to Leon Waterholes, which, in an earlier period, was known as Ojo de Leon, to take charge of the mail stage stand. Later he was joined by Mrs. Huelster from St. Louis, who assisted him in conducting the stand, with the help of an old Mexican.

The stand was a rudely constructed adobe building, containing two rooms. The only interest outside of daily work was the daily mail coach, which gave them something to look forward to during the monotony of their existence.

The Huelsters had sixteen mules to care for, and as the Indian troubles had abated somewhat, they were enabled to put the mules on grass. As a sentinel for the mules, an old gray cavalry horse, with a bell jingling about his neck, was staked out, and the mules stayed in close vicinity.

During July and August of 1880 great rains fell at Leon Waterholes. The dirt roof of the Huelster adobe leaked so badly that the passengers who came on the stage coach, and the Huelsters, were compelled to move about inside, and eat in a room almost knee-deep in water. It is said that during the rainy season of the year the quartermaster clerks at Fort Davis had to work under umbrellas in their adobe house to keep the rain off their ledgers.

The Huelsters moved from Leon Waterholes to Barila stand in 1881. Here conditions were about the same. They lived in a similar two-room adobe, which had a dirt roof, through which Mrs. Huelster, from her bed, could see the north star.

The stand was close to the present site of the JEF Ranch headquarters, and the only commodity for which the proprietors did not have to stake their last dollar was the water, which was procured from a well nine feet deep, and which was made deeper from time to time. Prices were soaring, and as the Huelsters supplied meals to the passengers who came on the daily stage from San Antonio, it was necessary that they have a full table. Coffee and sugar sold at fifty cents a pound; beans fifteen cents a pound; raisins fifty cents a pound; starch forty cents a pound. A bar of cheap laundry soap cost ten cents, and many commodities were almost unpurchasable. To alleviate the high cost of living, Mrs. Huelster tried to keep a well-filled and flourishing garden to furnish vegetables for the table, as well as to raise many chickens to furnish eggs and fowl for the passengers.

That all stage stations did not serve the passengers so bountifully as did the Huelsters is evidenced by the story going the rounds at the time Huelster moved to the Barila station.

One night the stage driver to Barila had two very fastidious passengers coming from El Paso, on their way back to civilization. They were exceedingly irritable from their journey across the country. That they did not love the stage coach nor the country was evident from their many complaints which they hurled, ever and anon, at the driver's head.

Finally, they requested the driver to awaken them for breakfast, and went to sleep. They arrived at Barali station at two o'clock in the morning.

"Breakfast!" shouted the driver, shaking and kicking them. The men tumbled out, stiff and sore from their long journey, and went grumbling into the stage stand quarters.

Even at that unearthly hour, the driver announced that they must have breakfast then or not at all, as the next stop was at Fort Stockton, fifty miles away.

Inside the stage stand a tender brought out a pan of beans, dry, not very well cooked, and rattling in the pan.

"I can't eat beans," said one of the men in disgust. "I am a victim of dyspepsia. I just can't eat them."

The cook then served them with bacon, fat and juicy, which he slammed down before his guests indifferently.

"Bacon!" exclaimed the other passenger. "Why, whoever heard of one eating bacon so early in the morning? It doesn't agree with me this early."

"Well!" retorted the driver, snatching up a bottle from the shelf, "here's some French mustard—eat that, damn you!"

One of the tasks of the Huelsters, besides serving meals, was to note the time of arrival and departure of the stages. The company kept a clock in good order in each stand for this purpose, and the stage drivers carried books, like modern express messengers, in which the time was inserted in the proper places. There was no postoffice at the place, but the Huelsters got their mail from the little pouch that contained this report book.

As memories of hardships seem to linger with a greater

poignance than those of happier events, Mrs. Huelster remembers occurrences connected with their pioneer days. Events were so few and far between, and wealth still a dream not soon to come true. There were still the fears of the Apache Indians, and the attendant privations met in such surroundings. The Huelsters were the first married couple to live in that section away from the garrisons, and their cattle were the first to be brought to that vicinity. The first child born away from a garrison in that section was Frank Huelster at Barila station.

During the same year Colonel Shafter was in command at Fort Davis, where the monotony of camp life at such a post was almost unbearable. Colonel Shafter had been more than once criticised for his general lines of conduct, which were said to have been not above reproach. Notwithstanding this, there were a number of humane acts which the world deserves to know.

The story goes that with several officers, Colonel Shafter was sitting on the veranda of No. 7 officers' quarters, after a particularly good meal, when a soldier walked across from the barracks and saluted him. The soldier held a tinplate, containing a few morsels of meat and vegetables, which, he, trembling with indignation, displayed before the eyes of the officers.

"Sir," he exclaimed, "this is my dinner!"

The Colonel leaned forward in his easy chair, and took an inventory of the plate and its meagre contents.

"Well, eat it, you damn fool!" he answered. "I've had mine."

Without a word the soldier saluted and turned toward the barracks. Naturally, the soldier continued to curse the service, and also the Colonel, as did his comrades who heard the story. None of them knew the outcome of the soldier's complaint, but Shafter, upon the disappearance of the man, sent for the captain of his company.

"Sir," he demanded, when the captain stood before him, "how much money have you in your mess fund?"

"Eighteen hundred dollars, Colonel," answered the captain, proudly; he was of a saving nature.

"Well, sir," said Colonel Shafter with lowered brows. "Immediately change that eighteen hundred dollars into provisions for your company, and do it damn quick!"

And the soldiers never knew why the quality of their food improved so quickly.

During the same year, 1880, E. L. Gage established a ranch south of Marathon, with headquarters near the McKinney Springs, named for T. D. McKinney, Gage's ranch foreman, and his brother, John C., who also worked for the Gage outfit.

Following the establishment of the Gage ranch, Francis Rooney, a nephew of the old pioneer, Francis Rooney, came and established a ranch at Leoncita, twenty-five miles north of Alpine. There were no fences nor fixed boundaries to a man's ranch in those days, and the roundup reached from the Pecos River to the Guadalupe Mountains, east and west, and from the Rio Grande to the Pecos, north and south. The ranchmen drove their herds, mostly steers, to the Indian Territory, in the fall of the year, over the old trail that ran through Fort Stockton, down to Horsehead Crossing, up through Midland, to Dodge City, Kansas, where the northern buyers bought the stock.

All during this time there was the continuous fear of possible attack by either renegade Mexicans or Indians. J. D. Jackson was ranger at this time under Captain Bryan Morris, Co. B. After his ranger service, Jackson became a cowboy, and, finally, one of the biggest ranch operators in the country. Jackson at one time served on the grand jury, when six indictments were found for cow stealing. The jury agreed that no member could go on bond of the accused men, and, outside of the jury there was no one else who could furnish bond.

During the time Jackson was ranger there were many ways planned by the ranchmen to outwit the Indians in their game of pillaging and murdering. One of the most interesting is the story of Colonel George W. Baylor, who proved to be more adroit one time than the Indians. Baylor, with a Mexican, was traveling with a supply wagon, and knew the Indians would kill him to get his provisions. A hundred of them were about to

attack when he hastily poisoned some of the sugar, and other supplies, after which he and the Mexican jumped on their horses, and outran the pursuers. The Indians took the supplies, and several of them died from the effect.

Another rancher who was instrumental in building up this region was Milton Favor, who had three ranches, on two of which were fort-like houses. One was the Cibolo, situated at the southeast end of the Chinati Mountains, where the still for peach brandy was built, the remains of which are standing to this day. Another ranch was Cienaga, six miles east of Shafter, and another was called Morita, meaning Mulberry, situated southeast of Shafter a few miles. The larger fort-house was located at the Cibolo ranch, the smaller at the Cienaga ranch. At Morita was planted a large peach orchard, while similar smaller ones were at the other two ranches. The F brand of cattle was well known at this time, and spread from the Rio Grande to the Pecos River, and to the Guadalupe Mountains on the north. John Beckwith was the first cowman to locate at Piña Colorada. He was a post trader, also, and maintained a store and a saloon. After operating his place for five years, he sold out to Hess Brothers and moved to Fort Davis, where he lived a short time, ultimately moving to New Mexico.

In the late '70s and early '80s the term "rustler" took on a new meaning. The origin of the word resulted from the free, open range of country at that time. Ranchmen employed cowboys by the month to brand all mavericks, or unbranded cattle, with the employer's brand; hence, the term "rustler" became a synonym for a cowboy who "rustled" for his employer.

In time, however, the rustlers decided to rustle for themselves. Why brand all unbranded cattle with the employer's brand, when they could use one of their own? Consequently, they began to brand the unknown cattle with a mark of their own. This privilege soon degenerated into the pernicious habit of branding other people's cattle, by "burning" the brand, and other methods.

The famous band of rustlers included Sand Hill George, who was later charged with murder; Barney Gallagher, John Boyd, members of the Jesse Evans gang, including the Graham brothers. The leader of this gang was Billy the Kid. They operated in Eastern New Mexico and in the hills north of Fort Stockton. The gang drove stolen cattle to New Mexico and sold them. In New Mexico they stole other cattle, drove them back to Texas and sold them.

The rustlers were almost as feared as the Indians had been. They took anything and everything they wanted, regardless of right or law. Any person who was a lawbreaker could join the gang, and the band was made up of men from almost every state in the Union. Families living in sections where they operated were in constant fear of these men who possessed no ideals of law and order, and who stole cattle and murdered citizens without the least compunction.

A very interesting story is told of an incident connected with the killing of Barney Gallagher, who was a leader among the rustlers. George M. Frazier had a cow outfit working along the New Mexico border, and was present at the death of Gallagher. Two cowboys, Lon Neil and Phil Rock, were also present.

It appears that Barney possessed a handsome silver-mounted hat, which he had left either to Neil or Rock on his dying bed. There was some contention as to whom it was willed, and a quarrel ensued between the two men, which continued until they arrived days afterward at Fort Stockton.

Late on an evening Neil and Rock met at Silverstein's saloon, where they agreed to settle the dispute. Claspings each other by their left hands, and aiming their pistols with their right hands, they shot each other to death. Neil was killed outright, and Rock lived an hour or two. They were buried face to face in the same grave, Neil with his boots on, because he had died immediately, and Rock without his boots, because they had been removed before he expired.

During the rustler reign there were trials, fears and sorrows among the women who lived in the cow country. Pioneers,

indeed, they were; but they were more than that. Had they not been strong, courageous, and almost fearless, they could not have survived the privations and fears always attendant on their lives. Perhaps it was the open, free life of the range, too, that imbued them with that unrelentless strength they possessed, which resulted in not only building up an unsettled, lawless country, but in giving to the world some of its staunchest men and women, who in turn will produce another generation of strong citizens.

One particular family that experienced some extreme trials was the Casey family, herein before referred to, living on their ranch in the country infested by the rustlers. After the death of Robert Casey, Mrs. Casey, who was a pioneer to the very marrow, and who perhaps learned the lesson during the first of those days that a woman's "nerves" are half imagination, made an earnest effort to keep her family together. There were two daughters, Mrs. J. L. Moore, of Balmorhea, Texas, and Mrs. L. C. Klasner, at present living in Chaves County, New Mexico, and two sons, W. D. Casey and R. A. Casey, both prominent cattlemen in Southwest Texas and New Mexico.

The Casey ranch was more than once invaded by the rustler band, who stole cattle, and committed other thefts. Following one of the cattle thefts by the band at one time, Mrs. Casey decided to go and use all of her persuasive powers in regaining her property.

Putting two of the children in the wagon with her, she started for Seven Rivers. They had to spend the night with a Mexican family, and the next morning Mrs. Casey bravely met the rustlers, pleading for her cattle, but to no avail. Unsuccessful in her attempts, there was nothing to do but return to her ranch.

While at Seven Rivers, the Caseys witnessed a shooting affair caused by the rustlers. There was an old man living on a farm nearby, and the rustlers decided they would get rid of him. They took his cattle and ordered him to leave the country. In his flight, he had paused long enough at Seven Rivers to re-

late his story, when at that junction one of the very men who had robbed him, rode up. The old man was so angry that the sight of the rustler drove him to a frenzy. Notwithstanding the poor chance he had of escaping, he shot the rustler off his horse. He then jumped on this horse and, although pursued, escaped.

Mrs. Casey and a Mexican woman carried the wounded man into the house, after which Mrs. Casey left; but she heard later that he recovered.

At one time a man named Hart came to the Casey ranch and asked for lodging. While Mrs. Casey was preparing his supper, one of the children became interested in the large Mexican hat he was wearing. The band string was of an unusual pattern. The man left, and, shortly afterward a Mexican came to the ranch wearing the identical hat. One of the children who had been attracted by Hart's hat cord, called her mother's attention to it, but Mrs. Casey thought nothing of it.

It developed, however, that Hart was missing, and his body was later found in a hole some distance from the house of the Mexican who was wearing the hat. When the Mexican found he was suspected of the murder, he tried to escape, but was intercepted, and captured by a band of cowboys.

Many men would break jail, and stop at the Casey ranch for provisions. The kind-hearted ranch woman always fed them. On one occasion the family had just eaten breakfast, when, to their consternation, they saw Billy the Kid, the ferocious outlaw head of the rustler band, ride up to the gate. He had been in a fight the day before, and had lost his horse, saddle and bridle. He found a little pony which he rode to the Casey ranch, where they gave him breakfast, glad for him to go on his way.

These glimpses of the rustler days can give but a faint idea of the hardships and dangers of the pioneer cattlemen, and their families. In later years, after the word "ranchman" became synonymous with wealth, the cry has arisen that the country made them. But it has been the history of every pioneer land, that in the battle for life and in the protection of family and

property, only the fittest and strongest have survived ; and, justly, wealth and prosperity have come to those hardy pioneers who, while they were building for themselves, built up the frontier.

CHAPTER XVII

Much history has been written about the Santa Fe Trail; little about the Chihuahua Trail. Yet, statistics show that more commerce in merchandise, silver, copper, lead and gold passed over this trail than over the Santa Fe Trail.

The Chihuahua Trail, as it became known, was begun in 1848 by a small group of pioneers, including John W. Spencer, John B. Davis, Ed Froboese, August Santleben, John Holly, Sha Hogan, John Burgess, Brooks, Calderon, Richard Daly, William Russell and others. These were the first set of adventurers, who later became known as the trail drivers, to complete successful journeys; although the Connelly expedition, from Chihuahua City, across Texas, into Arkansas, and return, was made in 1839.

The Connelly expedition was the first commercial enterprise undertaken to establish trade relations between northern Mexico and the United States, other than by way of the Santa Fe Trail. This expedition resulted in a failure, however, due to a change of administration at the port of entry, Presidio del Norte, and a resultant raise in the customs duties, which dampened the ardor of the merchants at that time.

For these reasons the Chihuahua Trail was not used again until the trail drivers, who had settled along the banks of the Rio Grande, opposite Presidio del Norte, sought an outlet through the Big Bend to San Antonio. It was not long before they were hauling through freight back and forth between these metropolises of Texas and Mexico.

The first trips were made prior to the Civil War from Indianola to Chihuahua, Mexico, a journey of eleven hundred and fifty miles. But it was not until 1869 that the trade reached substantial proportions. The goods were loaded out of bonded warehouses belonging to commission merchants in Indianola

and San Antonio, and the trail drivers gave a heavy bond, payable to the United States, as a guarantee of their responsibility and to insure prompt transportation of supplies.

The trail ran westward from Indianola to San Antonio, thence to San Felipe Springs, which is to-day Del Rio. From this point it led to the lowest ford on the Pecos River, a few miles above where is now the Southern Pacific Railroad high bridge spanning the river at a height of 321 feet above the water. It then turned in a northerly direction to Horse-Head Crossing, where the Fort Concho trail intersected with the route. The next important point on the trail, forty miles further west, was the military post, Fort Stockton. The entire distance of 230 miles from Del Rio to Fort Stockton was uninhabited. The country was open and rough, but its most objectionable feature consisted in the strong alkali dust which almost smothered teamsters and drivers.

Nine miles west of Fort Stockton was located Leon Waterholes, with its clear, sparkling waters. The main spring was thirty feet in diameter, and was so deep that the bottom could not be touched.

The Chihuahua trail diverged from the El Paos road at the Leon Waterholes, and followed a route leading in a southwest direction to Presidio del Norte. Thirty miles beyond Leon Waterholes was the Leoncito, a watering place, which was settled in 1869 by Joe Head; while forty miles farther was the Burgess Spring, which also was known as Charco de Alsate. The trail then ran through Paisano Pass, twenty miles beyond to Antelope Springs, better known as Berrindo, while thirty miles beyond this, arrived at the Tinaja San Esteben. After this came El Alamito at a distance of twenty-five miles, which is forty miles from Presidio del Norte. Alamito was settled in 1870 by John Davis.

These distances made 195 miles, and the road was not in very bad shape, except the last forty miles, which was hilly, and at intervals the sand was heavy. However, there was an abundance of grass, which afforded good pasturage.

Presidio del Norte was situated on the Mexican side of the

Rio Grande, below the mouth of the Rio Conchos, and one of the old presidios was on the Texas side. Custom houses were established by the two republics, in both the American and Mexican towns through which a large quantity of goods passed.

For the expedition prairie schooners, or large covered wagons, were used. These were immense structures, and the following dimensions of a few of the parts will convey an idea of their strength: the hind wheels measured five feet ten inches in height, and the tire was six inches wide and one inch thick; the front wheels were built similar to the hind wheels, but were twelve inches lower; the axles were of solid iron, with spindles three inches in diameter. All the solid running gear was built in proportion for hard service. The wagon bed was twenty-four feet long, four and one-half feet wide, and the sides were five and a half feet high. Wagon bows attached to each were overhung with heavy tarpaulins, which completely covered the sides and protected the freight. On the covers the train owner's name was painted, and beneath, the number of the wagon, in which freight was loaded as it was entered on the bill of lading.

Every wagon was furnished with a powerful brake, which was used to regulate the speed when going down steep hills. The beam that constituted the brake was seven feet in length, and was made out of choice hickory timber. It was placed beneath the wagon box, behind the hind wheels, in two heavy iron stirrups, that were secured to the frame on either side by heavy braces or bolts. A block of wood was fastened near each end, which pressed against the wheels when the lever was manipulated by the driver in his seat. He could control the motion of the wagon, according to the grade, by forcing the brake against the wheels until they ceased to revolve, or check them at will with a motion of his hand as easily as a motorman controls his car. Two heavy chains were attached to the wagon body for use in cases of necessity. Occasionally, accidents happened to the brakes, and the heavily loaded wagon would become uncontrollable. As a result, driver and mules were often crushed to death under the wheels.

An average load for such a wagon was about seven thou-

sand pounds, but generally with sixteen small mules attached, sixteen bales of cotton was a load. The great capacity of such wagons may be estimated by comparing them with the wagons used by the United States government which hold an average load of three thousand pounds, with six large mules.

The mules used for freighting purposes were small, but active, and possessed an untiring energy, with a constitution that enabled them to endure extreme hardships. The manner in which they were hitched brought them close to their load, and made them almost a unit when a steady pull was necessary.

Before the prairie schooner was adopted as a means of communication between Texas and the northern states of Mexico, commercial energy in that direction was hampered; but after they had been introduced, and when the benefit to be derived from direct trade between these regions and the seaports of Texas was understood, wagon trains of six or more prairie schooners were introduced, with a capacity to move a large amount of freight in a given time. These were conducted under a systematic management, which inspired confidence. As a result, it was not long before both countries realized advantages through the arrangement.

San Antonio was encouraged to extend her business connection with Mexico, and much was done toward stimulating the trade between Mexico and the countries of Europe, through Texas seaports, which continued to grow until it reached large proportions.

A way was opened up for the railroad which followed in the wake of the trail drivers, and which removed all competition in the way of travel and transportation by offering superior advantages. The prairie schooner was an humble pioneer that plodded its way slowly over the plain and mountain, through a wilderness peopled by warlike savages; yet, it was appreciated in its day, and its arrival at its destination was greeted with far more interest than is manifested when a modern, up-to-date train arrives at its station.

The Mexican trains could not compare with those of the Americans in general appearance, but, in many respects they

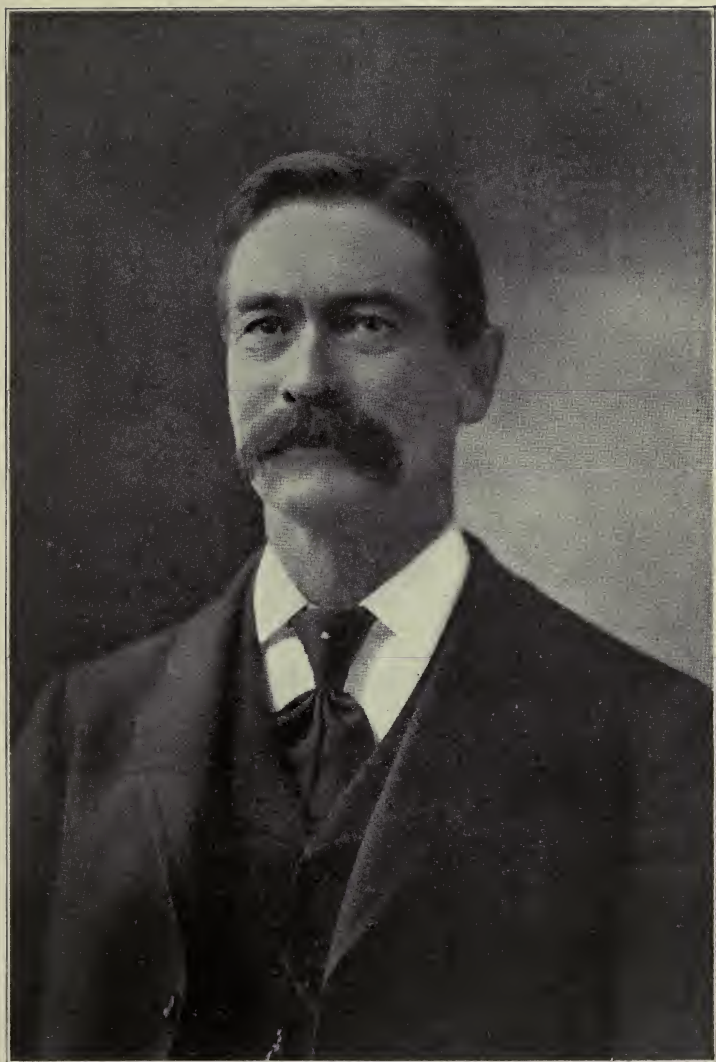
were decidedly superior, and were managed more successfully because of the strictness with which they were conducted. The Mexican wagons were clumsily built, with beds twenty-four feet long that rested on heavy running gears, and had no sides. They were capable of carrying heavy loads. A wagon train of twelve wagons, each drawn by fourteen mules, distributed in three sets of four working abreast, and two to the tongue, would transport 120,000 pounds of freight with ease over the roads in Mexico.

The Mexican mules were superior to the American mules, because they were raised on Mexico ranches, where the native drivers could select the best. Neither did they depend upon grass alone for feed, as the Americans were forced to do, but always carried a sufficient amount of corn and wheat straw, which kept the animals in fine condition. The teams belonging to the Americans showed hard service because of their long journeys, as they were frequently exposed to privations on drives of ninety miles in length.

The same drivers were employed continuously by train owners in Mexico, and were subject to strict obedience. The mules were easily controlled, as they had become trained to routine movements. So well were they trained that when the *caporal* walked to the center of the corral among the loose mules, he had nothing to do but crack his whip and they immediately filed into their proper places and stood with their heads raised, waiting for the bridles.

The Gonzales brothers, of Saltillo, owned a train of twenty-five carts with five mules each. They used shafts in which a mule was hitched, with one on either side, and two in front. These mules were so well trained, it is said, that they knew their own carts from the others, and would back up to their proper places of their own accord.

The trail drivers experienced many hardships during these journeys, such as attacks by Indians and scarcity of water. The scarcity of water and grass on the route frequently made it necessary for them to divide their daily journey into three drives, or camps, especially where the watering places were



J. M. DAUGHERTY



SCENES ON F. S. MILLS' FARM
Lion Valley, Pecos County

fifty miles apart. In making a long drive, they generally started about one o'clock, postmeridian, and drove until about six, when they stopped to eat supper and graze the teams. They again started at ten o'clock at night, and drove until three o'clock in the morning, when they camped without water. At seven they were again under way, and by ten o'clock, they arrived at the watering place, where the teams were turned loose to graze for about four hours, after which they were again watered and the journey resumed. Traveling at night made it possible for the teams to do with less water, along that portion of the trail where it was scarce.

However, the inconveniences they experienced on account of a scarcity of water could in no way compare to the necessity of protecting the mules from the Indians. Knowing the Indians were constantly watching for a chance to overpower them, the trail drivers were compelled to keep forever on the alert against surprises. Sentries, similar to the military, were posted about the camps, and teamsters stood on guard while the mules were grazing. The type of arms used on the trains were Sharp needle-guns, of fifty caliber, made especially for the trail drivers. The gun was carried in a scabbard, fastened to the driver's saddle mule, and when in camp it was usually placed against the left wheel of the driver's wagon, within easy reaching distance. A forty-five caliber six-shooter also was carried in a scabbard on a cartridge belt, strapped about the driver's waist. It, too, was always in reach. The belt carried fifty rounds of cartridges for the Sharp needle-gun, and twelve rounds for the pistol. The needle-guns ranged about 800 feet and the pistols about 300 feet.

As drivers, Mexicans were found to be more efficient than the Americans. In an almost uncanny manner, they could pick out their teams in the darkest night, when colors were not distinguishable, rarely making a mistake, and taking but little more time to hitch at night than in daylight. This talent seemed to be confined to teamsters of the Mexican race.

Every wagon train was under the personal supervision of a wagon master. He directed the train's movements, and was

responsible for his train in the same degree as the modern railway freight conductor. The next person in importance, was the *caporal*. He was in charge of the herd of extra mules and the teams after they were unhitched from the wagons; he directed the way to watering places, grass, and camping places, and he prevented the teamsters from mistreating their mules.

A train of twelve wagons was divided into two six-wagon sections, with each section in charge of a captain who was held accountable for certain duties and the accuracy with which his wagons were placed when forming a corral. These captains were expert drivers, and when forming a corral, errors seldom occurred, even in an emergency. The driving was done systematically, changes being made in the positions of the wagons, in order that no section should be strained too much on account of frequent stops, which would occur if they traveled continuously in the same order.

The corral was an important institution on the trail, on account of the large number of animals to be handled and fed. It was indispensable for the safety both of the animals and the drivers, when encamped, and served as sufficient fortification for man and beast, when attacked by Indians or other enemies.

To form a corral, the wagons of the first section were driven in a half-circle to the right of the road, while those of the second section were driven in a half-circle to the left of the road; thus all teams were brought facing inward toward the center of the completed circle. The openings, or gaps, between the wagons were closed with heavy ropes, stretched from wagon to wagon, and these could be removed quickly when the mules were to be driven out to graze or to water.

A corral could be formed as readily in any open space where there were no roads or guides, and they were a necessity on account of their convenience which no other arrangement could have supplied. The mules were always taken from the wagon and unharnessed on the outside, and there was no place in which they could have been secured so well. When turned loose, they passed through the rear openings, into the corral, where they were fed in long canvas troughs which were

stretched from the wagons. After feeding, they were driven in a herd through one of the large openings to a watering place or pasture by drivers in charge of the *caporal*.

When the mules had returned to the corral, the *caporal* gave the first intimation that it was time to move by cracking his whip in the center of the corral, thus ordering the mules to take their places. Soldiers did not move in a more orderly manner to their places than did the mules, who knew their places as well as the trained horses of a fire engine. Frequently when the herd was driven in from the grazing, the better trained mules did not wait for the signal, but, with almost human intelligence, took their places at once with their backs against the wagon, thus avoiding the jam caused by the commotion the herd was thrown into by the crack of the *caporal's* whip.

When traveling through the western country, a train was occasionally attacked by Indians, and it became necessary to form a corral immediately for the protection of the men and mules. On such occasions, the wagons were placed in the same order as for an ordinary camp, except that no openings were left in between. Thus protected, the train men could repel any attack that might be made, unless overwhelmed by numbers.

Sometimes the trail drivers were caught in the midst of terrible blizzards. On one occasion, during a trip from Chihuahua, the drivers encountered a ten days' spell of sleet and snow, and at one place, the head of the Texas Concho, the grass was covered for days with snow. In 1866, a long train of wagons in charge of Capt. James Edgar, bound for El Paso, was exposed to such a blizzard that sixty mules were lost. The mules had gathered close together for protection against the cold, but were frozen to death; and the place was known for years afterward as "Edgar's Boneyard."

In the spring of 1870, the wagon train belonging to August Santleben, on its way to Chihuahua, had reached Fort Davis. The old trail driver, delayed by business in San Antonio, had arranged to follow on the overland stage, and overtake it at this point. Colonel Terrell, paymaster in the United States army, was also on the stage, and, traveling under his protection,

was Sister Stephens, of the Order of the Incarnate Word, of San Antonio, who was on her way to visit Fort Davis, in the interest of the orphans. There were several other passengers on the stage, including Mr. Joe Head and Mr. Peter Gallagher, of Fort Stockton, two soldiers, and others. Sister Stephens was an entertaining traveling companion, always in a pleasant humor with the trail drivers and passengers. She was one of the few women making such a trip at that time.

One of the trail drivers asked Sister Stephens what service could she render in case of an Indian attack.

"Sir," she replied with a smile, "I would have work to do. While you do the fighting, I'll do the praying."

On his return trip, Santleben passed the place where the Miguel brothers had met with a serious misfortune a short time before. The Indians attacked their camp, eighteen miles east of Johnson's Run, and captured the entire herd of mules belonging to the train. The cart men retreated to an elevation and, with loose rock, built a circular breastwork, behind which they defended themselves until the enemy retired with the herd. Two Mexicans were killed in the engagement, and were buried at the foot of the hill where the rude fortification was situated.

Soon after Santleben's return, his wagons were loaded with government freight and sutler's supplies, for Fort Davis and Fort Quitman. This train was placed in charge of Entinio Mageras, an experienced wagonmaster. After delivering the freight, according to contract, Mageras with his empty wagons, established a camp to recuperate his teams, near Beaver Lake, adjoining the Eighteen Mile crossing on Devil's River. The mules, which were turned loose to graze on the excellent pasturage, were left unguarded. No danger was suspected, until the quiet was broken by the fearful warwhoops of the Comanches. Before the trail men could assemble to resist, the Indians charged between the wagons and the grazing herd. The *caporal* and four men were cut off and escaped through flight. The majority of the Indians engaged the remaining teamsters in battle, while the remainder, after roping the bell mare, took charge of the herd and galloped away over the hills.

The men in the camp, though much startled, returned the fire of the marauders, but the battle quickly ended when the Indians secured the rich prize they were after. A half-hearted attempt was made to give chase on foot, but its uselessness was apparent and the idea was abandoned.

The *caporal* and his herders were thought to have been killed in the first attack; but anxiety on this score was removed when they ventured forth from their place of refuge. Fortunately, none of the men were hurt, and if casualties occurred among the Indians, the fact was never known. It cost Santleben six hundred dollars to get his train pulled into San Antonio.

Santleben and his trail drivers possessed a fine lot of teams and prairie schooners with which to carry on their work. His experimental trips to and from Chihuahua had netted him handsome returns, and he decided to confine his freight line to that point.

One of the celebrated characters on the Chihuahua Trail, who worked for Santleben at this time, was Olojio Danda, a citizen of Presidio del Norte. He was celebrated, not as a trail driver, but as a great Indian fighter. His reputation was acquired on the trail that passed between Presidio del Norte and Fort Davis, over which marauding bands of Mescalero Apaches and other warlike tribes passed in making raids in the Big Bend and Mexico. Occasionally the Indians fought openly, but their favorite mode of attack was from ambush. The services of such men as Danda were always much in demand in that region, because of their knowledge of Indian warfare, and because their courage was equal to any occasion.

Considerable light is thrown upon internal conditions in Mexico, especially in Chihuahua, in and around 1874, by accounts drawn from the trail drivers of that period. Upon reaching Chihuahua City the teams were quartered at Meson de Messarre. This establishment was a great convenience to travelers and freighters, and similar ones are found in many cities throughout Mexico. Senor Messarre was the owner of this particular meson or hotel. The buildings of the meson formed a large square, and along the walls were arranged stalls,

equipped with cement troughs sufficient for stabling at least six hundred animals. The square inside had sufficient room for trains of heavy wagons. In the center stood the granary, a peculiar stone structure, in the shape of a bottle, with a round tower which resembled the neck. The structure, resembling the silo of the American farmer, was seventy-five feet high and twenty feet in diameter, with steps that wound around the outside to the top, to a platform. The corn was carried up and deposited in an opening at the top. When the tower was full, the opening was sealed with adobe mortar, which made it air-tight. Its capacity was about fifteen thousand bushels, and that quantity could be kept for three years, in perfect condition, without becoming infested with weevils.

A few days after the arrival of the trail driver who related the incident, a large body of friendly Indians came into Chihuahua City to celebrate a recent victory they had gained over one of the tribes to the northeast about fifty miles distant. The authorities of the State of Chihuahua had granted them the privilege of passing through the streets in triumphal procession, for the purpose of displaying the trophies they had won in their foray into the enemies' country.

The wild Indians represented by the Apaches, Comanches, Lipans, Navajos, and other fierce tribes, had proved themselves a great scourge on the northern part of Mexico, where they had materially injured the country. In order to suppress them, Governor Luis Terrazas, of the State of Chihuahua, offered a reward of \$250 for the scalp of every unfriendly Indian. The agreement was that the scalp should be identified by other trophies taken from the enemy, so that no impositions should be practiced. As the dress and ornaments, as well as the bows and arrows, of every tribe were different and could easily be recognized, by those familiar with them, deception could not easily be practiced. These were turned over to the government officials, and, if the evidence was sufficient, the reward was immediately paid.

The friendly Indians on the reservations, influenced by this reward, made a regular business of waging war on the wild

tribes, and would absent themselves from their villages for the purpose of seeking scalps. Frequently their object was accomplished by surprises that resulted in the extermination of whole Indian settlements. The state did not concern itself with their manner of warfare; it approved any method the Indians cared to use.

An enmity had always existed between the peaceful and warlike tribes; and it was easy to arouse the cupidity of the former by offering liberal rewards. By such means, Chihuahua rid itself of a large number of savages, and gave protection to its citizens.

The celebration above referred to was not only approved by the city authorities, but was arranged beforehand by them. The procession entered the city about ten o'clock in the morning, headed by a brass band. The warriors followed on horseback in their war paint, and decked out in all their finery. About fifteen of them carried long poles, to which were secured the scalps of their victims, killed in battle, together with the bows and other trophies necessary to prove their valor. The women and children of the tribe came next on horses, and also in single file. Their oddity and bizarre appearance added much to the effect.

In this same year, August Santleben started for Texas, with his wagons heavily loaded with freight, to which was added a large sum of money. Upon arriving at Mula, about forty miles south of the Rio Grande, where a custom house officer was stationed, Santleben was arrested and his train sequestered upon the suspicion that part of his freight was contraband.

The preliminary circumstances that led up to the arrest of Santleben were connected with the fact that the Mexican government, in order to get rid of copper money that flooded the country, provided for the coinage of five and ten cent pieces, and the mint in Chihuahua was obliged to coin ten percent of its total silver output in coins of such denominations. As the merchants of the city were opposed to retiring the copper money from circulation, because it was the money of the poorer classes, they agreed among themselves that they would

not pay out the small silver coin, which was received in their business transactions. Consequently large sums accumulated on their hands, and when the government learned that it was unpopular, and again made copper the legal tender, they had to dispose of it in some way.

Small change was very scarce in San Antonio at that time, especially five and ten cent pieces, and such denominations readily commanded ten per cent premium. The exorbitant export duties exacted by the government, amounting to ten per cent, prohibited the shipping of the five and ten cent pieces through legitimate channels; therefore, certain persons determined to avoid this duty by smuggling the money across into the United States, in order to take advantage of the excellent market that was offered to them. In this way, the greater part of the holdings were transferred to the United States. A part of the sum, amounting to about \$1,100, was placed in a sack of beans, and shipped with similar freight in one of Santleben's wagons.

Upon arriving at Mula, the officer stationed at that place inspected his freight without discovering the money, and everything was thought to be correct. Santleben was ready to move on when a second inspection was made, and, as the officer acted upon newly received information, the sack of money was found. A courier was dispatched to Presidio del Norte with the information and the whole train was detained until a squadron of mounted custom house guards arrived. Santleben was arrested and held under indictment for smuggling money out of the country. Santleben's defense, however, was sufficient to show that he was innocent of any attempt to defraud the government, and that he had obviously been imposed upon by others who were using his train for illicit purposes. He was honorably acquitted, and the money was confiscated by the government. A few days after his release from custody, he crossed the Rio Grande and passed the United States custom house, after a satisfactory inspection.

He camped the same day beyond the river, and that night was joined by James Clark, who was then in charge of the

American customs house, and a party consisting of his wife, two young ladies, Hi Kelly, and an escort of six men on horseback. The party was traveling in an ambulance, and were out on a pleasure party. Santleben made them welcome at his encampment, and after supper it was decided to have a dance. For this purpose several wagon sheets were spread on the ground inside the corral. Traveling with Santleben was the Loza family, representing several members, and Prof. Manuel Manso and his orchestra troupe. The dance place was illuminated by candles placed on the wagons. Such occasions constituted the social life of the people living in that part of the country at that time.

On one occasion, in the year 1875, Santleben was returning from Chihuahua with a valuable load of freight and \$150,000 in silver coin, when his wagon was attacked.

He was camped near the Rio Grande crossing, after having passed the customs house inspection. The usual precautions were carried out for the protection of the train, and the customary guard was selected to watch over the camp. The mules were grazing on the west side of the canyon, on the mountain slopes, under the watchful care of the *caporal* and his herders, and before the evening shadows closed about them, the only noises that disturbed the silence of the wilderness was the twinkling of the bell-mare.

The calm that enveloped the camp was not broken until some time after Henry Vonflie and his men, who were first on guard, had retired. Santleben, Timps, a young American, and three Mexicans relieved the guard, and were seated outside the corral, near the two wagons which were loaded with money, when a shot was fired near the wagons. Immediately after they heard the tramp of men running over the rocks toward the camp. They realized that an attack was being made on the train and instant preparations were made to meet it. Santleben fired the first few shots a few moments before his companions commenced firing, and their assailants answered with a volley that brought Vonflie and his men to his comrades' assistance. The party was armed with Winchesters, and many shots

were fired on both sides before Santleben and his men drove the assailants away.

The fight lasted but a few minutes, scarcely long enough for the wagon master and his men to drive the herds of mules into the corral before it was over. They were kept there, however, and strict vigilance was observed until morning, as a similar attack was momentarily expected. But nothing else occurred.

Early the next morning the trail drivers visited the position of their foes, where the skirmish was held, with the expectation of finding a few gory corpses. But their valor was poorly rewarded, as not even a drop of blood could be found. Neither could they discover whether their adversaries had suffered the slightest injury from Santleben's storm of lead. Nothing was found save a couple of old hats, a gourd of water, and a few trifles of little value as trophies of their victory.

They afterward learned that the attacking party numbered forty-two cut-throats, who knew that Santleben was carrying a large sum of money. They had arranged to attack Santleben and his eleven men, approaching the camp through the canyon, in two equal parties, one from the east and one from the west. They had planned to make a simultaneous attack on foot, when a signal gun was to be fired by a spy, who was to enter the corral secretly. Their plans were disarranged by the detachment which was to have advanced from the west. This was delayed by coming in contact with the herders guarding the mules which had grazed off in that direction. Fearing detection, they used precautions which prevented them from making an assault on the west side, when the signal shot was fired.

A few months later, several of the men who took part in the skirmish were pointed out to Santleben, but as nothing could be proved against them, it was not safe to molest them during such rough times, and in that part of the country.

As a large sum of money was carried by Santleben, there was the possibility of a second attack being made by the robbers; but, nevertheless, the journey was continued. The great sum of money placed in his care made it necessary for Santleben

to protect his customer's interests. Thereupon, he engaged the services of Capt. Maximo Arranda, with thirty men, to escort his train. General Ord furnished military escort from Fort Davis to Fort Stockton.

At this time the plains and valleys traversed by the head waters of the Texas Concho River and its tributaries, were occupied by droves of buffalo, whose numbers could not be computed with certainty. They seemed to be innumerable, and many times formed into such masses that the trains were compelled to stop until they passed.

In 1876, the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railroad was rushing its track toward San Antonio, from the East. The popular belief was that it would never extend farther west, owing to the fact that the Indians would tear up the track as fast as it was laid. Santleben found the wholesale merchants at Chihuahua rejoicing, however, at the prospect of having a railroad terminus at San Antonio, within 900 miles of them. They thought it possible to cut down expenses and procure quicker transportation of smaller consignments. Freight and custom houses had become serious burdens, as the goods had to be stored in warehouses six or eight months, thus keeping large sums of money lying practically idle.

Santleben made a proposition to these merchants, that if they would bind themselves for ten years to import 72,000 pounds of merchandise monthly, exclusive of heavy machinery, and export all their imports and freight through him, he would start thirty-six small wagons with five mules each; divide these into three trains; load each wagon with 2,000 pounds; and run a thirty day schedule, between San Antonio and Chihuahua. In his proposition, he also provided an insurance clause for merchants, against weather and thieves.

Freight rates from San Antonio to Chihuahua were \$90 per thousand, and from Chihuahua to San Antonio \$50 per thousand on ores, and \$25 on every thousand dollars Mexican money and silver bullion.

The merchants, thereby, agreed to this, providing the contract should become null in event the railroad was completed

to Chihuahua within ten years. Ed Frobbuese was to be Santleben's partner.

Before his plans were perfected, however, word reached Santleben, from Chihuahua, that a railroad was to be built from El Paso to Chihuahua ; and thus died the Santleben transportation company. And soon, too, died the famous Chihuahua Trail, which had opened up access for two countries, ultimately paving the way for the railroads which followed.

CHAPTER XVIII

One of the most interesting products of the Southwest, during its pioneer days, was the Texas Ranger. To tell all that is worth telling about this type of man would about fill a good-sized volume; and all this chapter can hope to do is to confine itself to the subject generally, and relate briefly a few of the adventures of the Texas Ranger, during the interim of 1874 and 1880.

From the days of the Lone Star Republic to the present hour, the history of the State of Texas has been one continuous struggle against savage and semi-savage foes; and it was necessary for the state, during this period, to raise troops to guard against the Indians and to help the authorities in upholding the law.

Prior to 1874, ranger forces were organized only for particular occasions. In this year, however, a more permanent organization was perfected. Gov. Richard Coke was in office at that time, and the Legislature appropriated \$300,000 to protect the border counties, and a suitable police, under the control of the state and Adjutant General Steele, was immediately formed.

The command was known as the Frontier Battalion and consisted of six companies, of seventy-five men each, all under the command of Maj. John B. Jones. Each company was commanded by a captain, two lieutenants, three sergeants, and four corporals. It was soon found that the appropriation would not be sufficient to support the establishment, and reduction in force had to be made from time to time until a company numbered only thirty men or fewer.

The purpose for assembling the rangers was to operate against the Indians who were becoming daily more hostile, and who were continually making advances. It became also neces-

sary to clear out the whole country around the heads of the Nueces and Llano rivers, which had become headquarters for all the desperadoes, outlaws, horse and cattle thieves, and fugitives from justice, in the whole Southwest, and from the East.

The ranger has always elicited much interest and curiosity among those who have not been acquainted with the Southwest. It may be said of the old-time ranger that he was not so handsome as he might be, but was as courageous as a Numidian lion, and tougher than a Mexican burro. His language, perhaps, could not pass in the London drawing room, but he could successfully ride a bronco and kill a Mexican horse thief at five hundred yards. His manners may not have been exactly Chesterfieldian, but this deficiency was more than offset by the aestheticism displayed when he scalped an Indian. He probably was not acquainted with the tariff question, but he could follow a blind trail at a gallop and never miss the way. It is possible that he could never tell the difference between the hypothesis of atomic evolution and a lunar eclipse; but he knew a "rustler" by sight, and could name half the fugitives in Texas.

But underneath his rough exterior the ranger possessed a heart as simple and guileless as a little child's, and a sympathy that was instantly touched by human misery or woe. Perhaps he did not respect the Sabbath with the same zeal as by some of the better citizens, as he cleaned his gun, washed his shirts, and repaired his saddle on that day. But he would share his only dollar with a man in want, and throw his last biscuit to a hungry dog. His salary was meagre and he did not profess to love his country as dearly as a candidate for the Legislature, but he would tackle a bunch of rustlers, nevertheless, single-handed. As a rule, he never saw the inside of a college, but all the same he was the advance courier of civilization, and was instrumental in making life and property safe in Texas.

Half the time the ranger never received credit for his good work, though he always was ready to protect his country from Indians and outlaws. Short-sighted Legislators grumbled when they were called upon to pay him his pittance, and every year

they cut down the appropriation. Penurious tax payers insisted he was a useless burden on the state; but all the time he was returning to them their stolen horses and cattle, and bringing to justice the man who had stolen them on the highway. East Texans entertained the belief that the frontier was too far away for them to need protection during that time, and objected to expense of maintaining the ranger. The ranger knew, if no one else did, however, that it was he who fixed the present boundaries of the frontier, and could well remember when the blood-thirsty Indian and the daring highwayman lurked in the very shadow of the State Capitol.

The ranger was hardly ever out of his saddle. He was the original and only "solitary horseman" who scoured the plains in search of redskins since the dawn of the first dime novel. He might easily be called the beau ideal of Young America's border chivalry.

The ranger could ride harder, fight longer, live rougher, and make less talk about it than anything else that walked on two feet. He wore a sombrero and spurs, and thus accoutred, with a two-dollar government blanket, he would defy alike the rains of summer, and the snows of winter. He generally died with his boots on, and as the state did not furnish rosewood caskets and cemetery lots for her fallen soldiers, his comrades would wrap him in an old blanket, and, thus shrouded, he was laid gently in his grave.

Capt. L. P. Seiker was the veteran of the first battalion of rangers formed. He joined in May, 1874, and served without losing a day, later becoming captain of Company D. His company killed more Indians and rustlers than any other in the service.

One of the best rangers in the country was J. B. Gillett, former city marshal of El Paso. Gillett was a splendid type, little over the medium height, possessing a clear quick-sighted temperament that made him a continual fear to a horse-thief and a warning against any Indian in the country. In all his movements he was quick, nervous, and active; but not powerful as one would associate power with the heavy, overgrown bully of

the prize ring. Yet his hand was the hand of destiny among the outlaws of Southwestern Texas. He dressed in good taste, without pretension. He possessed the marks of a gentleman, and was genial and kind to a degree to all. As some one has said, he seemed to have taken to himself personally the words of St. Paul: "Be all things to all men," in order to catch some.

Gillett never took a drink. He was heard at one time to answer a man, who had invited him to drink with him: "No sir, I never drink. Men like myself, who spend their lives making enemies of the pests of society, must expect to be killed some time, but the man who kills me will never be able to say he killed me drunk."

Gillett joined the service in June, 1875, in Company D, of which Captain Roberts was commander. Those were lively times, and Indians were continually on the war-path, in all parts of the country. The Comanches came down into Texas from the Fort Sill reservation, and kept up continual hostilities in the north; while the Kickapoos and Lipans were a constant menace in the southwestern counties. The two latter bands did not number a total of fifty warriors, yet they kept both the rangers and the national troops constantly on the move. The Apaches were on the west, and the Kiowas on the north and the northwest. Most of these Indians had come from the Santa Rosa Mountains, in Old Mexico, and were outlaws in both republics. Their hostilities were such that Southwest Texas was becoming uninhabitable.

A ranger knew that the only good Indian was a dead one, and they set about to rid the country of them. Gillett's company had three fights with the Comanches, killing six Indians. The next fight was with the Lipans, cousins to the blood-thirsty Mescalero Apaches, who had committed innumerable horrible deeds in the country.

The Lipans had raided a ranch in Menard County, killed three girls and a boy, and made their escape. Capt. D. W. Roberts, Company D, with a detachment of five rangers, including J. B. Gillett, while scouting on Saline Creek, ran into this band, numbering nine bucks and a squaw. There ensued a

short fight of rifles against wooden bows, of belted rangers against blanket-swaddled Lipans, and the five rangers dismounted to claim the spoils of war.

For several years after the fight, when a traveler passed by the spot, there could be seen a skull stuck on a mesquite limb, grinning one perpetual ghastly grin at the passerby; until an attorney, en route to Junction City, took down the gruesome relic for the purpose, as he stated, of making a drinking cup of it.

J. B. Gillett took one of the scalps, and covered his revolver holster with it. Afterwards, in bending over a frying pan at breakfast, he trailed the end hair in the gravy, whereupon Lieut. N. O. Reynolds applied a torch to the greasy locks, and in an instant nothing was left but the bald skin.

"Wah!" said a woolly ranger, as he sniffed the burnt hair, "you have spoilt my appetite."

Every company of rangers had one or more fights with the Indians during the first year of the existence of the battalion. Thus, the ranger system was a success from its inception, and from it have sprung the most celebrated mounted police in the world. In the first seven years of its organization it had aided the regular army in ridding the country of practically every Indian that infested the frontier of Texas.

The rangers were then called upon to rid the state of cattle and horse thieves, bands of outlaws, train and bank robbers.

In 1876, Major Jones, commandant of the battalion, conceived the idea of forming an escort company. It consisted of thirty men, led by a captain with sergeants and corporals.

J. B. Gillett was one of the rangers selected by Major Jones, to become a member of the escort company. Gillett was one of the youngest of the rangers, lacking two months of being twenty years old at the time. The escort, like Napoleon's old guard, camped around the major at night and marched with him by day.

When fully equipped, the escort company was composed of one captain and thirty men, including sergeants and corporals. Two four-mule wagons hauled the camp equipage, supplies for

the men, and forage for the horses. The command was divided into three messes, of ten men each. To each mess was assigned two pack mules to be used when on Indian trails. When on the line of march, the Major, with the battalion surgeon, Dr. Nicholson, moved in front; then came the company, marching in double file; after which came the Major's light two mule wagons, and the four mule wagons trailed behind. At roll call each morning, the guard, consisting of a non-commissioned officer and ten men, was announced for the fourteen hours.

An advance guard of two men preceded the command about a mile, and two men, known as flankers, were deployed on either side of the column, while the sergeant or corporal, with the remainder of the men, formed the rear guard, and brought up the pack train. Thus it was impossible for the Indians to take the command by surprise.

The flankers were allowed to hunt, and in this manner the command was well supplied with fresh meat. It was no unusual thing to see buffalo meat, venison and wild turkeys hanging in camp.

Neither were the rangers deprived of some kind of music—without which Sousa has declared there can be no marching to glory. With the command was a fine violinist, a banjo picker, and a guitar player. There also was a quartet of singers, and after a long day's march the musicians would get out their instruments, and by the dim camp fire there would fill the night the lilt of song, music, and story.

As the country was becoming almost as thickly infested with desperadoes as it had been with Indians, it was necessary for the rangers to work quickly. The rangers captured the noted desperado and murderer, John Wesley Harden. They broke up the "Peg Leg" gang of stage robbers, in Menard County, and killed or captured the "Jesse Evans" gang, of "Lincoln County War" notoriety. Jesse Evans was a member of the notorious "Billy the Kid's" gang for years, and participated in all the battles of the cowmen in Lincoln County. Of the other bands rounded up by the rangers, can be mentioned the "Dick Tutts" gang, of Travis County; the "Bill Redding"

gang, of Llano County; the "Taylor" gang, in Lampasas County; the "King Fisher" gang, in Maverick County; the "Bone Wilson" gang, in Erath County, and hundreds of individual operators.

One of the men the rangers had to contend with was Scott Cooley, the head of a gang of desperadoes. Cooley himself had once been a ranger, but had killed a man while in the service, and had deserted. After remaining in concealment for some time, he got together a band of men as desperate as himself and set up in business as a cattle stealer. His depredations were principally among the Germans. It is said that he killed no less than twenty men. Once in Fredericksburg, he killed a German deputy sheriff, scalped him, and, with the gory trophy in his hand, paraded the streets. He would enter a saloon, throw down the scalp and demand drinks for the party, which were always forthcoming. After remaining in the town all day he left, and a party was raised to follow him. He killed several of his pursuers, put the rest to flight, and rode leisurely off.

In Socorro, New Mexico, on Christmas Eve, a church festival was held. Mr. Conklin, editor of the *Sun*, was chairman of the occasion. Two young Mexicans, named Baca, were making themselves too noisy in the room, and Conklin expelled them. One of them, a man of about twenty-three, lay in waiting for Conklin, after the entertainment. Conklin was with his wife, and, while one of the Mexicans jerked her away from her husband, the other one shot the editor dead. He fell in front of the church door, and the whole town was aroused. Although everything was done to intercept the Mexicans, they succeeded in getting away.

A short time after the occurrence, Sergt. J. B. Gillett, of the rangers, noticed a Mexican, who was frequenting Ysleta in a mysterious manner; whereupon, Gillett wrote to Socorro for a description of the Baca brothers. When he received the description, he recognized that the mysterious stranger was one of them, and had him arrested and delivered over to the New Mexico authorities.

But it happened that the one arrested had not done the shooting, the principal man was yet at large. After a while, Gillett learned that he was clerking in a store at Saragossa, Mexico, a small town about fifteen miles south of Juarez. Gillett decided to go over to the town and capture the murderer without waiting for extradition papers.

Thereupon he armed himself, mounted his horse, and accompanied by George Lloyd, a corporal in his company, crossed the Rio Grande. Without arousing suspicion, he reached Saragossa and the store. Leaving his horse in the shelter, with Lloyd as guard, Gillett, unobserved, rushed into the store. Baca was behind the counter, and, before he could make a move, the ranger had him "covered." The Mexican surrendered at once; and Gillett, placing his prisoner on the horse behind Lloyd, started for the river.

The people of the town immediately pursued Gillett, who had four miles to gain before reaching the Rio Grande. His speed was hampered, owing to having to change the prisoner back and forth from his horse to Lloyd's, in order to avoid tiring out their mounts. The Mexicans fired a few shots, but were afraid of killing Baca, and, therefore, did very little shooting. Gillett was afraid of the Mexican government, and lost no time in getting his prisoner into New Mexico. The night following the arrest, the prisoner was turned over to the sheriff of Socorro County; and the next day he was lynched by the citizens of the town.

Baca was the nephew of the Judge of the Probate Court of El Paso. The judge became irate, and went to Chihuahua, where he had the governor of that state place a price upon Gillett's head. For a time, he was valued at \$1,500; consequently he stayed on the American side.

Gillett then entered into correspondence with Secretary Blaine, who wrote a long letter to Governor Roberts, of Texas, claiming that the capture was a breach of international comity. It seemed for awhile that Gillett would be turned over to Mexico, but the feeling aroused by the occurrence gradually died out. Afterwards Gillett stated to friends that he regretted

his action, although it was one of those wrongs that make a right.

In the spring of 1880, information was received at Austin, that a lawless band of characters were operating south of Fort Davis, in the Chinati Mountains, where there were no rangers to keep guard. Major John B. Jones ordered Sergeant Seiker to take four men and one Mexican guide, and repair to the scene. The men included Sam Henry, Tom Carson, R. R. Russell, L. B. Carruthers, Red Bingham, and a Mexican. At Fort Davis, Sergeant Seiker learned that the most daring of the desperadoes were four in number, one of whom was Jesse Evans, from New Mexico, a ring leader of the notorious "Billy the Kid" gang. This band of robbers would terrorize the citizens of Fort Davis, and would rob stores in open daylight, daring anyone to resist them. A heavy reward had been offered for their capture.

The rangers learned through a negro named Louis, who occupied a neutral position between the two parties, that the outlaws' stronghold was in the Chinati Mountains. He also told the desperadoes that the rangers were after them. Believing the negro was wholly on their side, the outlaws told him if only four rangers came to hunt for them, he need put himself in no trouble to warn them, but to keep them posted in regard to a larger force.

Leaving Fort Davis, the rangers rode southwest about eighty miles. On a little creek in the Chinati range, while hunting for trails, they discovered four men on horseback above them on the mountainside. As this corresponded to the number of men they were hunting, Seiker and his men turned and went toward them. The outlaws, for such they were, turned and fled, but soon commenced firing upon the rangers, who were in close pursuit. This settled their identity, and Sergeant Seiker and his men put their horses to the utmost speed to overhaul them, firing as they rode.

The chase lasted for two miles, when the outlaws came to a mountain which was flat on top, but on the opposite side was a ledge of rock, four feet in height, which ran around the cir-

cle of the mountain. Across its flat crest raced the outlaws, down the ledge to near the base, and there dismounted, tied their horses, and came back to the ledge, where they took a position behind it to fight the rangers. When Sergeant Seiker and his men arrived at the mountain and discovered the position of the desperadoes, they went up near the crest, dismounted, tied their horses and advanced to the assault on foot. The Mexican had been left behind with the pack mules. The rangers deployed as they went, but soon were fired upon, and a desperate charge was made across the open ground, in which Bingham was killed. His comrades were charging straight ahead, firing rapidly with their rifles, and did not notice him fall. The bullets flew so thick along the rim of the ledge that it was death to an outlaw to get his face above it.

One of the outlaws, George Graham, was not quick enough, and while giving a swift look over the ledge, was fired upon by Sergeant Seiker. For an instant the outlaw ducked his head, then raised it quickly again. This time he received a bullet between the eyes. Finding that it was a losing fight, the other outlaws begged for their lives by throwing down their arms.

This all happened in so short a time that it was not yet discovered that Bingham was killed. When it was found out, Seiker's men were wild with anger, and wanted to kill the outlaw prisoners. This they were prevented from doing, as the outlaws had surrendered their arms and were defenseless.

Then came the sad duty of burying a comrade. This consumed several hours' time, as the rangers had nothing to dig with except their Bowie knives. After showing their dead comrade all the honor in their power, they tied the prisoners upon the captured horses, mounted their own, and rode rapidly to Fort Davis, where the captives were placed in jail.

The jail at Fort Davis was of Mexican model, and was little less than a dungeon. The main building was a square, adobe structure, with the rooms in the center and doors opening on the outside into the courtyard. The jail was in one corner of the building, and blasted out of the solid rock to a proper depth,

and then covered over the top by strong timbers securely fastened. The egress was a trap door. No light was there. And into this place of utter darkness the captured outlaws were placed.

Considering the disadvantage under which Seiker's rangers charged across the open ground upon the sheltered position of the desperate outlaws armed with the best repeating guns, and the numbers nearly equal, coupled with the rapidity with which they made themselves masters of the situation, the fight was said to have had but few equals in any warfare waged by the rangers upon outlaws and Indians.

Thus the Texas rangers have made it possible once more for the citizens of Fort Stockton and Fort Davis to breathe with ease. They greatly rejoiced at the changes which had been brought about by the capture of some of the most deadly outlaws in the Southwest. Before that, they had been afraid to open their mouths in condemnation of the lawless acts that were constantly being perpetrated upon the least provocation. The five hundred dollar reward which they had offered for the apprehension of the outlaws was cheerfully given to the rangers.

Such service as this was expected of the rangers without any compensation to them except their monthly pay, and it was not for any reward, but their sense of duty, that caused them to apprehend the bandits and capture them. The reward was given out of the free will of merchants and stockmen, who were elated over the fact that their country was safe; and the money was accepted in the same spirit, by the rangers, who had been the means of rendering the country safe.

There were six ranger companies in all at the outset of the organization, under the command of Maj. John B. Jones. In 1882, the companies were stationed as follows: A Company, Capt. G. W. Baylor, commanding, at El Paso; B Company, Capt. S. A. McMurray, at Colorado City; C Company, Capt. George Arrington, on Red River, in the Panhandle; D Company, Capt. L. P. Seiker, Uvalde; E Company, Capt. C. L. Nevill, near Fort Davis; F Company, Capt. T. L. Ogelsby,

Oaka, on the Neuces. Three of the companies, A, C and E, were in the Indian country, where they were continually battling with the hostile redskins. The other three companies were on special duty—B Company was protecting the Texas and Pacific Railroad from train robbers, a squad of men riding on every train; D Company was protecting, in like manner, the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railway extension; and F Company did fugitive work.

At the beginning of the ranger organization, Capt. Neal Coldwell, formerly referred to in another chapter, who was born in Dade County, Missouri, in May, 1844, was appointed captain of Company F, with Pat Dolan—later a ranger captain—as first lieutenant, F. C. Nelson as second, and with seventy-five enlisted men. Later, it became necessary to reduce the ranger force, and Captain Coldwell's company was cut down to forty men, with the three lieutenants eliminated. Afterwards Major Jones allowed one lieutenant, however, and W. K. Jones, later judge of Val Verde County, was appointed. He was brother of the ranger captain, Frank Jones, who was killed in El Paso County.

It is impossible to give even a synopsis of the innumerable deeds of daring performed by the rangers, since the organization of the frontier battalion. If the history of the service is ever written it will be a good-sized volume. The compensation for their brave work was not what could be termed handsome. Until 1879, privates received \$40.00 per month; corporals, \$40.00; sergeants, \$50.00; lieutenants, \$75.00; and captains, \$100.00. This was exclusive of subsistence for themselves and forage for their horses. The men had to furnish their own arms, ammunition, horses, and clothing. A little later the pay of a private was reduced to \$30.00 a month, and that of corporals to \$35.00. Eastern Texas, which contained the bulk of the population of the state, needed no ranger protection and the members of the Legislature from that section were always opposed to the service, and were ready to advocate its disbandment. In 1876, the Legislature appropriated \$300,000 for the frontier protection. In 1878, it appropriated \$180,-

ooo, and in 1880, \$140,000. Each of these appropriations went to pay the expense of maintaining the service for two years.

So much good did the ranger service do on the frontier, in ridding the state of predatory bands of Indians, that Congressman Upson, from the Bexar District, successfully introduced a bill in Congress to refund the State of Texas out of the National treasury, the sum of \$1,000,000, which was expended in fitting out the ranger expeditions against the Indians and bandits.

The ranger commands of revolutionists struggling for the freedom of Texas were composed of those heroic spirits who made a choice between liberty or death, and Mexican thralldom. They valiantly accepted the former alternative and achieved liberty; but many met death in a horrible form, bravely facing the foe, as did Crockett and his courageous band in the Alamo. The rangers made for themselves an undying record for heroism and courage. No better troops ever faced an enemy. Following the Civil War, the great natural resources of the Southwest began to attract the attention of immigrants, and capital sought investment in the Lone Star State, and the legislative power of the state wisely encouraged both. Eastern Texas, rich in timbered and farming lands, was soon thickly settled by the eager horde of restless fortune-seekers, and the advance guard pushed west to the great plains. Little settlements and isolated ranches sprang up along the river and creek bottoms, and in the fertile canyons wherever water could be found.

These pioneers had one great enemy to contend against, an enemy, pitiless, bloodthirsty, and cunning. Not the poor Indian of poetry and of romance, but the greasy savage of the plains, the Indian of real life. And it was the ranger who exterminated this enemy, and made the Southwest safe for its pioneers.

But in recounting his own deeds, the ranger was invariably modest. He never talked unless pressed to do so. However, about the campfire, in the midst of his companions, he would brush up his recollection of perilous adventures and reckless daring. The service had a fascination for him which he found

difficult to overcome, and it was said that once a ranger always a ranger—at heart.

Is it any wonder that he was thus reckless, or that the stock of his carbine was so notched with the tally of his dead? Sometimes they were literally born in the service. As an illustration, one of the famous rangers, during the period which we have been reviewing, inherited his fondness for the service from his father and grandfather. The latter was a ranger when Texas was a Mexican province, and died beside Crockett in the Alamo. His father sprang to the defense of the Stars and Bars, at the head of a company of "rough-riders," and the morning sun kissed his dead face, upturned to the sky on Chickamauga's field.

Living in the midst of danger, it was not long, however, for any man, even though he did not inherit the qualities of a ranger, to become the hero of daring adventures. The deeds of bravery of rangers were of such countless numbers that history will fail to know even the most prominent. Conscientiously doing his duty and daring all danger, he broke the way for the onward march of civilization, which continually rolled toward the land of the setting sun. When the deadly arrow of the redman or the equally deadly bullet of the outlaw put out the light of his brave, young life, his comrades raised the lifeless body with tender hands, and—

On the rocky banks of the Pecos .

They will lay him down to rest,
With his knapsack for a pillow,
And his gun across his breast.

CHAPTER XIX

In April, 1879, Victorio fled from the Mescalero Apache reservation, near Fort Stanton, New Mexico, and with thirty braves took the war path in a campaign against the settlers in the Big Bend and against the Mexicans in Northern Chihuahua.

The cause of this outbreak was directly traceable to Victorio's stubbornness and rebellion in being removed from one reservation to another. First, the Chiricahua Apaches, of whom he was chief, were removed from the Ojo Caliente reservation to the San Carlos Mescalero Apache reservation against their wishes. Victorio had twice fled from this reservation, and both times was driven back by troops. After escaping from the Fort Stanton reservation, he was joined by one hundred and fifty kinsman warriors, from the Ojo Caliente reservation.

Troops were at once sent against them, and they were forced to flee into Mexico, swinging around south of El Paso and crossing into Texas about forty miles below Fort Quitman.

At this juncture, Troop A, 10th Cavalry, commanded by Captain Nicholas Nolan, which had been stationed successively at Eagle Springs, Van Horn Wells, Fort Quitman, Fort Elliot, and Fort Davis, was ordered into the field against the Victorio band. Other troops, in the meantime, were being mustered into service to go to their assistance.

Colonel George W. Baylor, commanding the Texas Rangers, drove the Indians back into Mexico, after which Victorio returned to New Mexico, where he found Lieutenant Colonel N. A. M. Dudley, with a battalion of the 9th Cavalry, waiting for him near the border.

The Texans were congratulating themselves that they were rid of the Indians for a while, when late one afternoon the Fort Davis-El Paso stage coach drove into Fort Quitman with the driver and a dead passenger, General Byrne. It was then

learned that Victorio, baffled upon meeting Colonel Dudley's battalion, had turned again into Texas to resume his hostilities there.

Colonel Grierson was stationed at Eagle Springs with a considerable force of cavalry. A stage arriving from Fort Davis had reported the wires cut and poles chopped down, indicating that the bulk of the Indians had crossed the road there. Colonel Grierson, with his full command, was sent to meet the Indians, leaving only a small troop to guard Eagle Springs. It was further reported that the Indians were going west, and the nearest water was at Fresno Springs, in the direction they were headed. Colonel Grierson decided to beat them to the springs. To accomplish this, he took a short cut, rather than follow the Indians' trail.

After a hard ride, the command reached Fresno Springs about midnight, and surrounded the springs on all sides. In this position, without supper or breakfast, they then quietly waited. The next morning about eleven o'clock, the Indians were sighted coming into the trap set by Colonel Grierson. Unfortunately, just before they reached the trap, a wagon train came in sight. Simultaneously with the troops, the Indians saw it, and proceeded to attack. And the command was compelled to go to the assistance of the train, thus giving the Indians time to retrace their steps into Mexico.

Colonel Grierson decided to make another effort to head Victorio off, by reaching the Rio Grande before the Indians could recross. The command had dinner, and then took up the march, riding until dark. After supper, Colonel Grierson ordered Lieutenant Flipper and a detachment to proceed in a southerly direction nearly at right angles to the route the command had been following, in an effort to cut the trail of the Indians. It was supposed at first that they had doubled back over their trail of the day before, but scouts had been unable to find any trace of them.

Lieutenant Flipper had marched scarcely two miles before fresh signs revealed the fact that the Indians had but recently passed. A courier notified Colonel Grierson, and he also swung

into the trail and followed so closely upon the heels of the Indians that they were seen on the other side of the river. There was nothing to do but wait until the Indians attempted another attack. Troop A returned to its station at Fort Quitman, and the other troops were placed in advantageous positions, while a picket under Lieutenant Charles G. Ayers was placed at Ojo Caliente, some forty miles below Fort Quitman, to watch the river. The Indians presumably had decided to wait awhile before resuming their hostilities.

Their next attack was upon a little band of brave Mexicans, which resulted in a horrible massacre. In November, 1879, Victorio, finding that New Mexico was growing too warm on account of the United States soldiers and cowboys, came down into Mexico to take a rest. At that time the United States had no agreement with Mexico allowing troops to cross the boundary between the two republics in pursuit of hostile Indians. Thus all the blood-thirsty thieving Apaches had to do, when the United States soldiers pursued them, was to cross into Mexico. When the Mexicans pursued them, they fled into Texas, New Mexico, or Arizona, keeping up a continual will o' the wisp flight. This was a most unfortunate state of affairs, for some of the best and bravest men lost their lives before an agreement was reached allowing the troops of either country to cross the boundary at will.

Victorio knew every foot of the country, where to find wood, water, grass, and game. So he took his time and came from New Mexico down into Chihuahua, stopping first at the Santa Maria, a stream which furnished plenty of water and grass. There he took refuge in the rough mountains south of Lake Hueco to ward off an attack from the Mexicans. But as the country thereabouts was thinly settled at that time, there was little fear of danger.

Gradually he moved his warriors down to the Candelaria Mountains, to procure new range and to be nearer to the settlement of San Jose, owned by Don Marino Samaniego. Also, he could watch the public road between the City of Chihuahua and El Paso del Norte, the present Juarez.

It was here that one of the saddest and most frightful massacres of the early days was perpetrated. Victorio was at the large tank, or reservoir, on the north side of the Candelaria Mountains, where he had fine range for his stock, with plenty of wood and game. Located among the almost inaccessible mountains, for twenty or thirty miles in any direction he had everything in plain view and could see every movement made by travelers or bodies of men.

A report had been sent to the neighboring Mexicans that the Indians were near; and a company of the principal Mexicans of Carrizal, fifteen in number, under the command of Don Jose Rodriguez, left to locate the enemy.

The band of Mexicans proceeded to the north side of the Candelaria Mountains and struck the trail of Victorio's band on an old beaten route which passed from the Santa Maria River to the big tank on the northern slope of the mountains. The trail led up a canyon, passed between two rocky peaks, down the side of the hills to the plain, thence to the big tank. Old Victorio, who was a natural soldier, knew that the Mexicans would never come up on the Candelaria Mountains after seeing the size of his trail. From his position on the tall peaks he had seen the little body of men long before they struck his trail, and had sent forty or fifty of his warriors down to form an ambuscade where the trail crossed the crest between the two peaks. He perhaps was with the men himself, as the attack was most skillfully planned and executed. The Indians hid in the rocks on the north side of the trail where there were a few big boulders, and when the Mexicans got between them, the Indians fired a volley. Naturally, the Mexicans made for the cover of the rocks on the south.

The Mexicans passed into the fearful death trap laid for them, and there was no hope of escape or rescue. One of the Mexicans had made his way into a crevice, and from his position could have shot any one coming at him from east or west. He was hidden to one group of Indians, but his legs were exposed to another group, who literally shot them off, up to the knees. The horses, in their struggles after being shot, had

rolled down the deep canyon on the east, breaking their lariats, and not stopping until they had reached the bottom of what was called later the Canada del Muerte (canyon of death). This massacre occurred on the seventh day of November, 1879.

When the company did not return, there was great sorrow and alarm at Carrizal, for it was supposed that only a small band of Indians, bent primarily on horse stealing, was hiding in the Candelarias. So another company of fourteen men volunteered to go and see what had become of their friends and kindred.

When this second band failed to return, the citizens of Carrizal petitioned Paso del Norte for assistance, and George W. Baylor proffered the services of his company of rangers. Soon one hundred and ten mounted, well armed men were on the trail leading to Canada del Muerte.

Colonel Baylor was selected by Senor Ramos to command the entire force, on account of his experience as a soldier, and as a compliment to the rangers. Baylor did not accept, however, giving as his reason that the campaign was on Mexican soil, and to rescue or bury Mexicans, it would be proper to appoint one of their own men, under whom the rangers would be glad to serve. Thereupon Don Francisco Escajeda, of Guadalupe, was chosen as commander in chief, and Baylor made second in command.

The command rode out on the sand road beyond Samalayucca and sent spies ahead to locate the Apaches, if possible. Before they reached the Candelarias, they halted behind some mountains to await the report of the spies. They could learn nothing, however, and returned without any special discoveries. It was bitter cold night, and a few of the party made fires in the deep arroyos. But they could not linger around the blaze, as every minute counted.

Moving on towards the mountains north of the Candelarias, they reached there early the next morning, and there found a large fresh trail, two days old, going in the direction of Lake Santa Maria. For fear of some trick, the command divided, some taking the crest, south of the trail where the massacre

took place, and the others going to the right. It was soon evident, however, that the entire band of Indians had left, and nothing remained for Escajeda and Baylor to do but the sad duty of collecting the bodies of the massacred Mexicans for burial.

The dead bodies were scattered about, none very far from where the attack had commenced. It was evident that the last party had found the bodies of their kinsmen and had collected and placed them in a big crevice in the rocks. But just as they had begun to cover the bodies with loose stones, the Indians, who were stealthily watching them all the time, opened fire on the Mexicans and exterminated the entire party.

It was a sad scene when a Mexican in the third scouting party made the discovery of a dead brother or kinsman. There was not a dry eye among either Mexicans or Texans, and for one time a bond of friendship, created by sympathy, was linked between the two races.

The bodies having all been recovered except two, they were buried in the crevice of the mountains where the massacre occurred. All were in perfect state of preservation, owing to the pure cold air of the mountain. These men had lain on the ground for nearly two weeks, and not a sign of decomposition had taken place. Neither had wild animals nor birds of prey touched the bodies, and it is said to be a strange fact that no wild animal or bird of prey will ever touch the body of a Mexican. If they had been Indians, negroes, or whites, the coyotes, buzzards, and carrion crows would have eaten them the first day and night.

On the 5th day of October, 1879, Colonel George W. Baylor received a note from Captain Gregorio Garcia, of San Elizario, stating that fifteen Apache Indians had been seen by some Mexicans who were cutting hay fourteen or fifteen miles back of La Quadrilla, for the stage company. The Indians had attacked the men, five in number, and it was thought that all but one had been killed.

Colonel Baylor with his command left at midnight; and after a hasty breakfast on the river, five miles below Qua-



Stockton Building—Rooney Building
Pecos Co. Jail

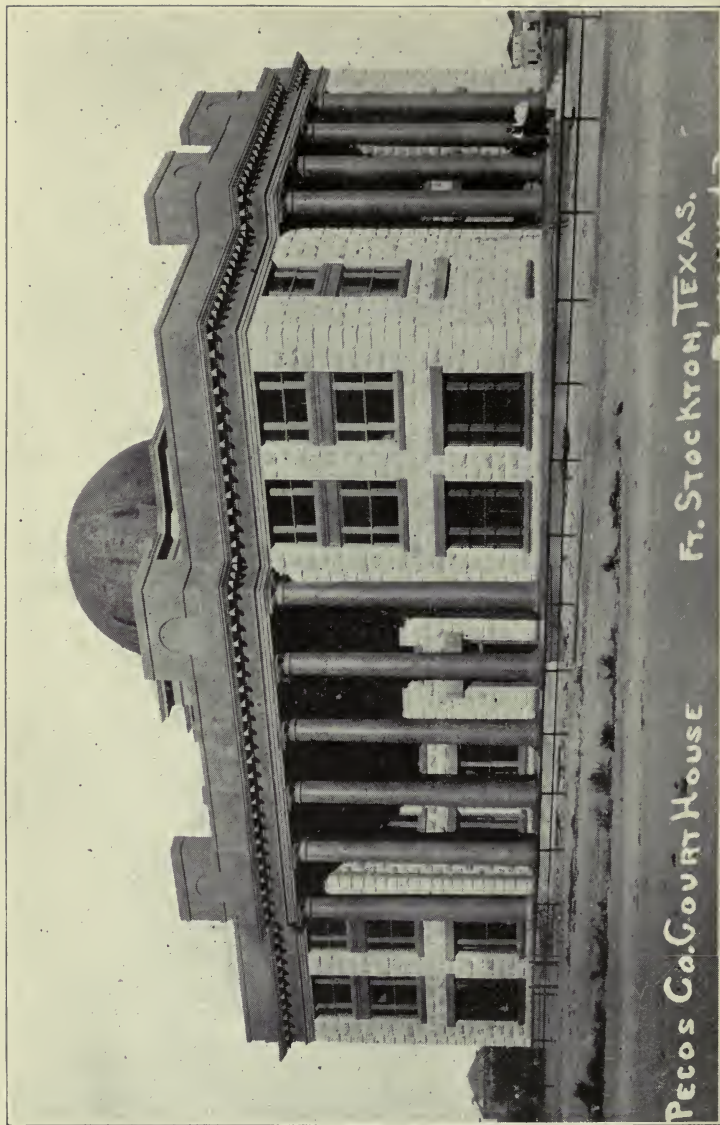


First Nat'l Bank Building
FORT STOCKTON SCENES



Stockton School
Canal Double Bridges





PECOS Co. COURT HOUSE

FT. STOCKTON, TEXAS.

drilla, started with a guide to the point where they suspected the Indians had gone.

Going in a southerly direction in single file from Las Cornuvas, they crossed the Rio Grande, opposite Guadalupe. Colonel Baylor had no hesitation in crossing the river, as he hoped to find the Indians within a short space. His calculations were not correct, however, for the Indians had just passed the edge of the trail which Baylor was taking, and had made straight for the nearest town where they had killed a mare.

Colonel Baylor halted and sent word by Captain Garcia and Martin Alarcan, to the President of Guadalupe, as to their movements. Taking advantage of the halt, the rangers took their dinner, and gave the animals a chance to rest.

Upon his return, Captain Garcia reported that the President was not only very much pleased that they had crossed but would join the rangers with all the men he could muster. About this time, a courier from Don Romana Arranda's ranch brought word that the Indians had killed the herder of the ranch, and had taken six mules of the stage company and five of the ranch horses.

The command immediately started for the ranch, which they reached at sunset, after traveling seventy-eight miles since eleven o'clock the night before. They were joined at the ranch by a party of Mexicans, under command of Captain Francisco Escajeda. The Mexican party numbered twenty-three men; Arranda and his son also joined the party, and Colonel Baylor then took the road to Lucero. The Mexican allies had discovered the trail, which led off south along the pass of the Armagora Mountains, in the Sierras Ventanos; and at eleven o'clock in the morning, they arrived at the mouth of the Canyon Maranas, an ugly hole cut in the mountains, looking grim and defiant enough without the aid of the Apache warriors.

Obviously, the Indians had laid a trap for the command; and, dismounting, Colonel Baylor left fifteen of his men in the joint company to guard, began to scale the mountains on the south side of the canyon. As soon as the Indians discovered they did not intend to enter the mouth of the canyon where

they had posted themselves in the high cliffs on either side, they opened fire on Baylor, his men, and horses, that were unfortunately in an open plain and in good range.

The Mexican allies soon got possession of a high rocky point in full view of the Indian camp and horses, which they kept hot with bullets. The Indians in turn kept up a steady fire, and were evidently armed with heavy rifled needle guns. Although some of the enemy were six hundred yards off, the accuracy of their fire was such that by the time the smoke arose from the gun, a bullet would strike just below the crest of the mountain, and whiz over the heads of the Americans and Mexicans.

Having left two of his men with his horses, and taking only eight with him, as the Mexicans had gone to the left, Colonel Baylor advanced along the slope of the mountain in the rear of where the Indians were in the rocks. The first shot on his small party was one from an Indian not more than twenty-five yards distant. Sergeant J. B. Gillett returned the fire, and undoubtedly mortally wounded the Indian, as he did not appear again, and was heard groaning for hours. The Indian had fired two shots at Gillett, one knocking the palmetto in his face and the other cutting the rim of his hat.

The Indians then began firing on the party in full force, but as Baylor had instructed his men not to fire unless they saw an Indian, they did nothing but watch the flash of their guns as the smoke came from the pile of rocks. As Baylor and his men were protected mainly by Spanish dagger plants, they fell back fifty yards to good rocks, so as to be on equal footing with the Indians. The enemy, however, did not show themselves again, but left the ground and fell back six hundred yards, to their horses.

Baylor then joined the Mexican allies, and kept up a fire until sunset; but after finding that they could not dislodge the enemy, the allies ceased firing, after having killed only three Indians, and crippled several.

Thereupon Colonel Baylor and his men returned to their horses, the Indians still firing upon them. It would have been

possible to have charged against the enemy, but the men and horses were tired and thirsty, and Colonel Baylor turned toward the Arranda ranch, where his men and animals were refreshed with food, water, and rest.

Following this incident, Captain Coldwell was ordered by General Jones to Ysleta to inspect the company of Captain Baylor. Nothing of particular interest occurred on the trip to Ysleta, and after spending several days there attending to business, Coldwell started on the return trip to Fort Davis.

At Fort Quitman, news was received that the Mexican forces had fought Victorio and his band, making a stand-off affair, and had gone back to Chihuahua; also that after the fight, Victoria had crossed the Rio Grande, and was then in Texas.

With Victorio near, Captain Coldwell knew that the trip back to Fort Davis was fraught with grave danger. With him in the mail jerky was one negro soldier, a boy named Graham on his way to Fort Davis to act as hostler, and the driver. It was thought that the Indians might attempt an attack in Quitman Canyon.

They expected to meet the buckboard, another vehicle used on the mail route, at the Eighteen-mile Water-hole, where a short halt was to be made to get water. About evening, five men were seen on large horses, who at a distance had the appearance of United States soldiers, on account of the horses. One approached within a short distance of the jerky and went back. Coldwell felt relieved, thinking that the country was being well patrolled by the regular troops.

About dusk the waterhole was reached, but Baker, the driver of the buckboard, and his vehicle were not there. This naturally caused some uneasiness. Captain Coldwell stated that they would continue their journey, and thereupon alighted to fill a vessel with water from the spring.

One startling fact, which the captain and his party were not cognizant of, was that on this very day a battle had been fought with Victorio's band within a few hundred yards of this waterhole, in a little canyon just back of it. A squad of the

10th Cavalry had been routed by the Indians, with the loss of five or six men and horses.

The dead horses were lying almost in view of the road, and what had been taken for American soldiers had been Victorio's scouts, mounted on the United States cavalry horses, which they had captured. It had been agreed by the party in the hack that if the Indians came upon them that the driver would give his gun to the Graham boy, and let the team run in the road. Captain Coldwell and the negro soldier were to fight the Indians as they rode, unless a mule was killed; and, in such an event, the four were to stand and fight to the best advantage.

Had they known what was ahead, the situation would have seemed desperate. Also the non-appearance of Baker with the buckboard was ominous. After leaving the waterhole, the mules went at a lively rate for three miles, and then shied at something by the road. It was the buckboard with one mule dead, and the other gone. Beside it lay two men, dead, the driver, Baker, and a passenger. They evidently had been killed about sundown, as they should have been at the waterhole at the time the other vehicle was there. No doubt they ran and fought the Indians until one mule was killed, and then died beside the buckboard.

Very little time was taken by Captain Coldwell and his party to look around, as the situation was grewsomely appalling. The driver slowed down his team. The captain sat with his rifle in hand, admonishing the men to keep cool, and have their guns in readiness. Close watch was kept on both sides of the road. Fortune favored them, however, and they arrived safely at Eagle Springs.

In November, 1880, Colonel Baylor and twenty Texas rangers joined Colonel Juakin Terrazas, in running down Victorio. After recrossing into Mexico, the old chief sent his younger braves on an expedition, while he remained in camp with his older warriors, women, and children. As a camping place, he had chosen the mountains of Tres Castillos, in Northern Chihuahua.

In the meantime, while Colonel Grierson, with his command

of United States regulars, were chasing the younger warriors, the Mexican authorities had sent Colonel Terrazas, commanding a thousand Mexican regulars, to join forces with Lieutenant Parker, commanding sixty-eight Chiricahua scouts, Lieutenant Manney, with a detachment of twenty negro troopers, and Colonel Baylor, commanding twenty Texas rangers.

After following the trail of Victorio for several days, the pursuers succeeded in locating him in the Tres Castillos. But the Mexicans became uneasy and refused to go farther, until the American commands should turn back. In explanation, they said that the Chiricahua scouts were relatives of Victorio, and would prove treacherous.

Although anxious to participate in the extermination of the renegade Apaches, the Americans were forced to turn back upon the announcement made by Colonel Terrazas that he had orders not to allow the American troops to remain upon Mexican soil.

Twenty-four hours later a messenger carried word to the retiring Americans that Terrazas had fought and defeated Victorio.

Victorio was killed by a Tarahumar Indian, by name Mauricio, whom the State of Chihuahua rewarded with a fancy nickeled rifle. This same Mauricio is said to have killed Captain Emmet Crawford, who had gone into Chihuahua, under treaty with Mexico, in pursuit of Chief Ju.

Victorio has often been called a Mescalero Apache, but he was a Chiricahua Apache, although many of his warriors were Mescaleros. He always avoided battle when his women and children were with him, but accompanied by his men, he committed some of the most frightful crimes ever perpetrated by Western Indians. During his most successful encounters, he was strong and virile, even though he was past fifty. His extermination rid the border of its deadliest and fiercest enemy.

After Victorio was killed, the remainder of the band scattered. A few small parties recrossed the Rio Grande and were met by United States soldiers, where most of them were killed or captured. One remnant of the band, however, reached the

Diablo Mountains, which they gained by a circuitous route, crossing the Rio Grande into Mexico and recrossing into Texas between Eagle Springs and Quitman Canyon.

Colonel Baylor and Captain Charles Nevill joined forces. With twenty-five men they struck the trail of the fleeing Indians, which they followed for five days with but little food and nothing but melted snow to drink. One night they camped two miles from where the Indians had established themselves, and early the next morning took the enemy by surprise. The fight lasted only a short time, but was decisive, crowning the rangers with complete success. Four bucks, two squaws, two children, sixteen head of stock were killed, and ammunition, firearms, and commodities which had been stolen by the Indians were recovered. There were no casualties on the ranger side.

One of the last raids in the Big Bend was led by Magoosh, chief of a band of lawless red men who murdered and stole whenever the opportunity came. Magoosh claimed to be the last active chief of the Apaches, and said he came down from New Mexico where he saw the Southern Pacific Railroad, between Marfa and Valentine. Thereupon he surrendered, stating he had seen iron horses pursuing him when he saw a train pass.

CHAPTER XX

In 1882, the Big Bend was freed from its last wild Indians. Of this tribe, known as the Chisos Apaches, Alsate was the chief. He differed somewhat from other chiefs, as he himself was the son of a Mexican who had been stolen in his youth by the Indians. From infancy, he grew up among them, knowing nothing but their method of living and their manner of warfare. He was, withal, brave and fearless, and was for many years associated with the operations of the Chisos Apaches.

Prior to 1882, attempts had been made to drive the Indians out of the country but to no avail; and it was left for the insidious policy of Porfirio Diaz to finally forward their capture. The Apaches made their home in the triangle of Texas, lying between the Pecos and Rio Grande, and south of New Mexico, which was the last foothold of the wild, untrammelled Indian in Texas. They had their rancherias in the Chisos Mountains, but were compelled to shift their position from time to time to avoid the rangers and soldiers. This part of the country had been closely watched for some time by Diaz, who determined on the capture and extermination of these Indians.

To further such a capture entailed many disadvantages, and numerous plans were discussed by Chihuahua officials. It was possible for the Indians to cross into Texas within a few hours, and escape the Mexican pursuit. This emergency had to be dealt with in whatever plan was formulated.

At last it was decided to employ the services of a man named Lionecio Castillo, who was thoroughly acquainted with the habits of the Indians. He was of a doubtful character, and was what the Mexicans call a "rattero," or petty thief. He had spent most of his time in jail, and, when out, spent his time in outlawry and thieving. He had cultivated the acquaintance of the Apache Indians, and perhaps had joined and aided in their thefts.

Such a man would prove very valuable to the Mexican officials as a "stool pigeon," and Diaz lost no time in employing him. Castillo was an intimate of Alsate, and it was to the chief that he went to make arrangements according to a plan devised by his employers. Owing to the erratic movements of the Indians it was a tedious search for Castillo, but he finally found the cautious band.

According to his instructions, he represented himself as a great friend of Alsate and his band. He informed the chief that he had been sent to make a treaty with him, under which the Indians were to be placed in a reservation and were to be dealt out certain provisions and clothes at regular intervals. This was the manner in which the Indians were treated by the United States, and it had proved successful. Therefore, Alsate did not object since his people were to be well fed and well treated. To fortify his story, Castillo produced certain papers adorned with gorgeous gold and green seals, bearing the impress of some Chihuahua official with irrelevant writing and fraudulent signatures.

The bait was taken. None of Alsate's band could read Spanish, but they could enjoy the green and gold glitter as well as any Mexican, and could feel the proper respect for officials and tinsels. They had heard that the United States did make such treaties with their Indian wards, so why should not the Mexican government do the same?

But with all the temptation of the glittering document, their cunning caution did not entirely leave the Indians. They desired further proof of Castillo's good faith. It was, therefore, arranged that two or three Indians should meet Castillo and the Mexican representatives at the Presidio of San Carlos, on a certain day, of a certain moon, when a treaty should be made.

Promptly at the time set, Colorado, one of Alsate's sub-chiefs, and two other Indians, made their appearance at San Carlos. Here they were escorted to the town house on the plaza, and were met in solemn council by a number of men in lace and gold uniform, having every appearance of military officials. Here for two days, with all the seeming solemnity,

the farce was played. A number of details were agreed on, and among them were those that provided that on a certain day of the next moon all the living representatives of the Apaches should come to San Carlos and should there receive each a red blanket, a belt, and certain provisions.

On the evening before the day set, several companies of the 24th Mexican Infantry marched from Presidio del Norte, at the mouth of the Conchos River, on the road to San Carlos. At daybreak the next morning they camped in a secluded spot to escape the keen vision of any sentinel of Alsate's band, and there they remained during the day in readiness for the climax in the game then being played.

In the meantime, the Indians, men, women, and children, had set out from their mountain retreat for San Carlos. A sentinel was placed on the nearest mountain top to spy out any signs of soldiers. After this every member of the Apache band, after an inspection of the town, entered and camped on the plaza.

They were cordially received, and were given provisions in abundance. Cattle and goats were slaughtered, and cooked sweetmeats of every kind that would be tempting to the Indians were distributed among them. In every hospitable way that could be arranged, the Indians were treated as if they were guests at a royal fiesta. All during the day, alcohol in different forms was brought in to the feast, and the Indians were invited to partake. Some of them were aware of the danger of the white man's "fire-water" and endeavored to prevent the others from indulging. But in spite of the warnings, by night-fall almost every member of the band was intoxicated; and as the supply of liquor was apparently unlimited, they drank far into the night, until stupefied.

In the meantime, the Mexican soldiers had commenced their march to San Carlos. As the Indian sentinel on the mountain top had become fearful of losing his share of the festivities, and seeing no signs of soldiers, he had joined his companions to participate in their drunken orgy. Consequently, the march of the soldiers was not observed, so they reached San Carlos,

and waited in the distance until silence should fall on the scene.

At an early hour the next morning, they quietly surrounded the little town and closed in on the drunken Indians. Some of them resisted and were killed; but the majority were captured and bound while in a state of drunken stupor. They were then taken to Santa Rosa, to await departure to the City of Mexico.

Residing at Santa Rosa was an important man named Don Manuel Musquiz, who was none other than the uncle of Alsate. It has been heretofore related that Alsate's father was a Mexican, stolen in his youth by the Apaches. He was now old and blind, as a result of a wound in his head, but he remembered that it was in Santa Rosa that his brother resided. Thinking he might influence the release of the Indians, the old man sent for his brother. When Don Manuel came to where the Indians were, Alsate's father related to him how he had been stolen in his youth, and that his name was that of Don Maguel, which also was the name of their mother.

But Don Manuel was not ready to believe this story. Said he: "If you are Miguel Musquiz, my brother, you have six toes on your right foot."

The blind man, stooping, took off his moccasin and said, "Brother, for that the mountain trails are rocky and hard to travel, long ago have I sent off the sixth toe. But here is the scar where the sixth toe once rested."

Don Manuel then knew him to be his brother, and set about to help him. General Blanco, a member of the General Council of Mexico, was an intimate friend of his, and Don Manuel felt that the time had come when his friend could assist him. First he claimed his brother as an Indian captive, and the soldiers were forced to give him up. But Alsate, the chief, they would not surrender, so to him his uncle gave a letter, addressed to his friend General Blanco. He cautioned Alsate to guard it well until he reached the end of his journey, when he was to give the letter to no one excepting General Blanco, at Mexico City.

The soldiers then started on their march for Chihuahua,

carrying their prisoners, manacled and tied together. The wretched prisoners in sore suffering of body and mind were driven in sullen silence along the highway. On the long march to the City, many of the band died under the hardships, and when at last they were thrust into the famous prison of the Acordo, to await the determination of the Council, but few remained.

Alsate requested the Council to listen to him, and after being given a hearing he pleaded for his people, asking only for a chance to live and breathe the air of the mountains. He presented to General Blanco the paper from Don Manuel, asking him to befriend the Indians.

The Council, in the meantime, had decided that the Indians should be separated and given out among different families in different towns in far Southern Mexico. Thus was a plan brought about to make slaves of the Indians, separating relatives and friends and loved ones; and it was so arranged that none of them should ever escape from this bondage to return to their former home in the mountains.

Following Alsate's entreaty, they were told that they would be sent back to their rancharia. They were then removed from the prison, and taken in wagons on a return journey to their rancharia. They had no faith in the statement of the Mexicans, and Alsate was all the time scheming and planning for a means of escape.

At a signal from their chief, being unbound, the Indians leaped from the wagons and fled into the woods and hills. Some of them were later recaptured, and distributed as slaves among Mexican families in Southern Mexico. But Alsate, the fearless and the courageous, was not intercepted; neither was his squaw and some of his band. He dropped out of sight and was not seen nor heard of for many years. It was thought that the Apache chief had died, and soon he was forgotten among those who had heretofore so feared him and his band.

But after a time sinister rumor began to creep over the old frontier of the Chisos Mountains. It was told by the camp-fires at night among the shepherds that the ghost of Alsate had

made its appearance in the old haunts of the Chisos Apaches. One man had seen the phantom, as the evening began to fall, walking on the slopes of the Del Carmen Mountains. Another had seen it standing on the tip of a rocky point overlooking the Rio Grande.

The rumor became so persistent that people became afraid to be out at night in the vicinity of the chosen haunts of the ghost. In the summer of 1886, two Americans were camping along the Rio Grande opposite San Vicente, east of the Chisos. Upon awaking every morning, they found moccasin prints on the ground or in the sand within six feet of their beds. The prints were of two persons, big prints and small ones, as if made by a man and a woman. The Americans never saw nor heard anyone in the night, even when they began to watch. The tracks were to be seen for a distance of twenty miles or more along the river with San Vicente as a pivot. The Americans followed the prints endlessly, but with no success of discovering the sign of the makers.

Nor was there any harm done by whoever made the prints. The haunters seemed to have no purpose, and the system of their wanderings was not more than a wisp of wind.

Finally the San Carlos authorities sent out custom guards, but the phantom figures were too wary to permit the mounted officers to catch even a glimpse of their shapes.

In searching about the mountains where the ghosts had often been seen, there was found a cave with signs of recent occupancy by some animal, which was able to gather and carry in grass for a bed, to slay and eat birds, rabbits, and other animals, and to build a fire for cooking. It was hardly supposed that a ghost would have occasion for fire and food, so the search passed on. As the ghost was so often seen in this neighborhood, and about the cave, it soon became known by the name of "Cueva de Alsate," or Alsate's Cave; but as Alsate's ghost harmed no one, it was not thought expedient to admit of further official pursuit.

The report of the ghost did, however, trouble one man. This was none other than Castillo, the "stool pigeon" who had

betrayed the Indians. As soon as the report became current that the Indian chief's ghost was at large in his former haunts, Castillo found occasion to leave the country. When the custom guards reported that they could find no evidence of Alsate's presence, Castillo again returned to San Carlos, but no sooner had he made his reappearance than the ghost was reported to be seen again.

But after a while the stories ceased, and the people about the country began to take on fresh courage and to pass in broad daylight near Alsate's Cave. Still later, a small band of the curious took their lives in their hands and ventured with fear and trembling to search the cave. There in an obscure corner lay the mummied remains of Alsate, the Apache chief. Near was the charcoal remnants of a fire and signs of a frail bed. His squaw was not found with the chief's mummied remains, and it was supposed that she had returned some time before to her people in San Carlos.

And so it came about that, even though there might have remained a few hybrids in some scattered towns in the far south of Mexico, where they had been taken into slavery, in whose veins ran the blood of the Chisos Apaches, nevertheless when Alsate died in the darkness of his cave, alone and uncared for, there passed away the last of the Chisos Apaches.

CHAPTER XXI

One morning, in 1882, Jay Gould, of the Texas Pacific Railroad, awoke to find that his dream of constructing a trans-continental railroad had been rudely interrupted. His rival, Collis P. Huntington, was working while he, Gould, was dreaming, and the builder of the Southern Pacific had contracted with every steel-rail maker in the United States for three years ahead.

The building of the Southern Pacific road had been delayed so long that there was a possibility of losing the franchise before it could be constructed. Because of this, Huntington lost no time, and worked his men from daylight until dark, and often by candle light. There was a saying that one could track Huntington by the quarters he dropped behind him. But he always dropped money for a purpose, and in the steel rail case, before the expiration of his three years' contract, the price of steel had advanced so that he profited millions.

The railroad was constructed by the Civic Improvement Company, of which J. H. Strawbridge was president and manager. Colonel Gray had been chief engineer of the railroad during the time the preliminary survey was being made. At the death of Gray, Hood was appointed chief engineer to fill the vacancy. N. G. Gillett was assistant engineer. There were six or seven thousand men working on the construction. All of the bosses and teamsters were white men, but the laborers were mostly Chinese and of other nationalities.

The preliminary survey was a mammoth job in itself. There were employed twelve eight-horse teams to haul water from the Rio Grande to the Camp. Eighty-five men were employed in the surveying party.

The surveyors were subjected to all of the nascent wildness of a new, unsettled country. Neither was it without its dan-

gers, for they frequently had skirmishes with the Indians. They also came in contact with great herds of antelope, and buffalo east of the Pecos River.

Following their topographical notes, they discovered that Piasano Pass was the highest point on the G. H. & S. A. Railroad. This point was 5,078 feet; but was not the highest, however, on the Southern Pacific, as this honor has been accorded to Tehachapi Pass, in California.

Foreigners coming to the new country, encountered many unusual and bizarre experiences during the construction of the Southern Pacific. Not acquainted with the gruff methods of the pioneer, they many times found themselves facing big revolvers for the least provocation. Kleinman, an Austrian, came over during the construction of the road, en route to Presidio, to join his uncle, Sam Goodman, who was proprietor of a store. His only knowledge of English had been acquired during a nine-day stay in England, and while aboard a ship coming to Galveston.

Kleinman was thoroughly unacquainted with the early Texan, and was surprised when he was invited to take a drink by Uncle John Davis, who ranched on the Alamito. Davis knew the Austrian's uncle and had busied himself to make it pleasant for him during a stop-over at Marfa. But Kleinman was a temperate man, and refused to drink. He quickly changed his mind, however, when he found himself looking into the muzzle of a big revolver poked near his nose. But with all this, Uncle John was a kind man who favored his neighbors, and would cook a meal for a passerby at any time of the night or day.

Even though the pioneer was gruff, he was not desperate. Neither were the cowboys, although there has been a fallacious idea that they belonged to a class entirely undesirable. This is far from being true, and there were found among the old-type of cowboy representatives of some of the most peaceable pioneer families. Those who gave much trouble were the cattle thieves and outlaws, for as late as in the spring of 1883 there were organized bands of the latter. Heavy thefts were continually

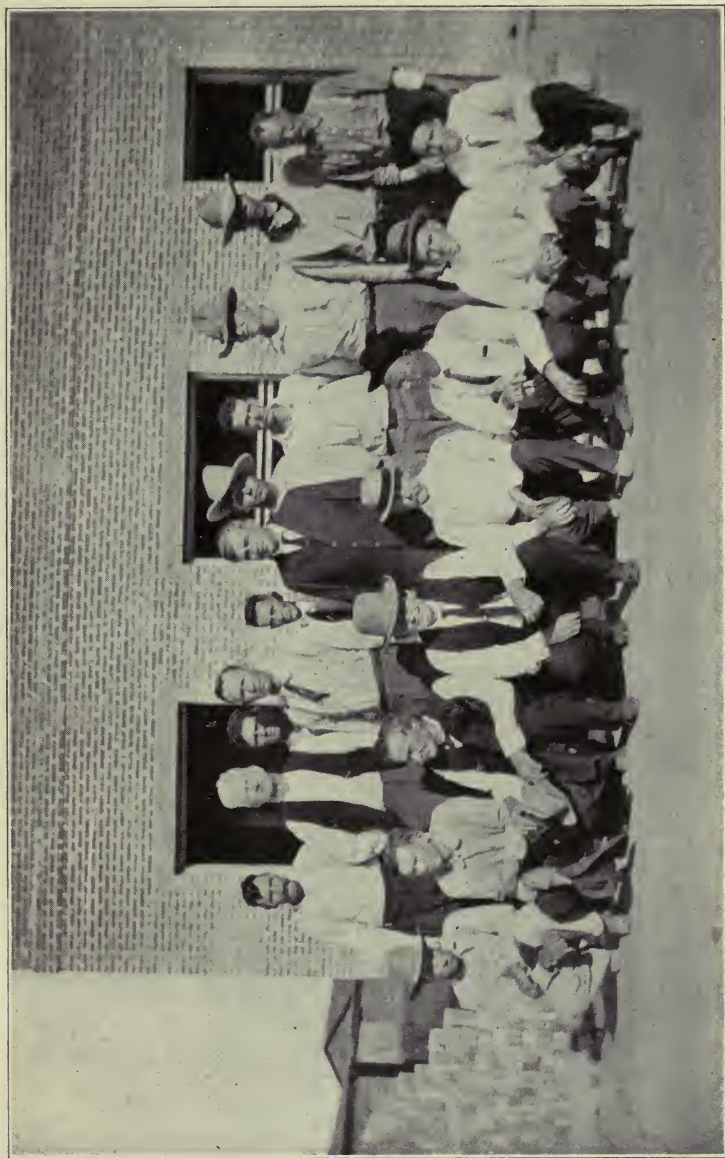
being made, until the cowmen of the vicinity made an attempt to bring about a regeneration, and to establish a law and order that would not be ignored by the most daring.

The cowmen organized, and effected a total revolution in the business of thievery, so that in most cattle districts the industry became not only safe, but a most preferred investment. The cattlemen were assisted in bringing about this change by the rangers, one of whom was Colonel George W. Baylor, who was one of the veteran rangers in the Texas service. Colonel Baylor was known far and wide for his bravery and valor. Through his efforts many bands of marauders, both Mexican and Indian, were intercepted and arrested. He had killed a dozen men in hand-to-hand encounters, and was held to be invaluable in the service by cattlemen and Texans.

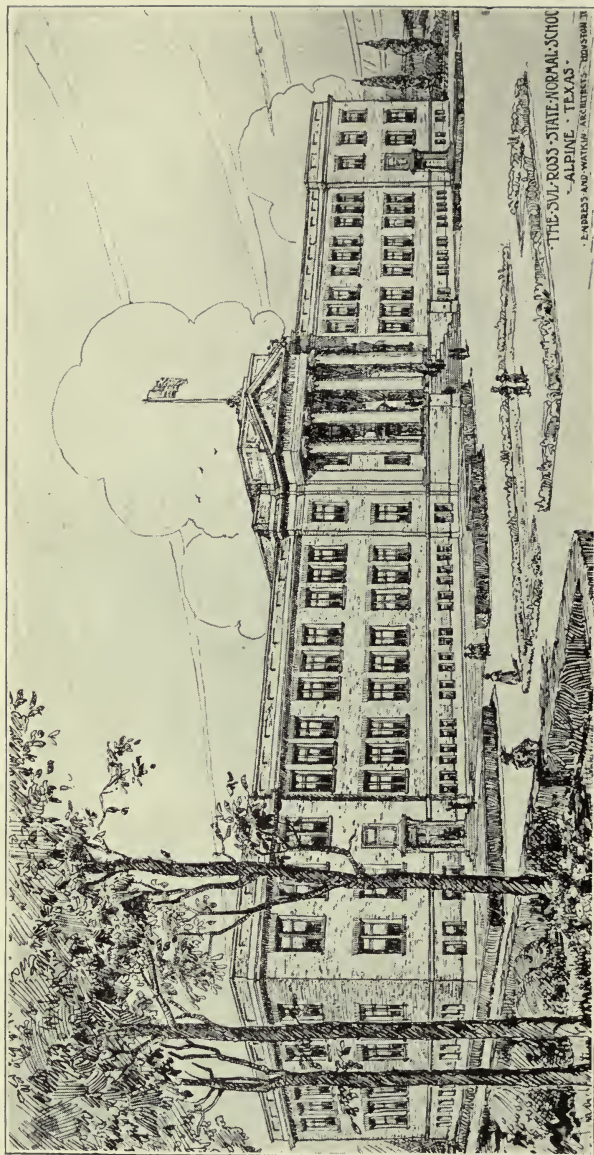
Colonel Baylor had many narrow escapes during the campaign to exterminate the cattle thief. On one occasion he went to arrest a desperado, accompanied by one of his men. He found the outlaw with a confederate at a house on the mountain side. Colonel Baylor rapped on the door, and the confederate stepped out and asked what was wanted. Baylor stated that he had come to make an arrest. At this, the man on the inside immediately fired twice upon Baylor through the opening. One shot disabled his left hand, and the second struck an iron ring in the belt he wore. The confederate, seeing Baylor, as he supposed, totally disabled, turned and fired on the other ranger. Baylor, resting his shotgun on the injured hand, fired a load of buckshot into the man's breast at close range in time to save his friend, and then turned upon the remaining man, who had stepped inside the room to procure another rifle. As the desperado turned with the weapon in his hand, he received Baylor's second load, and dropped dead.

Baylor lost his thumb as a result of this encounter, and as he had a passion for music he was heard to exclaim, "Well, that does up my old violin!"

But through his efforts there was brought about a total change in the cattle districts. Organizations were so perfected,



THE NEW HUDSPETH COUNTY OFFICIALS



SUL ROSS NORMAL

so vigilant, and so powerful, that the outlaw began to realize that he took his life in his hands at every attempted theft.

In the same year the Shafter Mine, which was called the Presidio Mining Company, was discovered by John W. Spencer, who found float of free milling silver carbonates, zinc carbonates, and lead. The four original owners were General Shafter, Lieutenant Bullis, Lieutenant Wilhelme, and John W. Spencer. The first foreman of the Shafter mine was S. A. Wright. Prior to this he had discovered gold in the San Antonio Canyon, fifteen miles west of Shafter, and later discovered Young's lead property.

Boquillas was settled in 1894 by D. E. Lindsey. He was running a bullion train in Mexico when he saw an opportunity for a store on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, opposite Boquillas, Mexico, where also was located the Del Carmen mine. Going to San Antonio, he purchased a stock of goods, and freighted it to Boquillas from Marathon, meanwhile breaking the road. He employed men to go ahead clearing the way and picking out the best trail. Two weeks were consumed in making the trip, and when he reached Boquillas, Lindsey could not get within two miles of the place where he wanted to locate his store, because of the impassable road and cliffs. Accustomed to hardships, he was not in the least daunted by this impediment. Throwing off his clothes, he swam the river, entering Boquillas, Mexico, with only a blanket about him. There he obtained burros to transport his commodities to the selected site.

His first store was a rude structure with counters made of adobe framed over with goods boxes. It was not long, however, before he had enlarged his place of business, and had as many as 250 wagons operating, hauling supplies to the mine, and back-hauling ore. His first customer was a woman, who was carried across the river on the shoulders of two men.

It was considerably earlier than this that a band of Mexican cattle and horse thieves had been raiding across the border, stealing horses and cattle and keeping the ranch people in constant terror. This band numbered about thirty-seven of the

most desperate and bloodthirsty outlaws in the great Mexican state of Chihuahua, and the border was continually infested with thieves and murderers. Not a day passed but word of some outrage reached the state capital and was brought before Governor Ireland, who determined to clear up the border from Brownsville to El Paso.

Living in San Antonio at that time was Captain Lee Hall, then commander of the rangers, who already had won distinction by his many skillful and adroit captures of cattle thieves. The governor sent word to Captain Hall to come to Austin. A meeting was quickly arranged by the two, and it took only five minutes to arrange the famous Red Ride.

The advance began at Brownsville, Hall having the entire ranger force at his command. He divided the companies into squads of two and four men, and formed them in a straight line, reaching north into the state at intervals of from 200 yards to a mile between squads. The length of the screen was about twenty miles long, and within a week it began its westward sweep.

The line moved with deadly precision, and each night when camp was made, all was clear in the rear. In all the history of the Southwest, there never was a clean-up made in so thorough a manner. The number of desperadoes killed by the rangers was never known, as no account was kept of the outlaw casualties. That was too unimportant a matter during the Red Ride, but it was significant that during the drive not a ranger lost his life. The ride ended at El Paso about six weeks after it started from Brownsville.

Shortly after this, Captain Hall distinguished himself further by discovering the source of the relay cattle stealing system and by arresting the chief. So far as the outside world knew, this chief was entirely respectable. He had four sons and two daughters, the latter being noted for their beauty. Captain Hall and the rangers were the only ones who knew that this man was responsible for much of the stolen cattle of the southwest. Cattle thieves would take their loot and pass it north through the relay stations to the Indian Territory, where

those in charge of the northernmost station in the system would dispose of the cattle, and later distribute the proceeds along down the line to the old man at San Antonio.

The old man found out that the rangers had discovered his system, and he decided to trap Captain Hall and his men before they could trap him. It was planned that his daughters should give a ball in honor of the ranger captain, but Hall suspected all of the time that this was a scheme to bring about his murder.

On the night set for the supposed dance, Hall, accompanied by a single ranger, proceeded to the ranch of the chief of the relay system. As he entered the room where the dance presumably was to take place, the women ran frantically from the room, expecting that a fusillade would follow. Hall and his lieutenant marched into the room, walked up to the relay chief, and in a moment disarmed him. Captain Hall then proceeded to disarm each of the party of outlaws. Not a man resisted, thinking that the house was surrounded by rangers. After the disarmament, the ranger tied the hands of the eight outlaws, and marched them into San Antonio, where they were turned over to the sheriff. Thus ended the relay system for all time.

CHAPTER XXII

Perhaps better than any other writer on the Spanish Southwest, Judge O. W. Williams has caught the subtle undertones of the Mexican story-tellers. The two stories following are taken from his notes, written while surveying in the Big Bend, in the early '90s. Judge Williams says:

Many of the distinctive and peculiar plants of the Trans-Pecos country have no English names in common usage. When the English speaking peoples settled in that country, they found that the Mexicans had already in use a large vocabulary of Spanish words, to designate these plants and shrubs, and this vocabulary was generally adopted by the new settlers. Since then very few English names have come into use to supplant the Spanish names.

In writing out the story of the Honca¹ Accursed, I have used exclusively these Spanish words, in order to keep up a uniform system of names, and this was not possible with English names. As many of the readers will probably not be familiar with these terms I have thought it best to add a short glossary, explaining briefly the meaning of the Spanish names and giving a short description of the plants so named.

The story of the Honca Accursed was told to me by Juan, who was often my guide while surveying in the Big Bend.

An hour's ride had carried us from the hills to a wide valley that lay between the mountain ranges. That hour had transported us from one vegetable world to another, as if we were in the hands of the genius of some New World Aladdin's lamp. The sparse mountain oaks and junipers, with their stunted and dwarfed bodies, had disappeared, and we were now among the inhabitants of the valley, a floral people even more stunted and dwarfed and of forms infinitely more strange and grotesque

¹ Honca. This is an evergreen thorn tree, 4 to 8 feet high, of a habit of growth described above.

than their kin of the mountains. We had left a people of quakers, wearing the garments of peace and harmony; we had come among a people of war, frozen by some magic with sword in hand and armor buckled for the fray. Lance or sword or dagger peeped out from almost every bush, and where we saw a shrub without weapons in sight we scrutinized it with a strong suspicion that somewhere in its drab or russet bosom there lurked some secret deadly missile ready to be thrust into the rash intruder.

For this was the flora of the arid region, and our scientists tell us that this extraordinary and varied development of leaf, stipule, and stem into thorn is the result of an age long struggle on the part of the plants against their competitors and enemies. Now the dagger, sword, and lance would avail little in the struggle for life against their competitors, who carry on their operations chiefly under the ground, vegetable sappers and miners who in darkness and depth steal the moisture and life away from the beleaguered citadel. But against their enemies, the birds that steal away the seeds and the animals that browse on leaf and stem, these weapons would avail much. So we understand that the panoply of war which these plants wear is not put on for service against their neighbors of the flora, but against the predatory animal life that feeds on them.

Yet, as one gazes over this troop born of the dragon's teeth, that has sprung armed from the ground, the imagination easily falls into the thought that it is a picture of war of neighbor against neighbor, class against class, brother against brother, and we can even picture to ourselves certain resemblances among the plants to characters of the Middle Age, that age when every man was an Ishmael whose hand was raised against every other man. Over yonder stands the courtly *palma*,¹ whom we may liken to the Knight Errant, kindest of all the spirits of this war-like array, and the earliest doomed to disappear. Within its coronet, dagger guarded, the crow in safety rears her brood. Under its straw colored armor the lizard

¹ Palma. An aloe, 6 to 12 feet high, well known in the Southwest as the "Spanish Dagger."

hides, and in the shade at its feet the hare sets his form. When it is decked in its white plume the desert bee sucks desert nectar from its snow-white bells. And when it finally falls in the battle, the *termite*²—the cowed monk—shrouds it in its dusky pall.

And here stands the *gatun*,³ the robber baron, with curved claws thrust out from his castle; claws that never loosen when once fastened, that grasp meat or raiment regardless of distinction, for everything is prey that comes his way.

Over there is the *tasajillo*⁴ Italian bravo, hiding under cover at the street corner, eager to thrust his stiletto into his unsuspecting victim, ready as he does so to draw back into obscurity.

Here is our leech, the *hoja-sen*,⁵ sober of garment and wise of countenance, offering as a remedy for every ill, whether of fever within or wounds without, the one sovereign remedy of the leaf.

And there, hid away in the shade of some strong hand, like the *gatun*, its treasure guarded by gnarled roots, is the *tasajo*,⁶ the hermit monk. Meek and mild its drab stem pointed to heaven with cross uplifted, while hidden underground and warded above by castle walls lies its store of worldly wealth. In darkness it blooms, and charms with its sweetness the spirits of the night, spirits too meek and lowly to court the light of the sun.

²Termite. Known to Americans as "White Ants;" to Mexicans as "Hormigas Blancas." When a twig falls to the ground, these so called ants proceed to devour it, covering it in advance with a thin coating of mud, under which they carry on the consumption of the woody fibre. They are said to be blind.

³Gatun. Probably a corruption of "Gate d'uño," known to Americans as "Cat Claw," because of the recurved thorns with which it is armed. It belongs to the *Acacias*.

⁴Tasajillo. Diminutive of *Tasajo*. See note 6.

⁵Hoja-sen. Literally "Senna Leaf." A small shrub 2 to 3 feet high. It is not our commercial senna leaf, but possesses similar medicinal properties, and is used by the Mexicans for the same purposes. In the early days of West Texas settlement, Mexican freighters returning to San Antonio from the frontier army posts, gathered and brought back much of the leaf for sale to the Mexican population of that city.

⁶Tasajo. Literally "dried" or "jerked" beef. The meat so cured was cut into long strips of an angular surface, and hung out to dry in the sun and wind. Because of the resemblance in shape of the stem of this plant to the long angular strips of meat used for drying, the name became fastened to the plant. The root of this plant at about 12 inches below the surface of the ground terminates in a large gorm, which is much sought after by some animals. The plant is a "cereus," probably "*Cereus Greggii*," and blooms at night.

And down on the sandy barrens lie, waiting for unwary feet, the *peritas*,⁷ the crabbed essence of bristling barbarity, corded and knotted with fiery barbs, the caltrops of this fiendish infantry. No subtle spirit of distillation can charge a human weapon with more painful humor than carries this humble, crawling porcupine of the sandy dunes.

Here too is our outlaw, the *biznaga*,⁸ living apart and alone, a law to himself, and disdaining alike the power of the robber baron and the balmy night sweetness of the hermit monk. But through all its coarse and roughened hide now and then there breaks forth a brilliant bloom of star-like purity of color, an emblem of what may come from the lowliest and loneliest human.

Just so, too, amid all this scene of desolation, flits our Prince of the Red Hat, the cardinal bird, preening his feathers in the shade of the *gaton*, picking insects from the bells of the palm, or plucking the red berries from among the thorns of the *tasa-jillo*.

But nowhere in all this throng shall you find those spirits of peace and good will to man, the yellow-buskined wheat or the more gallant corn with his golden tasseled cap and his green plumes. We miss these burghers. To find them we must go, just where we would find them in the Middle Ages, to the water's edge, whether in the hills or on the plains.

Now among them all there towered up here and there a lone figure in Lincoln green, presenting to every front an unchanging face of thorns, and for it I could recall no suitable figure. It was what Americans term the "All-Thorn." It is well named, for stipule, leaf, and stem seem to have alike gone to thorn, so that at its outer perimeter it is difficult to make out the particular thorn, which is the true stem along which

⁷ *Perita*. "Little Pear." Probably a diminutive of "*pera*," the prickly pear. It is a cactus of crawling habit, its limbs hugging the ground like those of a vine, covered with thorns and broken at short intervals with nodes of excessive development of thorns.

⁸ *Biznaga*. A small echinō-cactus with a thick corrugated skin and ridges of spines up and down its sides. It bears after rains and irregularly, beautiful and evenly tinted flowers. I find the term used among the Mexicans to designate at least one other kind of cactus. Derived from the Arabic.

runs the center of growth. As I did not know the name given to it by the Mexicans, I asked it of Juan.

"The Honca Accursed," was the reply.

I know of no reason, logical or grammatical, why there should be any difference of meaning between "The Honca Accursed" and "The Accursed Honca," yet in the local parlance there is a difference implied. And if you will substitute for "Accursed" the old stage-drivers' favorite equivalent—beginning and ending with a "d"—you will easily catch the distinction. When the participle precedes the noun the imprecation is a personal one prayed for or pronounced on its object by the party speaking. But when the participle follows the noun it is rather the reiteration of a curse already pronounced by a higher authority.

Having this in mind, I asked of Juan why it was that he designated the shrub as "Accursed."

"Has the Señor never heard?" was the surprised answer.

I told him that I had not.

"Then it must be that the Protestants do not have the same Bible that we Catholics have. Or it may be that the Señor has never had his Padre to tell him the story of how the wicked Jews crucified Christ."

"Yes, I have heard the story, but what has it to do with the Honca Bush?"

"That will I now tell to the Señor in my own way, as I have heard it from my Padre, with maybe a little more as I have heard it told among us by the campfire.

"You must know that long ago the Jews had Christ among them. They wanted a king among them who would take them out to battle, and who would place his foot on the neck of every nation on earth, and they believed that their old Books had promised them such a king. Christ claimed to be their Promised King, and they saw that he did have great power. But he taught them that they should not go to war; that were a man to be struck on the right cheek, he should offer the left to be struck in the same way. This kind of teaching would never bring the King of the Jews to place his foot on the necks

of every people on earth, and they came to consider Christ as an evil spirit—a deceiver—who plotted evil to them. Then they planned to kill him.

“Now when the Jews had gotten Pilate to deliver Jesus into their hands that they might crucify him, they set about to mock him as they led him to his death. On the way (Via Crucis) they passed a goodly thorn tree. This they cut down and of its trunk they made the Cross on which to crucify him, while of its branches they made a crown of thorns, and set it on his head to make sport of his Kingship. And so they went on scoffing and reviling at him, while the blood dripped out of the broken and bruised ends of the thorn tree.

“This thorn tree, Señor, was the Honca bush, and for its part in the sin of that day it stands accursed for all time. Like the Wandering Jew, it can never lay down its burden, but must go to the end of time accursed and hated by beast and man. From a tree it withered and shrank, blasted to a shrub; leaf nevermore grew on it to shelter its trunk from the fierce rays of the sun. The sap in it ran out on that evil day, and there was left to feed it only a foul poisonous oil. Because its thorns had pressed as lightly as they could on that sacred brow there was given it to bear a tiny blossom and to ripen a very small berry. But no bee hunts that flower, and only a dark brown moth, by night and in stealth, visits it in shame and penance. No bird or insect tastes that berry, and it is left to wither on that hated stem until the angry winter winds blow it away to be hidden in the merciful dust.

“The *chonte*⁹ never sings from its branches, nor does the *mariposa*¹⁰ sip from its flower. The *liebre*¹¹ never sits in its shade, nor does the *codorniz*¹² take to its covert when pressed by the hawk. The spotted thrush does not build its nest in its limbs, though the snake never climbs the naked trunk nor does the hawk dart on its outskirts. The *Hormiga*¹³

⁹ Chonte. The mocking bird. Name probably a corruption of “Sinsonte” from the Aztecs.

¹⁰ Mariposa. Butterfly.

¹¹ Liebre. Jackrabbit. Derived from the Latin “Lepus.”

¹² Codorniz. The Blue Quail. From the Latin “Coturnix.”

¹³ Hormiga. The Ant.

hunts the little *green bug*¹⁴ in the tops of shrubs and weeds, and your wise Doctor has told us that it milks the bug, as we milk the goat, and lives on it. It may be that the wise man was making sport of us, for he might as well tell me that I could live on the milk of a *conejo*,¹⁵ and the little green bug could not live on the juiceless ends of the honca thorns; or if it could even do so, no ant could live on it. So the ant never climbs the honca, nor makes its home near its roots.

"Never in social union lives the honca. The *tecumblate*¹⁶ grows in great clusters, bush and bush side by side, with branches embracing in brotherly love. The *gatun* plants its roots near to its kin, and rejoices in the fragrant bloom of its neighbor. But the honca lives an outcast, solitary and alone, shunning its own kin and hated by all plants. The *tasajillo* nestles under the *hoja-sen*, and may be found even under the *verba-hedionda*¹⁷, but it never thrusts its thorn into a passer-by from the shadow of the honca. The *tasajo* loves the shade and seeks for protection to its *papa*¹⁸ among the thick roots of the *gatun*, the mesquite or the *hoja-sen*, but never will you find its buried treasure guarded under the honca.

"No wayfarer will use the honca for fire unless in evil plight, for its hateful odor and dire smoke carry its curse. It burns with a fierce and brilliant light, but the curse goes into the torch as well.

"So, living or dead, the honca is shunned by all. When life departs from the leafless limbs it goes so steadily and shamefacedly that no one knows when it has escaped its rider. For years the bare dead limbs will steadily but hopelessly face the winter storms and summer heat, disappearing piece by piece no one knows how or when, until at last there only stands the bare trunk. When finally the withered trunk lies on the

¹⁴ Green Bug. The Aphis.

¹⁵ Conejo. The Cotton-Tail Rabbit. Like the English "coney," this word originally comes from the Latin "cuniculus."

¹⁶ Tecumblate. A shrub growing in clusters and bearing a black berry with very little pulp. Name supposed to be of Indian origin.

¹⁷ Yerba Hedionda. Literally "Stink Plant." Leaves of this plant have a very acrid disagreeable odor, so that it is sometimes designated by Americans as "Creasote Bush;" Larrea Mexicana.

¹⁸ Papa. This is the usual term by which the Mexicans designate the Irish potato, but is also in common use for bulbous roots of any kind.

ground it is not given the burial that comes to all plants in the grace of God. For plants, like men, have their friends who see that they have burial after death. The little blind *hormiga blanca*¹⁹ kindly feels its way in darkness to the fallen bodies of the giants of his home, and patiently working day and night little by little covers the dead with earth. But it never covers the body of the honca in decent burial, but lets it wither and char in sun and storm, until finally, how or when no one knows, there is no more any sign of the accursed shrub. Perhaps it has gone to feed the fires of Hell. *Quien sabe!*"

At another time, we had camped for the night by the side of a rock cliff, which presented to us a front as regular as that of a wall laid in Flemish Bond. Our nightly campfire had dwindled down to one or two sticks, and the flickering light therefrom threw the shadow of an "aigrita" bush on the wall in a sort of fantastic resemblance to a dancing human being, or human jumping-jack. To our comrades, given to dolorous memories, it suggested recollections of the convulsive movements of a man dying under the hangman's care. This in turn suggested to someone the "Juez de Cordado," of the other side of the river—the Rio Grande—whose name and whose summary power of administering death without trial or hearing, hinted strongly to us of a "cord" or "rope."

After some discussion, I asked, "Natividad, what is the name of the present Juez de Cordado at San Carlos, Mexico?" San Carlos was a town lying some sixty miles away.

"They haven't any, Señor," he replied. "They have not had any since I caught the last one."

There was plainly a story behind this, a story in which Natividad delighted, if one could judge from the wrinkles about the big mouth and the dancing of the little black eyes. "The Señor must know that I keep very closely to the American side of the river, and even when the General Naranjo was about to sell his land over the river, and was carrying around that lot of Kickapoo Indians to show them the land, and sent for me to come over and show the corners, and sent word to me by his

¹⁹ *Hormiga Blanca*. Termite. See note 2.

messenger that I would be safe for he would protect me, yet I did not go over. Now, Señor, I was born in that land; the *amigos* of my youth are scattered over it; and I could not find a house over there, save one, where I would not be welcomed to eat and smoke. I know those *terreanos* as a bird knows the *chapparro prieto*, in which its nest is built. And it comes about that I do not go there now, just because I knew it so well in my time.

"The Señores must know that the line between the states of Chihuahua and Coahuila runs into the Rio Grande at the Paso del Chisos, which the Comanches used in the times long ago,—when they came into Mexico in the old days to rob and kill. They came in by Lajitas and Santa Helena. I was then a boy at San Carlos and many a time I have seen them. There was old Tave Pete, the old woman captain,—so old that when she rode, she had to have a thick woollen cord tied around her throat to keep her jaws from clattering together. Often have I heard her call out her commands to her people from the belfry in the church, in front of the plazita in San Carlos, and have seen the warriors disperse to do her commands. There I saw the two *pelones*, her sons, so called by our people because they cut their hair short, instead of wearing a long scalp-lock like the other Indians. There have I seen Mauwe and Tave Tuk contend to see which could shoot the strongest arrow. Ah! Tave Tuk was a man! We called him Baja el Sol,—which means 'Under the Sun,' and he made his boast that there was no man like him for courage under the sun. I have since heard that he died in the Sierra Del Carmen, fighting the Apaches single-handed.

"Now these Comanches came into Mexico by San Carlos, in September of each year. They robbed and plundered until they were ready to go back. By this time they had captives, horses, mules, and even cattle, to carry back in great numbers, so they had to travel slowly. Now to return by their pass at the Lajitas was to bring them within forty miles of the soldiers at Presidio del Norte, and, as they did not wish to have the soldiers to follow them, they took to crossing the river further

east, and forty miles further away from the soldiers, and thus returned along the east side of the Chisos Mountains. This pass came to be known as the Paso del Chisos. I saw it after I was a grown man, and at that time the trail leading to and from the ford was a great wide trail, covered with the bones of animals in great number. I would have thought then that the trail could have been followed by the line of bones for a thousand years to come. Well, the Comanches ceased to come, and our horses and cattle rejoiced once more. And in time those who knew the Comanches and their ways died off until now there are few of us living who ever saw a Comanche ride into San Carlos, with his *chimal* on his arm and his spear across his horse. During this time the bones along the old trail to the Paso del Chisos began to disappear. None knew how. Some said the wind covered them with dust, and the rain washed them into holes. Others said the wind ate them as we eat bread; that the bones flaked into little thin pieces, and the little whirlwinds that came dancing over the country in the spring picked them up and ground them into the air. I do not know how this is, Señor, but the bones disappeared long ago so that there was nothing to mark the spot where the trail crossed the river at the Paso del Chisos. But there were still a few of us who knew where the old pass had been.

"Some thirty years ago a surveyor came down to our country who had some surveying to do, and who had to commence at the Paso del Chisos, as his work was to lay entirely inside of one of the states and he could not cross into the other. So he wanted some one with him who knew where the Paso lay, and in this way I came to go with him. I carried the flag for him and we commenced our work at the Pass. The work was finished, the surveyor went away, and many years passed.

"Several years ago a dispute came up between General Naranjo and Don Celso Gonzales, as to the real place of the Paso del Chisos. Celso Gonzales had a grant from the State of Chihuahua which called to begin at the Pass and to lay up the river towards the Cañon Angulo. General Naranjo had a grant from the State of Coahuila which called to begin at the

Pass and to lay down the river many leagues. Each had a pass on the river which he called the Paso del Chisos. But General Naranjo said that the Pass claimed by Celso Gonzales to be the Paso del Chisos was too far down the river. Celso Gonzales said that the Pass set up by General Naranjo was too far up the river. Each of them said that the other was claiming land that belonged to him, and so they were about to go to the Courts about it.

"Some one told Gonzales that I knew where the Pass was, so he sent for me. Now it so happened that the Pass which I knew to be the Paso del Chisos was the Pass claimed by General Naranjo, and when Celso Gonzales learned this he was angry with me. He was a man of importance on his side of the river, was on close terms with all the officials, and it was not good to have him angry at one.

"I lived then on the Texas side of the river and had done so for many years. I cultivated a little farm on the river bank. One day after this, in August, while I was at work in my field, several men rode up to me and one of them, Suñiga, told me that he was Juez de Cordado, in San Carlos, and that I had to go with him. This was very bad news to me. The Juez de Cordado never tried men at all, but he had authority from the Mexican Government to execute men, and few of us knew how far that authority went. All we knew was that when he wanted help he called on any and every one that he saw fit and they had to go, for the Government said so in his papers. But besides this if any one refused to go, he did not know but that the Juez de Cordado might call for him to stand up against a wall. Thus it was that every one had a great respect for him, and when he asked any one to go with him, he went, and when he commanded his helpers to hang or shoot any one, they obeyed orders.

"I was unarmed and helpless, so they bound me and took me over the river into Mexico. I said good-bye to my family, for I never expected to see them again. I was carried to Ojinaga, a long way it seemed to me, and put into prison. Here, as I learned after a time, the Juez de Cordado claimed that

my name was on the book of the Juez Primero, as one charged with theft and that if that were true, he had the right to execute me. So it must have been that the Juez de Cordado had to find one already charged with some offence before he had the right to execute him. But I had never stolen from any one, and they did not find on that book anything complained of against me. If they had my family would never have known what became of me. So I went free and very hungry.

"Now it was in November after the August when I was taken prisoner that I was peddling up and down the river and I came near to Martin Solis' place with two of my friends. We came first to a wagon on the road side and inquiring whose it was, we were told it was Suñiga's, and that Suñiga was then riding to a house near by to get his coat. After we rode by the wagon, my friend, Juan, said to me that here was a chance to catch Suñiga, and that it was my duty to do so; that he had been already put on the Judge's book at Alpine for carrying me over the river, so that I had the right to arrest him. But I was unarmed and said so. 'No matter,' said Juan, 'Elijio and I are armed with rifles, and we are your friends and if you will call on us to help you, we will arrest him.' With that we hurried off towards Solis' house, on the way Suñiga went, and caught up with him just before he got to the house. As I was unarmed, I passed him, going towards the house, while my friends stopped to talk to him. Before getting to the house, I turned around and saw Suñiga fall off his horse, while Juan and Elijio had their guns drawn on him, and then I turned back to help bind him. He called on us to know why we had done this. I answered that I would show him the papers, but he said he knew now and that I need not show the papers.

"Well, then we got what provisions we could and started to the Pulvo, which was sixty miles away. It was a long, hard journey over the mountains. We had only four almudas of corn and one pint of flour, and there were four of us, so we didn't eat much parched corn at a meal. Suñiga complained when we camped to eat near the Mesa Prieta, where the big mines of Asoge now are, and the corn was not well parched

nor was there much of it. But I said to him that he must not complain of the parched corn, for it was the best I could do for him, and that it was much better than Suñiga had done for me when he took me to Ojinaga, for that he had given me nothing and I had to depend on charity on the road or starve; and that after getting to Ojinaga, I had been put in jail and given a medio (Mexican money 6 cents) a day to feed myself on; that I had not forgotten. But Suñiga made no more complaint, for he was afraid we were going to kill him and he was only too glad to live on parched corn, even if the grains were few and raw.

"Now we got to the Pulvo and turned Suñiga over to Don Juan Humphreys, who was Deputy Sheriff. It so happened that Don Juan's son was then over the river in Mulatto, and when the Alcalde of Mulatto, who was a brother to Suñiga, heard that Don Juan had Suñiga under arrest, he arrested Don Juan's son and put him in prison. Don Juan hearing of this went over to Mulatto, and the Alcalde put him in jail, too. But finally they both got out and we went up with Suñiga to Alpine, where Suñiga was tried.

"Now it so turned out that Jesus Ralles, who now lives over yonder on the Terlingua, was sent to the penitentiary at the same time, and he says that Suñiga was sulky and mad and obstinate, until one day, after a prisoner had been tied up and whipped with a lash on the bare back, the Major Domo called him up and told him that if he did not behave he too would be whipped in the same way. After this he gave no trouble, for he felt I think as he did about the parched corn, that he would be satisfied if he fared no worse. After he served his term out, he came back and now lives over the river.

"In this way, it happens, Señor, that they have no Juez de Cordado in San Carlos, for they never appointed any after Suñiga was arrested. In this way, too, it happens, Señor, that I never go over the river into Mexico now, even if General Naranjo sends for me, because Suñiga lives over there.

"They told me that Suñiga's *avocado* told the Judge that the law was meant for men who stole children, not men—(I think

Americanos call it kidnapping)—that Suñiga stole a grown man, old and fat. But the Judge said that a Mexican unarmed was no better than a baby before three armed men—which seemed good law to me.

“So after much talk in a big room with many people, the Judge—Gracios a Dios!—told Suñiga that he must go to the penitentiary for two years. And, Gracios a Dios, he went!”

CHAPTER XXIII

Up to 1887, Presidio was the largest county in Texas. It then comprised what are now the counties of Presidio, Jeff Davis, and Brewster. In the winter of 1884, the people of the section around what is now the town of Alpine, made an attempt to have a portion of old Presidio County cut off, with Murphysville as the county seat. The movement, however, met with defeat, and Presidio County remained intact for another two years.

When the next State Legislature convened, in January, 1887, there was a strong lobby on hand working for the creation of a new county out of Presidio County. The bill was favorably reported on in due course, and on February 2, 1887, Governor Sul Ross signed it, with the emergency clause. The same bill provided for the immediate organization of a county designated as Brewster County. It provided also for the selection, at the election to follow, of a county seat and a full roster of county officers.

The same bill provided for the organization of the county by a commission empowered to divide the county into voting and commissioners' precincts, to designate polling places, appoint officers of election, to canvass the election returns, declare the result and issue certificates of election to the successful candidates. This commission consisted of Dr. J. D. Gaddis, T. S. Brockenbrow, and C. E. Way. Their duties and powers were identical with those of regularly constituted commissioners' courts as the law at that time provided.

The commissioners lost no time in entering upon their prescribed duties, and on the 14th of February, 1887, the first election of county officers was held. Murphysville was selected as the county seat. The first county officers were Dr. J. E. Cummings, county judge; J. T. Gillespie, sheriff and tax collector; Ed Garnett, treasurer; C. E. Way, district and county

clerk ; W. W. Turney, county attorney ; Tom Newton, assessor ; W. B. Hancock, hide and animal inspector. The board of county commissioners consisted of J. T. Southwell, John Rooney, Lawrence Haley, and Charles Kellogg.

The law creating Brewster County also created out of the old Presidio County territory the unorganized counties of Jeff Davis, Buchell, and Foley. All of these unorganized counties were attached to Brewster County for judicial purposes. As soon as Brewster County was in shape for business, Jeff Davis promptly presented to the commissioners' court of Brewster County a petition asking that an election be ordered for the organization of Jeff Davis County. The petition was granted. The first election of Jeff Davis County followed. The returns were canvassed by the Brewster County Commissioners' Court, the result declared, certificates of election issued, and the successful candidates were duly sworn into office. Buchell and Foley counties remained unorganized for a number of years ; later both of them were abolished, and their territory included in that of Brewster County. At the time of the organization of Brewster County, the county was over thirty miles in width, beginning a few miles north of Alpine and running to the Rio Grande, more than 100 miles to the south.

The land on which Murphysville was located was owned by Hon. D. O. Murphy, then of Fort Davis. Murphy laid out the town site into lots and blocks, streets and parks, much as it is to-day. After the organization of Brewster County, the name of Murphysville had to be written thousands of times by the various county officers in legal blanks, court processes, and in other legal ways. As it was long and inconvenient to write, a suggestion was made that it be changed. No slur was intended on the name, nor on the founder of the town, Mr. Murphy, as he was held in high esteem. It further was decided to incorporate the town, and in the petition, asking for an election for that purpose, the name of "Alpine," suggested by the late Ed Garnett and Walter Garnett, was written instead of the name of "Murphysville." As this name was appropriate to the mountainous nature of that section, it was easily passed.

In 1883, Alpine was composed of seven lumber shacks, one general store, and two saloons and dance halls combined. The saloons and dance halls did a thriving business, as this was an important cattle shipping point. This was during the time when every man was a law unto himself, and carried his code with him. Gambling was open, and on hot summer days the tables and the "layout" were placed on the front verandas of the saloons. Sunday afternoons were the most popular afternoons of the week at the saloons and dance halls.

The old cemetery at the point of Twin Mountains was first broken for the body of Mike Dersey, who was killed one summer's day while in a poker game. His slayer was arrested, but later escaped from the old "Bat Cave" at Fort Davis.

Alpine was in its "wild and woolly" state during this time, and excursions from the East always stopped long enough to give the passengers a chance to view the sights. Most of the passengers were persons who never had been west of New York, and often their credulity and inquisitiveness was taxed to the breaking point. A story is told that on one occasion just before the train departed, one of the passengers, wearing slippers, a smoking jacket, and a monocle, appeared on the rear platform of the last Pullman. One of the cowboys, seeing him, quickly dropped his rope over him, and drew him off the platform, whereupon all of his cowboy companions rushed up shouting, "I saw him first!" "What is it?" "If you can name it, you can have it," "It is mine, I roped it first," and other similar statements that were hurled at the head of the scared and helpless prisoner. The westerners, in all good humor among themselves, then began to quarrel over the ownership of the passenger, and guns were brought into play to settle the argument.

The train had gone some distance by this time, but the conductor was implored by the other passengers to back up and recover the man. When it did, there was one frightened tourist who scrambled on board, vowing never to return to the Big Bend.

Another interesting story is told of a Kentucky lad who

desired some excitement. He was a friend of the Durants, who owned a large ranch in the Big Bend. D. G. Knight, foreman of the round-up, consented to take the youth and train him up as a cowboy in his outfit of sixty men and 400 horses.

It appeared that the young man was a devotee of social affairs, and he immediately started to criticise the cowboys for their lack of social form. His criticisms acted only as a pleasant irritant to his companions, who were always ready for a little fun, and who decided that some of their tricks played on the boy might furnish them many wholesome laughs.

The first thing they did was to slip the clinches off the saddle of the youth's horse, so that when he tried to head a steer, his horse stopped quickly, and he and the saddle kept going. This the lad thought was an accident. They had frightened him considerably with their stories of the Indians, and one night they decided it was time to have a real Indian fight to initiate the Kentucky "tenderfoot." They started by telling him of all the narrow escapes they had encountered in Indian raids. This continued until bed-time, and when the lad retired, the boys warned him to be prepared for an attack at any time during the night. After the cowboys had bedded for the night, ten or twelve of them slipped off and tied bunches of grass on their heads, at the same time taking in their hands sotol stalks to serve as lances.

About twelve o'clock the boy was awakened by Knight, who told him to saddle up and go with him to move a number of staked horses closer to the camp in order to protect them from the Indians. The boy was frightened, but there was nothing for him to do but obey the command. No sooner had he and Knight dismounted and begun their work than the pseudo-Indians came charging, shooting, and yelling. Knight fell as if he had been wounded, and shouted to the boy to escape.

The youth needed no second bidding. He sprang on his horse, stuck spurs to the animal, and galloped madly away. He ran so fast the cowboys could not overtake him and explain the joke. He continued his pace for sixty miles, reaching

Marfa before ten o'clock the next morning. He arrived exhausted, and told the citizens of the Indian attack, stating that he was the only one to escape. When he discovered that a joke had been played on him, he returned to Kentucky.

In 1890, the mining town of Shafter experienced considerable trouble with a Mexican who had come there to live. The Mexican was exceedingly vicious and did everything in his power to start trouble with the men at the mine. On several occasions, he laid plots and schemes to catch off guard certain of the officers who had been instrumental in capturing some murderers a short time before. One day, loading himself with mescal, he mounted a horse and went tearing through the camp, insulting everyone. Riding up to the jacal of an old Mexican woman, he insulted her. When she ordered him away, he dismounted, took up a four-foot club, and beat the woman over the head with it, causing an ugly wound in the skull, and breaking her arm.

Indignation ran high against the Mexican. It was thought the woman would die, and he was arrested and chained to a tree, there being no jail at Shafter. Authorities intended to take him to Marfa the next day and place him in jail, but he was taken out in the night and shot by a group of angry citizens, whose identity remained unknown.

From that time, a feeling existed between the Mexicans and the Americans, as it was supposed by many that it was Americans who did the lynching. Following this, several American miners were notified in anonymous writing to leave the country. As the Mexicans far outnumbered the Americans, the danger was imminent and the Americans immediately set about to make the place safer for themselves.

In the meantime, on a certain Sunday night, the Mexicans were having a sort of *baille* dance. The festivity was taking place in the Mexican quarter of the town, and about two o'clock in the morning the participants grew hilarious and began to shoot. Many families of white people living near grew alarmed and summoned the officers. Two of them, Ben Bowers and James Deck, visited the Mexican quarter and ordered the

shooting to cease, whereupon the officers were told to get out, the Mexicans implying if they did not they would be shot. The officers were shown the muzzle ends of so many six-shooters that they left the place and went back to the center of town and collected a crowd, including Texas rangers Gravis, W. W. Jones, and Ike Lee. They started again for the Mexican quarter, where the inhabitants were still fighting and shooting. As the Americans approached they were suddenly fired upon, evidently by ten or twelve men hidden in a clump of trees and behind a pile of adobe huts. Gravis was instantly killed and Lee was badly shot in the wrist.

The firing then became general, and was continued for some time. The Mexicans easily had the advantage, as they fired from behind their houses and from clumps of trees. At daylight reinforcements arrived from the mines, and about forty rangers and miners were on the ground. The rangers surrounded the quarter and sent word to the Mexicans that if they wished to continue the fight to send their women and children away, and if not, to surrender, or the entire quarter would be blown up with dynamite. The Mexicans surrendered quickly, and the Americans disarmed them. The Mexican who had shot Gravis attempted to escape and gave his pursuers a hard fight. He shot at them every time there was a chance, and was only captured after he was entirely surrounded.

Following this outbreak of the Mexicans it became necessary for rangers to be established near Shafter to guard the mine, as there was uneasiness among the Americans that similar outbreaks might occur at any time. Petitions were forthwith sent to Governor Ross, seeking for better protection in Presidio County, which resulted in a much larger force of rangers under the command of Captain Frank Jones being sent to Shafter to guard the county.

A famous murder occurred in the Big Bend, in 1890, resulting from a quarrel over a young maverick. The maverick was claimed by both H. H. Poe and Fine Gilliland. It was near Leoncita that Gilliland was driving off the calf, which he claimed as his own. Poe disputed the ownership, and shot at

the young steer, whereupon Gilliland turned upon Poe and met him with a six-shooter. Poe was one-armed, and attempted to hold his horse and pistol with the same hand. The two men began shooting, and Poe's shot went wild, with his horse rearing and jerking. Gilliland's shot struck home.

The murderer fled to the Glass Mountains, where he remained in hiding for some time, and where he was unsuccessfully pursued by the rangers under Captain Frank Jones. Despite their quick chase, Gilliland eluded them and escaped.

Shortly after this, T. T. Cook, a noted peace officer, accompanied by John Putman, of Marfa, left Marathon on a scouting trip for Stockton, concluding to go by way of the Glass Mountains with the hopes of tracing Gilliland. Riding in the wind-swept mountains, among the desolate crags, they spied a lone horseman approaching. Neither Cook nor Putman knew Gilliland, but the fugitive knew the peace officer by sight. The three met in a precipitous canyon, and on passing Putman, Gilliland spoke in a friendly manner. When he approached Cook, however, he opened fire and hit the officer in the knee cap, at the same time killing his horse. Cook fell with his horse, but called quickly to his companion to kill his opponent's horse. Putman was a good shot, and at his first aim Gilliland's horse fell. Gilliland then opened fire on Cook, who was lying behind his dead horse, with one leg pinned under the animal. With all of his strength, and with the assistance of Putman, Cook returned fire, and when the smoke of the battle cleared away Gilliland was lying dead beside his horse.

The steer over which the murder was caused was later branded by a number of cowboys, and the brand that it bore was "murder." The maverick was then turned loose and allowed to wander at large. Legend has it that the hair of the maverick later turned gray.

Shortly after Gilliland's death, his nephew, Jeff Webb, boss of the D. & W. ranch, was murdered. This story is also connected with that of the steer branded "murder." One evening Webb became drunk and stole a pet bear from a corral where his horse was tied, and when dusk fell started for his camp

north of Alpine, with the bear in front of him, on his saddle. When he was two miles north of Alpine the rain began to fall in torrents, and out of the night came a shot that told the story of another murder.

Several persons were arrested for the murder of Webb, but all were found to be innocent. Sam Taylor was the last person seen with the murdered man on that rainy night, but he, too, was cleared of all suspicion. But it was decreed that he was to pay in the end for the folly of some one else; as a Spanish proverb has it, "*Nuos la hacen y otros la pegan*"—Some do it and others pay for it.

One night he was engaged in a poker game at a gambling house in Alpine, when again, out of the night, a shot was fired through the window, followed quickly by a second. Taylor leaned gently forward over his hand, which held five cards. He was dead. When his body was examined it was found that he held clinched tightly in his fingers a pair of aces and a pair of eights. From this came the origin of the card term, "dead man's hand."

Later the truth was revealed about the murder of Webb by Victor Ochoa, a notorious "general" who had joined the Chihuahua revolution, in 1894, and who was a confederate of Catrina Garza, of the lower Rio Grande, in an attempt to organize a revolution for Mexico. Ochoa was captured later by Jim Fulgim. He was imprisoned in the Reeves County jail, and it was here that he told the truth concerning Webb's murder.

Ochoa stated that on the same stormy night that Webb was killed, he and a companion were riding from San Angelo to Presidio, when they met a man a short distance north of Alpine. They only became aware of his presence when Webb's horse bumped into the horse of Ochoa's companion. The Mexican, thinking that the horseman was about to shoot, fired and started to escape.

Hearing a cry, however, Ochoa and his companion turned back, thinking to find a child. What they found was a pet bear, whining and sitting on the dead man's chest.

But the Mexican who was the real murderer had already made his escape into his own country.

During this time, and up until 1896, the vicinity near Alpine was continually being raided and plundered by a band of robbers who always were adroit enough to elude the law. Captain J. R. Hughes, of the rangers, was appealed to, and, together with a number of his command, he started from Ysleta to Alpine and there a trail was started and followed. About twenty miles north of Alpine the rangers saw indications of where the outlaws had camped. It was obvious that they were headed for the McCutcheon Ranch in quest of provisions and cattle.

The rangers followed and reached the McCutcheon Ranch but without finding any trace of the bandits. Three of the party were sent ahead to ascertain whether or not they were on the right trail. While going through the hills, the men suddenly came upon three of the robbers. They opened fire on the band, which caused them to turn quickly back behind the hill. The pursuers followed, and fired a few more shots, but by this time the desperadoes had gone beyond their range.

It would have been folly for the three men to have attempted the capture of the outlaws, as they were poorly armed. Two of them, consequently, returned to the McCutcheon Ranch for the rangers, while the other remained in the hills to keep an eye on the robbers, who made it interesting for the lone man by approaching him afoot, shooting at him and cursing him. But the ranger kept well out of their range until he was joined by his comrades.

A battle then commenced, and the officers ordered the robbers to surrender. The outlaws, who seemed ready for a fight, resisted, with the result that two of them were killed. The third was in the act of mounting his horse to escape, and could easily have been killed had not some one called out not to shoot, as the robber was mistaken for one of the rangers. Before the mistake could be rectified, the outlaw was going at full speed on a good horse, and the bullets sent after him failed to stop him.

One hot midsummer day a company of rangers, under the command of Captain Hughes, was camped in the lower Big Bend, a wild and remote region covered with scant desert vegetation, bordering the Rio Grande. The rangers had been on a hunt for Mexican cattle thieves, for that section of territory embracing more than eighteen thousand square miles was the rendezvous of many desperate outlaws, murderers, robbers, smugglers, and a great variety of other criminals. The Big Bend derived its name from the peculiar shape formed by the tortuous course of the international boundary stream. It is one hundred miles from the farthest dip of the river to the nearest railroad point. It was the scene of many daring exploits of the rangers, who finally succeeded in killing or capturing many of the lawless element.

On this particular day, Captain Hughes and his men were taking a few hours' rest in camp, which was pitched in a little thicket of scrubby trees on Tortilla Creek, after a long chase for thieves who had made their escape by crossing into Mexico. Knowing that they were in the heart of the outlaw infested country, the camp had been picketed to prevent an unexpected attack.

Suddenly, a horseman rode down into the gulch and crossed over to the camp. He was a messenger from Alpine, eighty miles to the north, and was bearing a telegram for Captain Hughes, which said that a Southern Pacific train had been held up and robbed near Dryden. Train robbers had been creating much trouble in the Big Bend for some time, and Hughes was anxious to get on their trail.

He ordered his men to get ready, and as there was neither tent nor chuck wagon to hinder, quickly departed from the camping place. Rangers were wont to sleep upon the ground with their saddles for pillows, and a blanket for covering. A small cotton sack or two usually carried all their commissary supplies, and in ten minutes the men were in their saddles headed across a trailless country in the direction of Dryden, 150 miles away. By daylight the next morning they had made sixty miles of their journey.

The fourth day after they had broken camp, far down in the Big Bend, the rangers came in sight of two of the outlaws. In their haste to escape, the robbers had dropped a sack of silver coin. The shooting began as soon as the rangers and fugitives were within firing distance. One of the robbers was killed. When his companion saw he was alone, he deliberately perched himself upon a rock in sight of the rangers and blew out his brains.

The Big Bend saw its last train robber, however, with the capture of R. E. Vandegriff. He had attempted a train robbery, assisted by two other men named Bird and Kutch. The instigator of the robbery, however, was said to be a man named Smith, who interviewed the three men while they were working in the capacity of cowboys on the Tom Newman Ranch. Overtures were made by Smith concerning a possible robbery, and as there was no opposition the four worked out a plan which they determined to complete. Smith was to board the train at Kent, a station on the Texas Pacific Railway, on the north slope of the Davis Mountains, and compel the engineer to stop at a place where the other three men had agreed to be waiting, when they were to uncouple the express and go ahead with it. Upon arriving at the place, the train stopped and Vandegriff had just commenced to uncouple the express car when the guards began to fire. They were so close upon him that the flashes from their guns burnt his face. Seeing that Bird was shot, Vandegriff ran to his horse, sprang on his back, and galloped across the prairie to Marfa. There he took the train. He had no ticket, and paid the conductor in cash. He tried to act in a cool, composed manner, and not to create any suspicions against him, but no sooner had the train arrived at Alpine than he was arrested by Sheriff J. B. Gillett. Kutch and Bird had been arrested, in the meantime, and placed in jail at Alpine. This was one of the last attempts to rob a train in the Big Bend.

During this time, the Big Bend was infested with several notorious Mexican bandits who crossed the line at will, for the purpose of stealing cattle. The raids were made so rapidly that the people in the different vicinities began to demand a

strong river guard to protect their cattle. A notorious outlaw and cattle thief, Coo-Coo Torres, was one of the most daring of the Mexican bandits. He operated with an equally daring partner, Eledio Sanchez Aramos, one of them staying on the Mexican side and one on the American side. Aramos had a small ranch, on the Mexican side, where cattle stolen by Coo-Coo, on the American side, were taken and concealed. In like manner, Coo-Coo received smuggled cattle on this side of the Rio Grande.

Captain Hughes and the rangers were appealed to to intercept and capture the two bandits, who had, a short time before, waylaid and killed a ranger. Previous to this Coo-Coo's gang had boasted that no one could arrest any of the band and escape alive. Captain Hughes dispatched Jeff Vaughan, who enlisted the aid of J. W. Pool in a search for the bandits; and they found the leader at his jacal on the river banks. He was sitting in front of the door, his gun being inside his house. Before he could reach for it, Vaughan drew on him, and the bandit was captured. The rangers took their prisoner to a nearby store, where he was guarded until they could have a chance to search for others of his band. None others were captured, however, and as the rangers had the most important of the bandits, they started to Marfa with him.

The bandit was placed in front, as the rangers feared an attack from Coo-Coo's companions, during their return journey. Vaughan cautioned Coo-Coo to keep still in case his friends did attempt to free him, stating that he would not be harmed; but that if he made a single false move, he would be shot.

About four miles from the ranch house, the bandit began to show signs of nervousness. Vaughan and Pool watched him closely, and his actions were so suspicious that Vaughan drew his rifle from his scabbard. Just at that point they were fired upon. The Mexicans were on a bluff about 150 feet above, and the bandit made a break to get to his friends, but was killed. Pool's saddle was hit by a bullet, and the bandit leader Aramos was shot in the hip. About one hundred shots were fired, when the Mexicans broke for the river. The dead leader

of the band was taken to Shafter, where he was buried. Aramos was later killed by Colonel Ortega, a Carrancista commander, below Ojinaga.

During January, 1913, Moore and Webster, of the rangers, had a thrilling encounter with a detachment of Jose Ynez Salazar's band of rebels, near Fabens. The rebels attempted to enter United States territory, but Moore and Webster ordered them to stop. When they were ordered not to cross the border, the rebels began shooting at the two rangers, and the fire was returned. It was later discovered that three of the Mexican soldiers were killed.

In 1914, a report reached Governor Colquitt from the Madero Ranch which said that there was a standing reward among Mexicans, offering five hundred head of cattle for the head of every Texas ranger. The governor then announced that he would keep the militia on the border until an equal force of United States troops, promised by Secretary Garrison, should arrive.

Captain John Hughes, senior officer of the rangers, and Adjutant General Hutchings were directed by the governor to draw up the border into three general districts. Captain Hughes had charge of one district at Brownsville; Captain Sanders was stationed at Laredo, and Captain Monroe Fox was stationed at Marfa, in the Big Bend. Each division employed a sufficient number of rangers to afford protection to the territory along the border.

The rangers were instrumental in clearing up the country of many desperate outlaws, and among them was a Mexican bandit named Lina Baiza, who was killed at the head of his band. His companions escaped across the river, however, and eluded the rangers. Another Mexican bandit executed shortly after this was Manuel Cano, who openly boasted that he had shot and killed one of the field inspectors. And so was brought about the capture of some of the most desperate of outlaws along the Rio Grande, although their depredations were never entirely stopped, even up to the present time.

CHAPTER XXIV

Fort Davis perhaps would have been one of the largest military posts in the west had the railroad passed through the town. This objection, coupled with one or two others, however, caused the Government to debate for some time as to whether the post should be retained as a permanent one. The ground on which the post buildings were erected was owned by John James. The Government offered to buy the property, and sent out Senator Proctor of Vermont to investigate and appraise its valuation. The senator arrived, wearing a silk top hat and a frock tail coat, and found a very dry desert country, upon which he pronounced the verdict of "no good."

Up to this time, the Government had been installing modern conveniences, such as bath tubs and plumbing, in the post buildings. These, and many other improvements, were immediately discontinued after the investigation of Senator Proctor. The five troops of the Eighth Cavalry, then stationed at Fort Davis, were changed to other posts, and on July 31, 1891, the old post was officially abandoned.

At this time, a daring Mexican bandit, Antonio Carrasco, was startling the country along the Rio Grande with his incursions across the American line. Carrasco led a large band of outlaws, who lived in the mountains of Coahuila, and came out only for the purpose of raiding, plundering, and killing. The settlers who lived on the frontier at that time were almost without exception participants in some thrilling adventure. Carrasco was instrumental in bringing about the murder of both Sergeant Fusselman of the Texas Rangers, and of Deputy Sheriff Pastrana.

One of the most startling adventures of an American with the bandits was that of Captain Frank Benairs. He had started for Central America with a number of friends, but their schemes

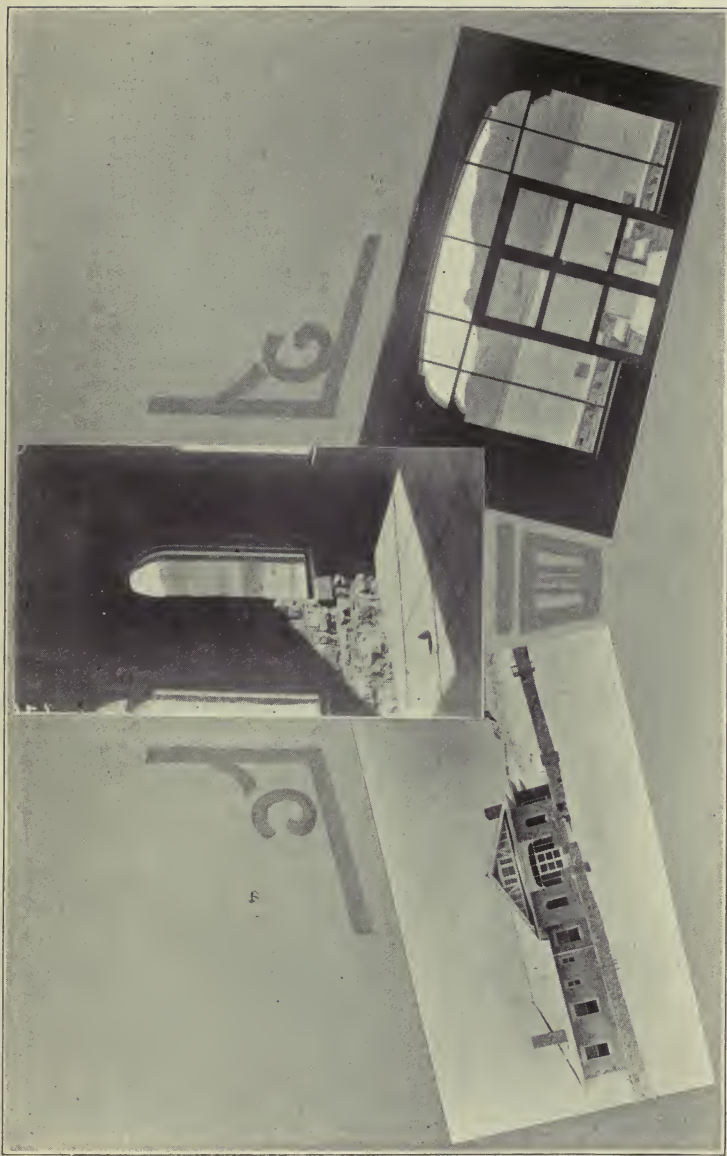
proved too visionary for him and he separated from the party, crossing the Rio Grande, accompanied only by his colored body servant, Nick. The negro was a splendid specimen of physical development and yielded implicit obedience to his master.

Benairs and his servant procured lodging and board with a Mexican farmer, and while there heard a great deal of talk concerning the daringly vicious, but handsome Antonio Carrasco. Carrasco was a lad of only eighteen years of age, and Benairs became exceedingly interested in the story that was told of how he became a bandit. The story went that one night upon the return of Carrasco to his home, he found his father and mother killed, his home robbed of all valuables, and his sister, a girl of sixteen years, carried away.

Carrasco applied to the authorities for a force of men to hunt down the miscreants, but was put off with excuses and delays, which finally resulted in a refusal. Believing, whether justly or not, that one of the men in authority had excellent reasons for refusing the assistance asked of him, Carrasco walked into that official's private quarters, and though unarmed, cursed him as a villain, at the same time threatening complete vengeance. Soldiers were at once summoned, but the boy jumped from the window and escaped.

He was as good as his word, however, and within a year of his threat, the father and mother of his enemy were taken to the mountains, tortured, and their heads placed on stakes in the highway. The enemy's young sister was murdered and her body thrown into the street, with a dagger pinning a letter to her breast. Finally the officer himself was captured, taken to the mountains, tortured into confession and then slowly put to death.

Carrasco with his small band had committed such crimes by this time that high rewards were set upon their heads. They pledged themselves, however, to eternal fidelity to their career, and laughed in the faces of their enemies. Though educated, accomplished, and aristocratic, Carrasco made war upon the aristocracy, and stripped the wealthy to give to the poor, know-



RANCH HOME OF MR. AND MRS. W. W. McCUTCHEON
Davis Mountains



RANCH HOME OF MR. AND MRS. W. T. JONES
In The Davis Mountains

ing that by doing so he would retain his popularity, and as a consequence his supremacy.

Benairs found all of these stories of the boy bandit of much interest to his sporting blood. The day finally came when he and his servant decided to go southward toward Mexico City. Nick was packing up when he turned to his master and stated that he believed that two of Carrasco's men were contemplating a robbery that night on a store in the neighborhood, giving as his authority bits of conversation he had overheard in regard to the planned attack.

Benairs dismissed the matter, but it gave him more uneasiness than he cared to show. Don Jose Garcia, who had a splendid property near by, had none too many retainers for defense, and had, no doubt, sufficient wealth to tempt the cupidity of a bandit. And besides, if the nature of the young villain, Carrasco, had been depicted correctly, the beauty of the young Senorita Donna Inez would prove tempting enough. Benairs had met Don Garcia and his family several times in a social way, and could not bear the thought of so amiable a family being attacked by the outlaws. The Don's house consisted only of himself, his daughter, her *duenna* and the usual servants.

Benairs bade his landlord adieu and started off before daylight that day. As they passed Don Garcia's house, he felt irresistibly urged to awaken the owner and warn him, wondering all the time how he could explain so strange an action at so early an hour. Obeying his impulse, he finally rang the large bell in front. The ring was answered by a blood-curdling, long-drawn wail of a dog.

The negro servant rushed into the house and returned, his face almost ashen with fright. Benairs entered the house and found the bodies of the servants lying dead upon the floor. Not a living person was near. The dog, wounded and frightened, started up a path leading to the back of the house into the mountain, seemingly in the hopes of attracting Benairs and his servant. Benairs and the negro followed. Presently they lost sight of the dog, and hitching their horses they started

through the underbrush, when a growl called to their attention the bound and gagged form of the old Don, the dog standing by his side.

Don Garcia was hastily released, and in his broken English he explained as best he could what had happened. Carrasco and his band had surprised him, killed the servants, brought him to the mountains to starve to death, and had ridden off with his daughter. The anguish of the father was pitiable. Putting him upon the horse in front of him, Benairs impressed upon him that he must guide them; whereupon they followed the path taken by the bandits.

Don Garcia stated that there were only five of the bandits, and Benairs thought, if it were possible to catch them before they reached their den or were joined by their comrades, he would have a good chance of success. In about half an hour they came to an abrupt turn of the road and saw the bandits below preparing for breakfast. They were on a shelf of rock which was on the side of the mountain, one side of which rose perpendicularly. On the other side was a direct fall of a thousand feet. Before the bandits the road wound slowly down into the valley, and behind them Benairs, Don Garcia, and the negro crept forward to surprise them. The lovely Donna Inez could be seen among the bandits with her slender wrists tied with lariats.

Benairs and his servant crept closer after ordering the old Don to stand still. At the first fire made by Benairs, two of the bandits dropped dead, and the fire returned by the other three was of no import. The bandits did not know how many were in the attacking party, and the sudden fire made them believe that their only safety lay in flight. Springing to their horses, they rushed over the little rise which formed a sort of natural rampart and galloped down the road, and around the curve of the valley.

With Donna Inez was her maid, and the first work of Benairs and Don Garcia was to release the two girls. The maid had fainted, and Benairs was hurrying to get her on one of the horses as well as to place her mistress upon one. His

solicitation in wishing to be off appeared almost rude to the affectionate father and daughter, who were overwhelmed at their meeting. But they were soon to realize the importance of Benairs' hurry, as the entire number of the robber band were coming to reinforce Carrasco. They were twenty in number, and Benairs saw the uselessness of any further struggle with two tired horses and a maid who had fainted. He determined on a bold stroke.

"Nick," said Benairs, to his servant, "can you run down around the curve, catch that boyish looking leader and carry him here if you are not interfered with?" The negro tipped the scales at two hundred pounds.

"Why, co'se I kin, Marse Cap'n, ef I ain't interfered wid," responded the servant, "but what's gwine to keep 'em from interfering wid me?"

"When you start down the hill, they will not attack you," replied his master, "because they will think you have deserted us. If you can catch that young villain by the wrists, you can easily throw him on your back with one arm drawn tightly over each of your shoulders, and you will have his body between you and them while you are coming back. They will not dare shoot for fear of killing their leader."

Benairs knew that the only risk was that some of the outlaws might be quick enough to get on their horses and catch the negro before he reached his master, but he had decided to cover the servant and his captive with his rifles.

"They are off their horses now," exclaimed Benairs; "hurry!"

No sooner was this said, than the negro rushed off down the slope. Benairs placed himself in view, drew his rifle on the retreating negro just about the time when he supposed the outlaws were ready to receive him as a deserter. Rushing up to young Carrasco, the negro grasped each wrist, turned him over upon his own back, and was under good headway before the stupefied Mexicans could stir. When they did realize what had occurred, a howl went up among them. Two men started after the negro and his captive, on foot, and two more sprang

for their horses. The suspense felt by Benairs and his party was terrible. One man got his horse quicker than was expected, and, yelling for the men to clear the way, came charging up the road. Benairs was very careful with his aim, and before the pursuer had half way reached the negro, his horse was shot from under him. This gave the negro time to reach his master with his burden. At this the whole crowd of outlaws rushed up the slope.

Benairs gave orders to the negro to hold Carrasco suspended over the side of the mountain, and as soon as this was done he told Carrasco to order his men to halt until matters could be discussed. At the same time he ordered the servant to hurl the young villain over the mountain side if the men came past a boulder fifty yards distance. Don Garcia was ordered to take one of the guns lying on the ground, and also to arm his daughter and her maid, who had in the meantime recovered from her faint. Carrasco pretended not to understand Benairs, but when his men had almost reached the boulder, his voice rang out clear as a bugle and stopped them as if they had been jerked up with a rope. When the Mexicans saw the peril of their leader, a cry of protest went up.

Carrasco then coolly explained to his men the situation, that Benairs' party was only three against twenty, and that they could take them all and get the booty, but if they did so he would be thrown to the vultures.

"If they restore me to you they will insist on our returning all we took from the hacienda," said Carrasco to them. "Shall we do this, or shall I bid you adieu, let you retain what you have, avenge my death, and elect another leader?"

But the outlaws loved their daring leader, and cried out in one voice for him to make any terms so long as his life was spared.

Benairs thereupon ordered the negro to bring the young brigand to him, and, with Donna Inez as interpreter, negotiations were made. It was some time before they could decide upon terms, but they finally came to a decision which demanded that every outlaw, one by one, was to deposit his weapons with

the negro. This agreement was carried out perfectly, and what weapons they could not carry with them, Benairs threw over the side of the mountain.

Benairs and his party, thereupon, turned and started back to the home of Don Garcia, from which place a physician was sent for to attend to the wounds of the old Don, and to dress his daughter's wrists, which had been cut with the ropes. The legs of the negro also were badly cut by Carrasco's spurs when he was kicking and struggling to free himself.

Benairs and his servant remained at the Garcia home for about ten days, during which time the Don turned his place into a miniature fort, capable of standing a month's siege. There might have been a romance attached to the incident had Donna Inez been willing, as her father intimated that Benairs was at liberty to win her heart and hand, if he desired. The beautiful senorita confessed her love, however, for a handsome young Mexican, and Benairs acted as love's ambassador to the stern but loving father, and won the eternal gratitude of Donna Inez and her lover.

There was a romance attached to the incident, at any rate. When the old Don offered to give the negro servant a good start as a farmer, he afterward married the senorita's peon maid. After satisfying himself that the Garcia home was well protected from future raids, Benairs went on to Mexico and opened up a business of his own.

It was some years after this that the daring and brilliant young bandit was executed in the camp of General Jose de la Cruz Sanchez, of the insurrecto army, by order of Francisco Madero. The condemned was shot by a firing squad of five men; but, true to his character, he faced them with a *cigaret* in his lips, with his hands tied, and requested that the party aim at his heart. His breast was riddled by bullets. He had been condemned to death as a spy after being found guilty by a court martial of treason. At the beginning of the rebellion he had been admitted, with his band of nearly one hundred men, into the insurgent army, and when the siege of Ojinaga began he was given an important point with orders to advance and cut

the line of communication with the American side of the Rio Grande. He had failed to do this, however, and letters from him to General Luque, commanding the federal garrison, were intercepted. These were taken as conclusive evidence that Carrasco had warned that officer of his danger, and for this crime he was shot.

It was during the same period that Corporal John R. Hughes of the rangers distinguished himself for many of his noteworthy arrests of bandits and Mexican outlaws. In 1892, he apprehended a band of fifty robbers who were stealing ore from the Shafter mine. This mine employed a large force and was continually being robbed by the outlaws that roamed the country. This was soon checked by Hughes and his rangers, however, who made it too unpleasant for the outlaws to keep up their thievery. Hughes and his men had numerous fights with cattle thieves, and succeeded in capturing many of the outlaws in that part of the country. Several were hanged for murder, some were extradited by Mexico, and others were sent to the penitentiary.

On one occasion, Hughes acted in the role of Solomon when he let little children choose their own pet calves. It happened that Hughes and his men had apprehended a band of cattle thieves and had recovered one hundred and forty calves, most of which had been stolen from milch cows of a border town. Many of the calves were pets of little children, and were placed in a corral until they were called for by their owners. When the children came, they each called their calves by names, putting their arms about the animals' necks and leading them from the corral.

A short time before this, Hughes was promoted from corporal to take charge of the rangers, and to fill the vacancy made by the assassination of the commandant of the company, Captain Frank Jones. Little was ever learned of how Captain Jones lost his life, and the true story perhaps never will be known. He was killed on Mexican soil, after having crossed the Rio Grande to intercept Severo Olguin, who had killed a man on the American side. The Olguin brothers were a lawless

tribe, and Severo was said to have been the fiercest of the lot. Physically he was small and dried up, with keen, piercing eyes, but rather good looking. As he was the one who always made the most trouble, it was thought that it was he who had fired the fatal shot at Captain Jones. The truth of the matter was never known, but at any rate another chapter had been terminated in the series of bloody encounters between law and lawlessness.

CHAPTER XXV

When King Solomon made the famous statement "There is nothing new under the sun" he must have had in mind the fact that in the beginning all things were potentially proven; that nothing was lacking which was necessary to complete every phase of existence; and that men had lived so long and in such numbers that nearly any change possible in the chord of Nature had been touched somewhere, at some time, by someone.

The theory serves to bring to our minds the process of reasoning by which we render an application of this saying—"There is nothing new under the sun"—through something that is familiar to everyone. Take, for instance, the lasso: When the lasso was first knotted, made into a loop, and used to display skill in catching objects, it was probably a wonderful discovery. At any rate, it was a wonderful discovery to those who knew nothing of the skill displayed by the Texan and the Mexican when they used the lasso as only the people of the open range can use it.

The Mexican, it is learned, possessed the skill of lassoing and of marking and branding cattle, long before Texas was settled by Anglo-Saxons. Consequently, it was to the Mexican that the origin of these two customs—lassoing and branding cattle—was attributed, and for a long time no further antiquity for them could be found.

It was an established fact that prior to the discovery of America there were no domesticated animals on the Western Hemisphere, with the exception of the dog, in North America, and llano, in South America. The dog, whose attachment is always of a personal nature, would not need a mark for his identification; while the llano, as owned in Peru, remained the property of the Incas wherever found, and there could have been no private ownership of them. Consequently, upon neither

Americas there was no occasion for the art of lassoing and branding animals to denote private ownership.

There were two wild species closely related to the llano which were never domesticated and which ran wild in the Cordilleras, known as the huanco and the vicuna. Had the natives been allowed to hunt and kill these animals for food, they might possibly have learned to use the lasso. Even then, as they had no horses, the lasso would have been a thing of little use.

But one's faith in Mexican inventive genius receives a shock upon reading Herodotus, for the Father of History gives an account of the great expedition made by Xerxes, King of Persia, against the Greeks, 2,400 years ago. In this account, a description is given of the magnificent world's expedition of people and manners in the heterogeneous army of five million gathered together under the banner of one king so long ago. In one of the most striking accounts, the historian tells of the 5,000 Sagartians from the country north of the Caspian Sea. He relates that they were mounted on sturdy horses and carried only dirks and lassos. When they met the enemy, the Sagartians threw their ropes which ended in a noose, and whatever the lasso encircled, be it man or beast, they dragged it toward them and slew the victim entangled in the toils.

The practice of branding cattle is traced to the ancient Egyptians. In Thebes, in a rock hewn tomb of a cattle king, there was found, years ago, a set of mural decorations, which showed the custom of cattle raising in Egypt 3,500 years ago. There is also extant a life-sized drawing of a cow, lying on her side with her feet turned out, tied just as the cowboy ties her to-day, while he is putting the brand on her side or hip. Nearby, is drawn another cowboy with a small charcoal furnace, showing that it must be in a country destitute of fuel. A brand is shown on the thigh of the cow, while several more brands are about her body, which makes the cow resemble a typical Texan animal after it had changed owners a half a dozen times. As shown in the drawing, the brand is not a letter or figure, but a geometrical character composed of

squares and crosses, bearing close resemblance to the patterns frequently seen in tessellated pavements.

Thus has the art of lassoing and branding descended from the dawn of time down to the present day, and was used extensively during the building up of the Big Bend and other parts of the West where cattle raising is the principal industry.

In 1882, when the Texas & Pacific Railroad crossed the Trans-Pecos region, Van Horn was first made a station. The country surrounding this place is noted for its fine stock and is one of the most famous ranching districts in the Southwest. There is little farming except around the ranch settlements where the ranchmen cultivate small orchards, gardens, and small feed crops for his cattle. This is done by irrigation from wells, reservoirs, or springs. In a few instances, when the season is good, dry-land farming on sub-irrigated farm lands is attempted, but other than this the greatest effort is placed on the cattle raising industry.

The country surrounding Van Horn for many miles forms a great basin. From the south, the waters from Valentine, and from the north, the waters from New Mexico between the Diablos and Delaware ranges, drain into the Van Horn basin. The soil is alluvial in the lower part of the basin, while the benches are white limestone. These benches are covered with the famous black grama grass.

Forty miles north of Van Horn is located J. M. Daugherty's valley land, which is susceptible to irrigation from reservoirs, as water in abundance lies seven to thirty feet below the surface. A demonstration farm in the valley has shown that almost all vegetables can be raised, as well as sugar-beets and alfalfa. The valley includes perhaps one hundred thousand acres. Out from Van Horn a fourteen-mile railroad grade has been constructed and a survey extends on to the New Mexico line near Orange. The world war checked the operations of the syndicate having the work in hand.

Van Horn was named for the old Van Horne stage stand, which in turn received its name from Major Van Horne, who commanded the troops along the Rio Grande in 1857.

Until 1905, there was but little ranching carried on between Sierra Blanco and the New Mexico line, owing to the great scarcity of water. The Lanier Brothers first began a deep well project upon two hundred thousand acres of Texas State University land. While this well was being drilled water was hauled twenty-five miles. A well was sunk after much work had been accomplished and water was reached at 900 ft. depth. Some wells were 1,100 ft. deep. But well drilling was not for the poor man, and many ranchmen had to be satisfied with scraping out tanks or reservoirs. As the cost for completing a well ran from \$10,000 to \$12,000, entailing a considerable further expense for the upkeep, ranchmen could not afford to handle less than forty sections.

Irrigation began in the vicinity of Pecos City, on the Pecos River, in 1886. The country was noted at that time for its cattle, and irrigation but speeded the success. Pecos City was started close to the river, but owing to the inability of the settlers to get title to the land—as it was in a condition where the heirs could not be reached conveniently—the town was moved back a mile and a half, where George A. Knight had received land and could produce title. Reeves County, of which Pecos City as county seat, was organized in 1884, with R. S. Harrell as first County Judge and with John Morris as first sheriff. Pecos City is familiarly known as the “town of salt cedars.”

The cattle in the Davis Mountains were of a fine, healthy breed, and many settlers passing through, upon seeing them, pitched their tents in the grassy canyons rather than go farther west. In 1885, several families were enroute to Arizona, from Menard County. In the party was William L. Kingston, who, upon reaching Toyah, caught a glimpse of the famous cattle of the Davis Mountains, and could not be induced to go farther. He obtained employment at the W. D. Casey ranch and later leased the J. L. Moore ranch, which in time he bought.

The story of how Kingston started at the bottom, in a new country, finally succeeding, is typical of many Texas pioneers who worked and won. Kingston was assisted by his wife, who was the daughter of a pioneer settler from St. Louis, Missouri.

Kingston and his wife both knew the first laws of thrift and practiced them diligently in their ranch life. They raised all of their commodities, and never bought butter, lard, meat, eggs, nor garden truck, except at one time when they traded some produce for a small quantity of lard. Their spirit of thrift was practiced by other pioneer families who attained success and whose names are the ones that will be preserved in the archives of the history of the Southwest until this age has been swept out by another.

The last glimpse of the Toyah Valley given the reader was during the early days when Miller, Murphy, Kessey, and the Lyles stood their ground against the renegade Apache, and laid the foundation for the present day great irrigation system around modern Balmorhea.

This system was begun by the valley farmers who organized an irrigation district and who expended over a quarter of a million dollars for the purpose of increasing the available water supply. Before this was done the crops were obliged to go eighty days without water during one period of the growing season. Even with this handicap, one energetic farmer made \$3,600 net, in one season from seventy-six acres. To obtain two more irrigations during the season the irrigation district, which numbered about fifty farmers, placed on their land an annual tax of \$3.50 per acre to take care of this bond issue and properly maintain the irrigation system.

Balmorhea lies at the base of the Davis Mountains and up to the time of building the great reservoir, the water supply was taken from San Solomon Springs, which bubbles out of the ground, up toward the mountain range, with a flow of twenty cubic feet per second. The present system collects the surplus waters from these springs into a large reservoir during the winter season and also diverts the flood waters from Madero Canyon into the reservoir. The Madero Canyon has a watershed of ten square miles, and so steep and precipitous is this watershed that the rain—when it does rain—forms mill-races down the hundred arroyos leading from the mountain slopes to Toyah Valley. This water has been diverted to an intake canal,

28 feet wide at the base, with a clearing capacity of 1,000 cubic feet of water per second. This canal empties into a creek which empties into the reservoir. At the head of the canal, gates have been constructed to let five feet of water into the canal. These gates have 500-foot wing walls of earth and 500-foot spillway of reinforced concrete. The surplus runs off down the creek.

To form the reservoir, Jameson & Company built a main dam 47 feet high, about 2,000 feet long, and containing 165,000 to 180,000 cubic yards of material. The slope is $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 on the front, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 on the back. The main part of this dam is paved with reinforced concrete, 7 inches thick at the bottom and 4 inches at the top, the reinforcing wire being laid diagonally in order to better take up the expansion. This concrete work was done by Roy & Simons, of Sweetwater, Texas.

This great embankment has been laid in 3-foot lifts and each lift irrigated, which seems to have been something new in dam construction. By tapping a creek two miles away, water was carried to the top of the dam, and the core or center of the dam was "puddled" in. This is a new process in dam construction, wherein the adhesiveness of the adobe soil is increased by an admixture of water which, when dry, is similar in body to adobe brick. Also an abundant supply of water was brought to the dam for the purpose of watering the work stock, mixing concrete, etc.

Standing at the northern extremity of the dam, a person unfamiliar with the country's topography would feel positive that the water was flowing up hill. Before construction began, an elderly Chicago financier stood looking over the project with a view to taking bonds. L. B. Westerman of Fort Stockton, a sub-contractor who built the flume outlet conduit and upper gates, explained to him how water was to be carried over the intervening hills to the top of the dam. The financier looked incredulous. Finally, with a smile, he exclaimed:

"If I was thirty years younger, I'd call you a liar."

Underneath the main dam a puddle trench was dug 20 feet deep, carried down to the rock or clay to cut-off and gravel

stratum. It was filled with water and the material "bulldozed" in from the ends.

Irrigation of the successive lifts in the dam was continued for two or three days, work proceeding at the other end meanwhile. There is also a cut-off dam of 21,000 cubic yards, to keep the water out of the town of Balmorhea.

An outlet canal and concrete conduit 210 feet long at the bottom of a 20-foot cut, mostly rock work, was constructed. There is a double set of gates, one for service and one for emergency. After passing through the conduit, water from the reservoir is carried around a hill through a flume, built of Armco iron, 975 feet long, and empties into the main canal of the project.

The intake canal was dug with Monigan drag lines. A portion of the banks of the outlet canal, where low, were built up with borrowed material, by means of elevating graders and dump wagons, to carry $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water.

A. D. Jameson, the active partner of Jameson & Company, was in charge of the entire work. The work required a year and 125 men were employed.

Vernon L. Sullivan, former territorial engineer for New Mexico, and at present manager of the Imperial Irrigation Project for the Orient Railway and engineer for the Fort Stockton irrigated lands, was engineer for Reeves County Irrigated District No. 1. R. S. Watrous was resident engineer.

The reservoir when filled with water covers 533 acres and stores 7,000 acre-feet of water. Thus a good-sized lake has been formed near Balmorhea and the inhabitants have stocked it with fish and put on a boat service for duck hunting, and are talking of a winter resort with automobile drives through the picturesque Davis Mountains.

In the Trans-Pecos region of Texas, which for convenience we are designating as the Big Bend, as in most other cow and sheep countries, trouble prevailed in the early days between the cow and sheep men, but not such violent trouble as occurred in Wyoming. The story of the man with the bent gun-barrel

is also a story of a sheep man who became involved with a cow outfit.

A man named Patterson ran a bunch of sheep in the region of Gomez Peak, on the north side of Davis Mountains, Jeff Davis County. The Gomez Cattle Company, with which the Newmans of El Paso were connected, had cattle on the MF range (MF was the brand of the company). Two cowboys, one a Mexican, the other an American, got into trouble with Patterson over the sheep and cattle range border. In a fight which ensued, Patterson shot and killed the Mexican and shot at the American, who fled.

Patterson, who was fifty years old and of a hasty disposition, abandoned his sheep and struck out horseback for the New Mexico border, beyond which lay safety.

In the mountains north of Kent, he reached the headquarters of the B-Bar outfit, owned by the Bean family. At the B-Bar were Jim Bean, then a lad, his father, and a hired man. Patterson arrived one morning while the three were at breakfast. He rode a jaded horse, and he was weary and unkempt. He carried a Winchester, the barrel of which was slightly bent. Supposedly, he had shot the Mexican at close range with it, but he missed the American cowboy because of the curve of the barrel.

Patterson's appearance was made still more unprepossessing owing to the fact that he had killed a rabbit for food and he had no water to erase the smears of blood. He asked for breakfast. The lad, Jim, set out the breakfast, and when Patterson slacked up in the hurry of his ravenous appetite and began to look about curiously, Jim asked his name—a question which in those days was considered rather unethical.

"Patterson!" replied the man, quick as a flash. "Did you ever hear of it?"

"No!" said Jim, quickly.

But the story of the killing had reached the B-Bar, and Jim had his suspicions. The man appeared to be relieved at Jim's answer and decided to remain throughout the day to rest his weary mount. The father and hired man were working some

distance away on a ranch out-building. Jim slipped away from the stranger and imparted his suspicions to the men.

As the day went by and the stranger sat at the supper table, the hired man, who was a giant of a fellow, proposed to Mr Bean that he be permitted to strike Patterson with some weight and bind him. But the ranchman would not consent to this plan of capture because he was afraid the man might kill the stranger, or that he might fail in the attempt to stun him, and Patterson might shoot them. Such was possible as Patterson kept close to his Winchester and the Beans were unarmed. It speaks of the peacefulness of their environment that the ranchmen did not have a gun on the ranch.

Patterson remained one full day and night, then started on the Crow Spring trail toward New Mexico—toward what is now Orange. As he was preparing to start, some comment was made about the bent gun-barrel.

"Bent it over a man's head," he said, briefly. "Over Charley Cole's head when I hit him in a quarrel."

Cole was a ranchman whom the Beans knew had had trouble with a sheepman.

Late in the evening of that day on which Patterson continued his journey, two Texas rangers, Joe Sitters and Ed Eaton, arrived at the B-Bar ranch. Rangers were so common in those days that the Beans did not think at first of mentioning Patterson, as it did not occur to them that the rangers were after him. But this fact came out after a time and early the next morning the two men of the law set out on the Crow Spring trail after their man. They, too, had jaded mounts, for they had been riding long and hard—rangers who never gave up their quarry.

In the evening they came in sight of a lone man riding a weary horse. The man kept looking back uneasily and urged his horse on, but the rangers gained on him. When they were about two miles from the New Mexico line, where their hunt must stop to keep within the bounds of legality, the stranger ahead of them stopped and called back:

"Are you afraid?"

"No," said the rangers.

"Why don't you come on up with me then?"

They overtook him and Patterson made no resistance. He could have shot at them when they were far back and perhaps prevented his capture had his gun barrel not been so bent as to shoot in a curve. He was taken to El Paso and later was tried and sentenced in Jeff Davis County.

In 1896, gold began to lure the settlers of the Big Bend. A negro named Bill was employed by John, Frank, and Lee Reagan, who had cattle around Stillwell's Crossing, with headquarters on the Rio Grande below Boquillas.

But it appeared that Bill had caught a glimpse of the lustre of gold. One morning he laid a handful of gold nuggets before Jim Reagan when he was sitting about the camp breakfast.

"See what I have got from my gold mine," he said to the white man.

But Reagan brushed the stuff from the table saying that it was nothing but copper and dust.

The next day the negro hunted for horses all day; but on the following morning he shoved another handful of gold at Reagan's plate. At this Reagan informed the negro that he was employed to hunt horses, not to search for gold; and again, with contempt, he brushed the gold aside.

A short time after this Bill was sent to Sanderson for provisions. With him he took some of the gold and gave it to a railroad conductor, who circulated the story that a gold mine was near. As a result many prospectors became interested. But before Bill could tell just where the gold mine was he made a hurried departure from the Big Bend. It happened in this wise:

One morning while out in the hills "rustling" the horses he stayed longer than the Reagans thought necessary. In anger they went in search of him. In the meanwhile, however, Bill rode into camp from another direction, having been unable to find the horses; and he was warned by a Mexican that the Reagans were out looking for him. The negro did not relish

the idea of being punished, so he "hit the trail." That was the last ever seen of Bill.

So arose the story of the lost gold mine, which lured many fortune hunters to the Big Bend. The business of searching began and the Reagans, who had so disdainfully repulsed the negro, became mad with the desire to locate it. They spared neither time nor expense in the search. They paid a California prospector ten dollars a day for six months to hunt for the mine; and when the time came to pay the bill, Jim Reagan shipped eighty fine fat steers to market to get the money to pay the prospector.

During the first years of the search Bill's lost mine was supposed to be on the Texas side of the Rio Grande. However, as time passed and genuine prospectors, who were well acquainted with the various formations favorable to finding gold, came in to search for the lost mine, the mine was conveniently "moved" to the Mexican side, where there was a possibility of finding the mineral.

The prospectors who had been in California in '49, men from all parts of the Southwest and in other portions of the country, were attracted by the story of the lost gold mine, so many and alluring were the stories told that the craze settled on young and old in the Big Bend. But time passed and the lost gold mine remained unfounded. The one logical thing to do was to find the negro Bill. There had been various reports as to his movements and some said he had died at Fort Worth. Others claimed that he was then living in Colorado.

At any rate he acquainted two Colorado prospectors with the story of the mine, as there came to Big Bend two men who worked with more system than the other searchers and who seemed to be better informed about Bill. Hearing that they were from Colorado, Wilson Bourland, one of the most interested of the prospectors, went to see them with the hopes of learning something about the negro. Bourland learned from the men that Bill had relatives in Austin; and to Austin he went to interview Bill's kinsmen.

Bourland reached Austin and found an old negro who possessed a fine farm and a close mouth. He informed Bourland, however, that the Colorado prospectors had maps in their possession which evidently had come from Bill.

But the outcome of the exploration of the Colorado prospectors bore no fruit. They planned another trip, and wrote to Bourland for accommodations in the way of burros, but they never showed up. It is estimated that forty-five thousand dollars has been spent in the search for Bill's mine.

If you but stop to think, have you ever heard of a lost gold mine being found? With very few exceptions, for example the lost mine of Tiopa, in Mexico, we have no records of mines being lost. It is true that in the days of the Spanish *conquistadores* the Indian slaves were wont to revolt against their harsh masters and often destroyed all trace of the mines in which they had worked, in order that they would not be again forced to enter them. But it is an open question as to whether there is such a thing as a lost gold mine.

To get back to Bill's lost mine: Some years prior to the coming of the Reagan boys in the Big Bend, an old ex-pro prospector, by name Corbett, who was in ill health, built a small cabin upon the very spot where in later years the Reagan boys had their cow camp. The old prospector had worked from Alaska to Panama, and he had gathered a wonderful collection of gold bearing ore. At the time Corbett lived at Stillwell's Crossing, Jim Wilson and J. E. Davenport were running cattle on the Rio Grande, with their headquarters near Corbett's cabin. In time the old prospector died; a windstorm blew away his cabin and scattered his precious collection of gold ores over the hillside.

Then came the Reagan boys and the negro Bill. One day Wilson and Davenport, both of whom were great practical jokers, conceived the idea of playing a joke on the Reagan boys. So they broke up some of the old prospector's gold ores, secreted it in a good place and "steered" negro Bill up against the cache.

The plan worked beautifully. In much excitement Bill took

the gold nuggets to the Reagans, as herein before related. This is the true story of the lost gold mine.

Another phase: Wilson and Davenport broke up some of the nuggets and gave them to Joe and Will Kincaid, D. S. Combs and Capt. Alfred Wallace, who sent them over to have them assayed. The nuggets were very rich and when the assay statements came back the men demanded of Wilson and Davenport to be shown where the vein was. At last the story of the assay and rich mine went abroad and the joke came out.

The peculiar thing about the story is, that one man who was in on the joke, in later years spent a thousand dollars to locate the lost mine.

When the people of Alpine stand with uncovered heads some of these days, to listen to the dedicating services held at the Sul Ross Normal, in every heart there should be gratitude to a fellow citizen of theirs to whose influence and untiring efforts is due the principal credit for what will be that great West Texas school. Mr. J. D. Jackson is the man to whom reference is made. He is the father of the institution.

Mr. Jackson was brought up without the advantage of education. He made the West his home when it was only a wilderness and school houses were far apart. But in spite of that fact he is a friend to the great cause and has placed this star in the West, by spending time and money and labor in that direction. He does not want the younger people of this day to battle their way up as he has done, without having an opportunity to attend good schools and receive proper training there.

To the man who is informed and who appreciates the right kind of efforts, Sul Ross Normal will stand out there at the summit of the great State of Texas, out there on the eternal roof garden, as a monument to the endeavor of this plain but honorable and able cowman, who has accumulated one of the big fortunes of the State.

Alpine gets this normal because Joe Jackson took the time from his own business and made the dream of the little city come true. His heart beat in the right place and unselfishly

he began putting his mind and influence to work in that direction and he never stopped, he never laid down until the thing he went after had been lariatied and tied so that it could not get away.

The people of Alpine claim to have the greatest health resort anywhere in Texas or outside. Apparently no one ever thinks of dying out there, life on a plateau having so many delights. The altitude is 4,500 feet above sea level and the winters are mild because the mountains to the north act as a barrier against the north winds and Alpine does not suffer from blasting blows. For this reason it is expected that many students will flock from the lowlands to study amid healthful surroundings, so that when they are ready to teach they may present a certificate of perfect health as one of their qualifications.

Alpine is located at the junction of the two trunk lines, the main line of the coast-to-coast Southern Pacific line and the main line of the Orient railway, sometime to be extended through Mexico to the Pacific coast. That it is the logical place for a normal college is attested by the fact that it was named in the bill, the unanimous choice of the forty-four counties within its area, and the only requirement was that Alpine should give the site and that it should be no less than 100 acres of the best land obtainable within three miles of the city. The local pride of Alpine in the college insured the selection of the best site that could be had. One hundred acres at the edge of town, a beautiful location, was donated by W. B. Hancock, another prominent ranchman.

There are 71,000 scholastics in the district that will be specially served by this normal college. For the benefit of any who may think Alpine is located on the Rio Grande overlooking the plains of Mexico, it is stated that while Brewster County has a 300-mile front along the Rio Grande the city of Alpine is 110 miles from the river, or only thirty miles closer to the border than the city of San Antonio.

Alpine is 445 miles distant from San Marcos, the site of the Southwest Texas Normal School, and 600 miles from Canyon City, where the Northwest Texas Normal is located.

The city of El Paso, with approximately 100,000 inhabitants, is 228 miles west of Alpine.

The special need of Sul Ross Normal College is not only for the real West Texas, but it is also needed to raise the standard of education in Texas, which now ranks thirty-eighth in the galaxy of states. The State of Massachusetts ranks first and has ten normal schools, which send teachers to all parts of the United States. The population of Massachusetts is about 1,000,000 less than Texas and she has about 400,000 less scholastics, notwithstanding that the scholastic age is 8 to 20 years, as against 7 to 17 in Texas. West Texas contains about one-third of the population of Texas, yet the only normal west of the 98th parallel is in the Panhandle.

The territory about Alpine has come into prominence for its fruit during the last few years, apples, peaches, apricots, pears, grapes, berries and melons being grown in unsurpassed quality. The first stratum of water is obtained at a depth of forty-three feet, the second at eighty feet, and both are said to be pure free-stone water in inexhaustible quantity. The abundance of water, coupled with the high altitude, has given the stimulus to fruit growing.

The finest marble quarries in the country are near Alpine and should it be desired it would be possible to construct the buildings of the Sul Ross Normal College of marble at comparatively small expense.

CHAPTER XXVI

He was a smallish man, slight built and almost frail looking, with earnest, deep blue eyes which in the later years of his life, were almost hidden behind heavy glasses. He usually wore black—usually, because oftentimes he wore overalls; for this Man of God disdained not to work with his hands. And as he wrought great changes in the spiritual life of the pioneers in the Davis Mountains and the Big Bend country, so did he leave evidence of his work in an organization—the Bloys Campmeeting Association—which has stood for thirty years a guide-post pointing towards a higher plane of Christianity.

Dr. William B. Bloys was born January 26, 1847, in Carroll County, Tennessee, and died at Fort Davis, Texas, on March 22, 1917, in his seventieth year. During the first years of his majority he taught school and helped his father on the farm. At the age of thirty-two he graduated from Lane's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, and took up the work of a Presbyterian Home Missionary. On May 26, 1879, he married Miss Isabelle Catherine Yeck; and immediately the young couple moved to Coleman, Texas, where for nine years Dr. Bloys performed the duties of minister before coming to the Davis Mountains.

The direct cause for this westward move was the ill health of the young minister. The Merrills had moved from Coleman to the Davis Mountains to engage in ranching. At that time there was no minister or chaplain at Fort Davis and it took but little persuasion on the part of the Merrills to induce Doctor Bloys to enter the new field. For twenty-nine years the spirit and teachings of this wonderful man influenced the lives of the people in Southwest Texas. To-day, and with each succeeding year, although Doctor Bloys has passed to the Great Beyond, the influence of his teachings become stronger and stronger.

A description of the last campmeeting at which Doctor Bloys

officialated appeared in the San Antonio Express, Sunday, September 10, 1916:

"With the mountains towering in silent grandeur above the tent-dotted grove of live oaks and the very air charged with the Spirit of the Hills, the Bloys Campmeeting Association held its annual campmeeting in Skillman's Grove, Davis Mountains, sixteen miles west of Fort Davis, August 23 to 29, inclusive. Here gathered the local ranchmen's families who lived in a radius of fifty miles, visitors from Valentine, Marfa, Alpine, Fort Stockton, and Marathon, as well as those who came in automobiles from Pecos, Midland, and Abilene—a distance of two hundred miles and more.

"Twenty-nine years ago, Dr. W. B. Bloys, a Presbyterian home missionary, conceived the idea of holding an annual campmeeting, to which the scattered ranchmen and cowboys could come once a year to hear the Gospel preached; and with a handful of ranchmen, the nucleus of the present great association was formed. This was in 1890. To-day, the influence of this splendid work is evidenced by the high class of citizenry in the Fort Davis country.

"In time the needs of the campmeeting grew to such proportions that it became necessary to establish and maintain a regularly equipped camp ground. The first move made in this direction was to buy 640 acres of land, in the heart of which was a beautiful grove of live oaks—Skillman's Grove. Improvements have been continually added, until now the camp ground has every modern convenience—water system, with pipes running to each camp, a spacious tabernacle, with lighting system, storehouses, and, in many instances, concrete flooring and sidewalks for the tents.

"Each old family has its arbor, under which the heads of the house form a center for both the religious and social life about them. The Evans, Means, Jones, Merrills, Medleys, Prudes, Gilletts, all stand out as leaders and as examples of the kind of men and women Christianity in the broadest, truest sense develops. Here reigns hospitality and sociability in an almost ideal state. The word 'stranger' is a misnomer, for

one immediately feels at home, and though one may not be able to call each individual by name, yet the hospitality and sociability is so pronounced that the formality of an introduction is dispensed with. Some of these camps comprise nearly three hundred members, including guests and the family—the Evans-Means camp is as great as this, while the W. T. Jones camp follows a close second. The other camps range from twenty-five to fifty persons.

“But how conditions have changed, with the coming of automobiles, of telephones, of modern camp appliances! The thrill one experiences on hearing these old leaders tell of the hardships and inconveniences they suffered then, in the early days of the camp meeting; how they rode overland in covered wagons and on horseback for days and days to reach the camp ground! To-day, each family has two or more automobiles, in which they may leave their homes and arrive at the grounds after a few hours’ pleasant drive over the best natural roads in the world. Through telephone and telegraph communication with the outside world they are enabled to keep in close touch with daily happenings.

“When the results of the United States senatorial race reached San Antonio every man in camp soon knew of it; daily live stock market reports were received, and one never feels that sense of isolation which usually comes with being ‘far from the madding crowd.’ But all this is inevitably true, for these religious folk are a business folk as well, and many millions of dollars are represented by the various families.

“The Association is nonsectarian. Any denomination having a representation in the community may have its minister in the pulpit. At present four denominations are represented—the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Christian. This shows the broadmindedness of the founders of the association. No expense is spared to bring before the people the ablest and best pulpit orators to be had. And very wisely the directors of the Association follow the plan of withholding the name of the immediate occupant of the pulpit until the service has begun. This eliminated the probability of those staying away

from services not conducted by a minister of their particular denomination. This year the services were conducted by Dr. S. J. Porter, pastor of the First Baptist Church, San Antonio; Dr. John H. Burma, formerly pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Dallas, and now vice president of Dubuque College, Dubuque, Iowa; Dr. C. S. Wright, vice president of the Southern Methodist University, Dallas, and Rev. H. M. Bandy, of Alpine.

"But mention of that grand old man, Dr. William B. Bloys, who has been the spiritual father of every man, woman, and child in the community for over thirty years, must not be omitted. He is growing old now, but the same indomitable will to serve his Master which has won him the title, 'The Little Father of the Hills,' is apparent in his every act and word. An incident which occurred at the business meeting of the Association will illustrate the place he occupies in the hearts of these great, rough men, over whom he has held spiritual sway for so long.

"In a speech he explained the expediency of electing another and younger man to fill his place—that of superintendent of the meetings. For some moments after he had begun to speak his hearers did not catch the drift of his remarks; but when the idea entered their heads that their leader, the man who stood for all that was good and beneficial, was trying to resign, with one voice the members of the Association cried him down. Nor would they hear to him breaking in a new man to fill his place. John Means, whose brand is carried by thousands of cattle, shouted above the uproar, 'Sit down, Bloys, there'll be plenty of time to elect your successor when you're gone!' A remark made by one of the old pioneers unwittingly shows the individuality of 'The Little Father' and the hold he has upon the great hearts of the hardy mountain folk. An old settler was telling Dr. Wright of the Southern Methodist University how much he enjoyed the privilege of listening to the big men of the pulpit who came from afar to preach. 'But,' concluded the frank old man, 'I'd ruther hear Parson Bloys make his announcements than t' hear the whole bunch of you preach.'

"In point of attendance, Sunday was the big day. As early as 9 o'clock cars began to top the low summit of the pass to the westward and to sweep into camp with a last burst of speed, while shouts of welcome answered the discordant sound of auto claxons, as long-parted friends sighted one another. Here Bill met John for the first time since the last campmeeting, and Mrs. Bill reminded Mrs. John of her promise made the year before to eat Sunday dinner with her. By the time the 11 o'clock service was ready to begin there could be seen two hundred automobiles—'sixes' and 'eights,' if you please, with a few 'fours' and 'twelves' scattered throughout the ensemble.

"Thickly packed around the tabernacle, the sides and ends of which were raised to resemble a porch roof, cars were parked so the occupants could sit comfortably in their seats and hear every word spoken from the pulpit. The interior of the tabernacle was crowded, although Dr. Bloys was careful to see that none should have to stand who cared to sit. Trust that grand old man for that! Then began a service which surely must have impressed every listener for the dignity, simplicity, and earnestness evinced by those who took a part. A folk surely partake of their surroundings, and here in one of the most beautiful spots imaginable, pressed to the bosom of the majestic mountains and drinking the pure, fresh air into their lungs, these people have found cause to thank God for His goodness.

"After the forenoon service a rush for the various camps took place. But no fear, there was enough for all—and more. How one's appetite is increased by the invigorating mountain air! In one camp the hungry diners ate thirty-nine cakes, and that after having partaken of the loads of good things which went before. In the combined camps two whole beeves were consumed in this great dinner, while twenty-three were butchered in the seven days the meeting lasted. A popular fallacy exists in the minds of many people about ranchmen having nothing but condensed milk, if any, and living out of tin cans. That condition may obtain in some places, but on the long tables placed beneath the arbors of the different camps one

could find preserves made from grape, plum, peach, and apricot, the finest yellow butter, sweet milk, buttermilk, and cream for the coffee—and such coffee! No one can boil a pot of coffee like the plainsman, as all who have partaken thereof can testify.

“When one considers that five services are held daily, the opportunity for much social life seems limited. But here the social life is subordinated to the religious, and this tends to encourage sociability. For among these Christian people, as among other groups of people of common sympathy, there exists a bond of brotherhood, of free masonry, which brings together those of the same belief. The social life here is found in its purest and best state and, while dozens of marriages are brought about through the young people being thrown together at the campmeetings, yet the divorce evil is practically unknown. A healthy body begets pure thoughts and here, favored by climate and surroundings, the young men and young women grow up free from so many of the evils and temptations which are the continual ban of parents in more thickly settled communities.

“Many incidents occurred during the campmeeting which showed the wholesome, healthy temper of these big people of a big country. One night, while a solo was being sung by one of the choir, the lights grew dim and then with a last flareup, went out. The audience immediately became restless, chairs scraped against the floor as many started to rise and a murmur of dismay ran through the house. But the soloist with unusual presence of mind and without a single faltering note, continued the sacred song.

“The accompanist at the piano played on; from somewhere an electric flashlight was produced, then another and another; the singing continued, lanterns were brought quickly from the nearest camps, autos were driven alongside the tabernacle and their headlights turned on the assembly; order was restored and Doctor Bloys rose and announced that Doctor Porter, of San Antonio, would deliver the sermon.

“But the incident did not close with this. Several men had gone quietly to the gas-house to locate the trouble and Doctor

Porter had read several verses of his text when, suddenly, a dull report, accompanied by a blinding flash of light, came from the gas-house, and again a commotion ensued. Many of the men broke for the explosion, fearing for the safety of those who had gone first to investigate the trouble, while the others served to quiet the stampeding audience.

"In a few moments word was brought that none had been injured in the explosion and order was again restored. For the second time Doctor Porter rose, after having been so rudely interrupted, and in five minutes he had the perturbed audience under the spell of his magnetic voice.

"It stands to reason that it takes large sums of money to foot the bills for a campmeeting conducted on such a large scale. But each man carries a checkbook and he makes use of it. At one of the afternoon prayer-meetings for men, George Evans, owner of the EV Ranch, made the suggestion that those present—twenty-eight in number—make a little donation for the Buckner's Orphan Home, at Dallas, to help relieve the epidemic of typhoid fever prevalent among the orphans. The checkbooks were called into play and four hundred dollars were raised in less time than it takes to tell it. That is the way these people do things.

"When the Association was formed, there were only three professed Christians in the community, one of whom was Doctor Bloys, who had come to Fort Davis as a home missionary in the early eighties. But the other settlers, coming as they had from Christian homes, realized the advantages to be derived from Christian influence, and one and all joined in the movement. To-day these old families are represented by three generations, and 95 per cent of them belong to some church. One wonders at this until the mountains lay their hold upon him, then he wonders no longer.

"Fort Davis is called the 'Mile-High Town,' and as you go westward toward Skillman's Grove, you rise to an altitude of 6,000 feet. In every direction, the eye is met by scenery unequalled by any other in the State. It is a land of immense valleys and high mountains. In these valleys and on the moun-

tainsides, grow the famous black grama grass, on which graze the herds of cattle that have made the community so wealthy. It is a country of large ranches, and on these reside a people who have never felt the cramping littleness of more thickly settled communities. They are literally 'monarchs of all they survey.' And when these people come together, let it be either for business or for pleasure, they enter into the spirit of the occasion with all the strength and vim which comes from clean, moral living.

"Probably the most impressive service of the campmeeting was the one held at 8:30 Tuesday morning, just before breaking camp. This last service is always conducted by Doctor Bloys, in person, while each of the ministers who have taken part in the services have an opportunity to say a farewell word. Everyone was in a hurry, apparently from impatience to get back home, but in reality dreading the leaves-taking which would separate them from their friends for another long year. Those new converts who had not already been received in the church were now taken into membership, and the emotions of the people were thinly veiled. Just after the final benediction, some of the older men could have been seen slipping quietly away. These men, who could be shrewd and hard when a cow deal was on, were too deeply touched to undergo the last goodbye. After a few moments in the tabernacle, the breaking-up of camp began, and the twenty-sixth annual campmeeting of the Bloys Campmeeting Association had closed."

At the annual campmeeting, held in August, 1917, a committee was appointed to select a suitable monument to be erected on the campmeeting grounds in memory of their beloved leader. At the time the selection was being made the opinions of the committeemen were divided in regard to the kind of stone, design, etc., which should be used. One or two of the committeemen were in favor of an artistically ornamented obelisk, with lighting fixtures, so placed that the monument could be lit up at night. But one of the old cowmen present raised strenuous objections. In a speech he voiced these objections and closed by saying—"We want a monument just

like Brother Bloys, simple, strong, and solid, from top to bottom."

And to-day such a stone as this stands in the heart of the campmeeting grounds, to which every man and woman who has known and loved the "Father of the Hills" may point with pride.

Among the treasured keepsakes found after Doctor Bloys' death, there was a scrap-book, in the fly-leaf of which was found a preface written in the smooth, round handwriting of the minister. One can not read this without feeling the simplicity, the kindliness, and the strength of the man. It reads:

"Preface to the first edition: Well, I am once again to be an author. I say *again*, because I have been an author at various and sundry times since babyhood. In the young, tender years of life, when the time seemed long from one Christmas to another, when peach tree switches were constantly in vogue and other kinds, too; when the mud puddles were sources of delight and the face washing was torture; in those tender years, I say, if any mischief was done about the house or premises it was unanimously attributed to me.

"So you see, although so young, I was an author of some repute. From that time to this I have been an author in various ways. As with other authors the times have varied; sometimes up, sometimes down; sometimes dark days, sometimes bright; but the bright days have outnumbered the dark ones.

"But I am now to be an author in an especial sense. I am to make a book, and this is the preface. Why preface? What did Herodotus and Cicero and Demosthenes and Macaulay and Mark Twain and all those other fellows write a preface for?

"I am not to worry my brain with thinking and thinking and thinking, as some other authors are supposed to do; I am not to banish the family from the house so that it can be quiet; I am not to burn the midnight oil in poring 'over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,' to get the knowledge to put into a book. No, sir, or madam, as the case may be, I am

to gather the chapters together and throw them into a book as so many chips into a basket.

"Every chapter will be on a different theme. Some authors make a whole book with only one theme; but I like a book with a good many themes. It affords variety, and variety, as you may have heard, is the spice of life.

"There are to be some rare gems in this book of mine, and some that are not worth much. I put them in for the reason that editors put so much useless trash in the papers, to fill up space. Some of these came to me from loved ones whose faces I shall see no more, whose memory will ever be green and fresh in my mind. Some of them I gleaned from newspapers and from other sources. I don't know how I came by the rest of them.

"This is the first preface I ever wrote. It may be the last, I don't know. I make no rash promises; but I thought an innocent and unsuspecting public ought to know some of my reasons for sending this book out into the world. Besides I have little use for that class of authors who are ashamed of their productions and write under a *nom de plume*. I don't want any 'plume' at all. I want the facts to be known, the truth to shine out, and to that I am not ashamed to put my name, which is W. B. B.

"To her, who one sweet May day plighted her troth with me, who since then has walked with me through light and storm, sometimes I the oak, she the clinging vine; sometimes I the vine, *she* the strong oak; to her, the patient mother and wife, this volume of scraps is most respectfully dedicated by the Author."

On August 19, 1917, the regular three o'clock service at the campmeeting was changed to a Memorial Service for Doctor Bloys. This service was opened with Dr. C. S. Wright reading from the Scriptures, then Dr. John H. Burma made the memorial address. Following this Captain J. B. Gillett, C. O. Finley, and J. W. Merrill spoke feelingly out of their great knowledge of the man. After this Doctor Truett, of Dallas, made the closing talk. In substance, the symposium of their

remarks was as follows: Dominant trait of character; strong conviction that he was born to lead a people out of a second Israel; simplicity, energy, and optimism, which knew no limit, and great common sense, which made him tolerant of others' beliefs so long as they worked for the common cause—the cause of Christ. Doctor Burma stated that Doctor Bloys had summed it up thus, "All denominations serve their purposes in the sight of God, each one being an instrument in the hands of the Lord, and so long as each instrument is useful the Lord will take care of it. Why, then, should the power of one instrument be used to lessen the power of another?"

In a letter to a friend, C. E. Way, first county clerk of Brewster County, makes this mention of Doctor Bloys: "A history of the Big Bend country would be incomplete without mention of the late William B. Bloys. I heard the first sermon he preached in Alpine. Later we became warm and steadfast friends. He lives in my memory as the most consistent and unselfish Christian character I have ever known. The roughest characters of those rough days were ready to fight for him.

"Aside from the great strength of his Christian character, he was a man absolutely void of physical fear. I do not think he knew what the sensation of fear was like. I sometimes think his great success in the West was attributable to this trait of his character. Courage always appeals to the men of the West.

"Wherever his duty called him, there he would go. I have seen him walk into a saloon full of drunken men, who were yelling and cursing. When he appeared in the doorway every curse was hushed; glasses half raised to cursing lips were lowered; profanity died half spoken, and gambling games suspended operations. After speaking with whom he had business, with a friendly nod he went his way.

"The good he left as a legacy to the people will never die. From the depth of my love for him and with profound sorrow at his demise, I pay this poor tribute to his greatness."

A picture: Doctor Bloys standing by the side of the altar in the tabernacle with watch in hand. Just at the exact minute the service is to begin, he raises his voice in a command that can

be heard in all parts of the tabernacle—"It's time for the service to begin." Immediately a hush falls upon the assembly, for in that little body was the spirit that commanded and demanded implicit obedience.

CHAPTER XXVII

On August 30, 1915, Pasqual Orozco, the notorious Mexican rebel leader, together with four followers, was killed while resisting arrest two miles south of High Lonesome Peak, Culberson County, by a posse of citizens.

The testimony of Will H. Schrock, of Sierre Blanco, was taken by Justice of the Peace, Tom H. Owens. Mr. Schrock gives in detail the incidents surrounding the fight:

"I first heard of the Mexicans when I drove up to R. C. Love's ranch about 1 p. m., August 29. August Fransel and Joe Thomson told me that two well-armed Mexicans had ridden off the ranch in the direction of the Dick Love well. Joe also said that five Mexicans were camped at this new well and that they had several horses. Joe said he was hunting horses and rode up to a loose bunch when these Mexicans rose up and spoke to him in English, saying, 'come here.' He said he went to where they were camped and they asked him what he was looking for. He replied that he was looking for horses. When he asked them what they wanted with him they told him they wanted some chuck.

" 'All right,' he replied, 'come with me to the ranch and I'll get you some chuck.' Two of the men, one with black leggings and the other with a black eye, khaki suit and tan puttees, went with him to the ranch. When they dismounted one of the Mexicans told Joe to shoe his horse, which Joe did.

"They went into dinner and while they ate they constantly watched the roads leading to the ranch house. During the meal one of them spied three men coming toward the house, and said in Mexican, 'there comes three men, let's go.' They jumped up, grabbed their Winchesters, which they brought in, and ran for their horses, mounted, and rode away.

"About fifteen minutes later five other men and I were in the

saddle hot on their trail. When we reached the point where they had camped the night before, we saw them going east toward the Eagle Mountains and they were 'beating them on the tail,' too. They reached the mountains about a quarter of a mile ahead of us and began shooting at us. I lost my hat about that time and did not know what happened for awhile. They fired fifteen or twenty shots, which caused us to turn back. They kept their position for about two hours, then went into Frenchman's Well Canyon. We trailed them into the canyon above Frenchman's Well, but darkness stopped us. The next morning we picked up the trail where we left it, followed them through the mountains and on to where we found them about 2 p. m., August 30, in the foothills of Van Horn Mountains, almost due south of High Lonesome Peak and about one-half mile from Stephen's tank.

"There a posse surrounded them and they made fight. Hiding behind rocks and shooting with their Winchesters, they fought until they were all dead. They were all armed with practically new 30-30 Marlin rifles, they also had one, and perhaps more pistols. After the battle we found in their possession about 1,000 rounds of 30-30 cartridges. We also found in their possession two horses belonging to J. E. Marshall, G. H. & S. A. Ry. pumper at Ilaska, Texas, one horse owned by Bob Love, which had been taken from the same pasture. They had only five horses with them so far as I know."

(Signed) W. H. Schrock.

Following the killing of Orozco comparative quiet reigned along the Rio Grande in the Big Bend until the world was startled by the Glenn Springs raid and massacre. On the night of May 5, 1916, a band of Mexican outlaws, both Villistas and Carranzistas, led by Rodriguez Ramierez, raided Glenn Springs, or as it is sometimes called, McKinney Springs. Ramierez was a bandit who had carefully planned the raid in advance. He had gathered seventeen men at El Peno and crossed the Rio Grande at the Teague ranch, twenty-five miles above Glenn Springs. He remained at the Teague ranch for about three

days for the purpose of recruiting more men for his band. After which they moved down the Rio Grande recruiting more men all the while, until he had a formidable number, including some of the fiercest outlaws of Mexico.

A number of the bandits crossed the river near San Vincente and divided; whereupon part of them went to Glenn Springs to make an attack and the other detachment went to the Deemer store, at Boquillas, to loot. The attack on Glenn Springs was begun at 11 o'clock, when the Mexicans attacked nine men of the 14th Cavalry under the command of Sergeant Smyth. At Glenn Springs besides the soldiers were E. K. Ellis, C. G. Compton, a small daughter, a son of four years, and a deaf and dumb son a few years older. About 11 o'clock the Mexicans slipped into the village and took a position fifty yards from the store, and about the same distance from a two room adobe shack, covered with a tin roof over which was spread candililla weed for a thatch. Within the shack were five of the soldiers, three asleep and two on guard.

Ellis first heard the battle cry of the Mexicans, but he dared not shoot as he was afraid of hitting some of the soldiers. The Mexicans obviously were there for the main purpose of looting the store, as well as to kill the soldiers who were guarding the place. When entering the village they stopped at the Compton house, seventy-five feet back of the store, and inquired if soldiers were in the place. Compton answered in the negative, hoping perhaps that the Mexicans would go on and be killed by the guards.

Compton, who was a clerk in the Ellis store, carried his daughter to the home of a Mexican woman for safe keeping. He left his two sons in his home, and during the night when the smaller son, four years old, was peeping from the door, a Mexican standing just outside of the wall of the house, fired and killed the lad.

The soldiers were doing all in their power to defend the place but their number was too small. The fight continued until 2 o'clock in the morning and a short time before the Mexicans began to give signals to depart by throwing balls of red

flannel saturated with kerosene oil upon the thatched roof of the soldiers' shack. The candililla weed is very inflammable, and as the thatched roof caught fire, a flare of light illuminated the whole village.

It was necessary for the soldiers to escape or be butchered by the maddened bandits. To do this it was necessary to run the gantlet. In escaping, one of the soldiers was shot and killed while jumping through a window. Coloe was killed about fifty yards to the northwest and Rogers was only on the hillside one hundred yards away before he was downed. But before Rogers died he killed one of the Mexicans. When the roof of the shack fell in two of the soldiers were wounded by bullets, three killed, and two were badly burned. On the hillside there were found nine pools of blood other than those of the Americans, indicating the death of as many Mexicans.

The other body of Mexicans who had gone on to Boquillas were equally as successful in raiding Deemer's store. The following morning they crossed the Rio Grande to the Del Carmen Mine where they captured all the American employees at the mine. They took the provisions from the mine and loaded them on a large truck; then both parties of Mexican raiders started on their return trip to Mexico. The captured Americans were commanded to drive the truck.

Determined not to drive the truck into Mexico, the Americans ran it into a bad crossing near Arroyo, where it stuck fast. There were only four of the bandits with the Americans at the time, and they were made to believe that it was an accident. The Americans then asked the Mexicans to assist them in starting the truck again. The Mexicans complied, and at a signal they were seized and disarmed. The Americans then started on foot to Boquillas, bringing their prisoners with them. The main body of bandits fled to El Peno, Chihuahua.

The following is the report sent in by Captain C. W. Cole, 14th Cavalry, to the commanding officer, First Provisional Squadron, 14th Cavalry, Marfa, Texas:

1. In compliance with your instructions by buzzer, May 7, I left here at 6:30 a. m., in an automobile with Sheriff Walton,

of Brewster County, Texas, and proceeded to Glenn Springs, Texas, via Marathon, arriving at Glenn Springs at 5:30 that afternoon.

2. There were nine men of Troop "A," 14th Cavalry, in the detachment at Glenn Springs at the time of the attack—Sergeant Charles E. Smyth, in command; Privates Joseph Birck, Stephen J. Coloe, Frank W. Croskem, William Cohen, Frank Defrees, Charles L. Dempsey, Hudson Rogers, and Roscoe C. Tyree.

3. The attack was made about 11:30, May 5, 1916, and was first discovered by the two men on guard, Privates Birck and Cohen, who were the only men who had their clothes on. The others had retired for the night and were in their underclothes and barefooted. When the attack was made the men were distributed as follows: Private Birck and Cohen on guard and near horse trap; Sergeant Smyth and Private Rogers, in the adobe building, and Private Defrees lying down just outside, Privates Coloe, Croskem, Dempsey, and Tyree were in the sleeping tent. The bandits made the attack dismounted, having left their horses under cover some distance away and attacking from three sides—north, west, and south, at a distance varying from 30 feet to 200 yards. When the action was well under way the men in the sleeping tent shouted to Sergeant Smyth that they were going to make a rush for the cook shack and to open the door for them, which was done. It was during the rush that Private Birck was wounded. Privates Croskem and Dempsey went into the forage tent instead of the cook shack, where they remained during the fight, shooting through the holes they had cut through the tent. They were the last men to leave the scene for the shelter of the hills. The bandits were held off until about 3:00 o'clock the next morning, when they succeeded in setting fire to the candililla which had been put on the sheet-iron roof as a protection from the heat. The little garrison held out until the most of them were literally roasted, then a rush was made for the hills. Private Cohen attempted to get out through the window and was killed with a shotgun before

he ever touched the ground. Private Coloe was killed near the corral, and Private Rogers about three hundred yards away, having run into an outpost. The others reached the hills in safety and kept up a scattered fire until the bandits left shortly after daylight. When the firing commenced all the cavalry horses were in the small corral near the adobe building, but soon after broke through the gate into the pasture, adjoining, where they were rounded up by the bandits shortly after daylight and ridden off when they left.

4. Boquillas was attacked by a part of the same band at daylight, the morning of the 6th instant. The store of Jesse Deemer was looted and he was robbed of what money he had. The bandits remained in the vicinity of Boquillas all day Friday and were joined about ten o'clock in the morning by about forty men who had participated in the Glenn Springs attack. That night the bandits loaded their loot on wagons and pack animals and crossed to the Mexican side of the river, taking Jesse Deemer, Dr. Homer Powers, Maurice Paine, a negro, and Pablo Alcala, Mexican clerk for Deemer, with them.

5. Monday, when we arrived at San Vicente and Boquillas, both were deserted. Careful search was made and several papers, a note book and other evidences of the raid were found, which were turned over to you on the 10th instant.

6. A conservative estimate of the number of outlaws participating in both raids, Glenn Springs and Boquillas, is 200, and that probably 100 or 125 were in the attack at Glenn Springs, as in addition to those actually engaged in the first attack on the detachment there. The entire place was surrounded by a cordon with outposts still farther out, covering all approaches. From the meager information obtainable the bandits were made up of both Villistas and Carranzistas, with a considerable number of Mexicans from this side of the river, as it is very evident that a part of them were thoroughly familiar with conditions, size of garrison, surroundings, etc., in the vicinity. Several bandits wore masks and handkerchiefs over their faces, which would indicate that they feared recognition. During the fight the bandits repeatedly shouted "Viva

Carranza" and "Viva Villa," showing conclusively that representatives of both factions were present. It is believed that most of the outlaws came from the vicinity of Torreon. They were reported to have made a march of fifteen days before reaching the border and the jaded conditions of their animals tends to prove the truth of the report. Upon reaching the river they were joined by Mexicans from both sides and the crossing made in small groups of twenty or twenty-five, at Boquillas, San Vicente and near the Caulder, Compton, and Solis ranches. At this season the river may be crossed almost anywhere. The rendezvous was probably at some point near and south of Glenn Springs. After the raid they separated into small bands and recrossed into Mexico at approximately the same points. The raiders had wagons and pack animals with them to carry away their loot and everything indicates a well arranged and carefully planned expedition.

7. The bandits were supposed to have been led by one Lieutenant-Colonel Nativided Alvarez of the constitutionalist army, since reported captured by the miners on the Mexican side and turned over to the military authorities now at Boquillas. The bodies of the dead Mexicans were found in the candillilla, about 75 yards from the soldiers, and upon one of them was found a lieutenant's commission, bearing the name of Rodriguez Ramierez. This man was well known at Boquillas and Glenn Springs.

8. There is no way of knowing the number of bandits killed and wounded, but it is believed their losses were heavy, beside the two mentioned above. Two newlymade graves were found near San Vicente and it is expected that more will be found. The ground in the vicinity of the adobe building was covered with pools of blood and looked like a slaughter pen, so their losses must have been considerable.

9. Our casualties were as follows—killed: Private William Cohen, entire top of head blown off by shotgun, body horribly burned; Private Stephen J. Coloe, shot through the head, chest and shoulder, body badly burned; Private Hudson Rogers shot through the head.

Garnett Compton, four years old, son of C. G. Compton, Glenn Springs, shot in chest, abdomen and leg.

Wounded: Private Joseph Birck, gunshot wounds in both legs, severely burned.

Burned: Sergeant Charles E. Smyth, Private Frank Defrees, and Private Roscoe C. Tyree.

10. Cavalry horses ridden off by the raiders and most of the property in possession of the detachment was either burned or stolen.

11. It is considered that the conduct of the men composing the little detachment at Glenn Springs was nothing short of heroic, that they did all that could be expected of mortal men and that their services deserve recognition.

(Signed) C. W. Cole,
Captain 14th Cavalry.

NOTE: A War Department "Certificate of Merit" was awarded Sergeant Charles E. Smyth, "A" Troop, 14th Cavalry, for heroic conduct at Glenn Springs. A medal of honor would undoubtedly have been awarded Sergeant Smyth had his conduct been observed by a commissioned officer, as required under the law. There was no commissioned officer present.

The letter referred to in Captain Cole's report reads:

Detachment, Troop A, 14th Cavalry.
May 6, 1916.

Commanding Officer:

The McKinney Springs detachment was attacked last night about 11:45 by about 700 Villa men. We have 5 men left in camp, 3 are known dead and 1 missing. I have in camp Private Birck, shot 3 times and Private Defrees is pretty badly burned. Private Croskem is O. K. Private Dempsey is O. K. and I am O. K., except my feet are so badly burned that I cannot walk hardly. Private Cohen is dead, Private Rogers is dead, Private Coloe is dead, and Tyree is missing, but I believe he is safe as I laid down and was shooting as he was making for the hills. The Mexicans burned the shack down that we were in, it was

an adobe shack but had wooden doors and windows and other wooden stuff inside. We stood them off all right until they burned down the adobe shack and then we had to make a run from it and we passed through some lead but they got three men, as I told you in the first part of letter. Captain, I am staying instead of coming in as I want to be on the scene; also get even for killing our men. And, Captain, all the men stood the test great, not a one flinched. Please send plenty of ammunition, both rifle and pistol. Also please send shoes and clothes, as we all fought in our underclothes, except the two men on guard, they had their clothes on at the time. I just got word that a force of Villa men made a raid on Boquillas. Also please send plenty of lime water and linseed oil for burns. I am sending in the three dead bodies of our men and also a little boy that was killed. Well, as the truck is ready I will stop and send in this letter. Please send out four pistols, as the men lost them, also one field belt, also plenty of bandages and other hospital supplies. All horses lost, also saddles, in fact everything but our rifles and my pistol.

(Signed) Chas. E. Smyth,
Sergeant, Troop A, 14th Cavalry.

Word of the Glenn Springs and Boquillas raids was not received at El Paso, the district headquarters, until Sunday, and but few details were given. Major George T. Langhorne was ordered to proceed to Glenn Springs with "A" and "B" troops of the 8th Cavalry. He left by train Sunday and arrived at Marfa at daylight Monday morning. At El Paso, a conference was in session between General Scott, General Funston, and General Obregon, the Mexican commander. General Funston's instructions to Major Langhorne were, if necessary, to cross the river in pursuit of the bandits; to leave word for the sheriff who would follow with other troops; also to rescue Americans who were supposed to be besieged at the Del Carmen Mine. It was known that the bandits had taken Deemer and a Seminole negro prisoners. These were to be rescued.

Major Langhorne preceded his troops to the river, 92 miles,

got his information, returned, and met them at Boquillas. After communicating with Colonel Sively, the two troops of the 8th Cavalry, under Major Langhorne, went into Mexico. He left Boquillas at 8 o'clock at night and reached Peno del Rio, continued on by night marches, and rescued Deemer and the Seminole at El Peno. He then continued the chase after the bandits, 168 miles from the Rio Grande into Mexico. Positive orders were received for the return of the troops, owing to information received by General Funston that 1,600 Yaqui Indians had been sent after the bandits, supposedly also to resist the American troops. Troops "A" and "B" marched 568 miles in sixteen marching days. Three days were added for rest days. On these rest days the horses were taken over the mountains to keep them from getting sick. No man nor horse was lost or sick in Mexico. No ambulance was carried. Ten of the thirty bandits were either caught or killed, brought back, were tried at El Peno and given various long sentences.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Following the Glenn Springs and Boquillas raids, the anti-Mexican feeling ran high in the Big Bend. The internal condition of Mexico was chaotic, and this was reflected strongly in the United States-Mexico relations. The Americans found that the Carranzistas were adroit liars. They called the Villistas bandits, and in turn they were called bandits by Villistas. There are few cases on record where the American troops, while apprehending Villistas bandits, received aid from the Carranza troops.

After the Glenn Springs raid, the Big Bend was made a military district. It was changed back into a sub-district of El Paso, then later changed to a district. The first cavalry sent to the Big Bend was the 6th, commanded by Colonel Joseph A. Gaston, who, when the United States entered the World War, was made Brigadier-General. The 6th Cavalry reached Marfa May 21, 1916, and remained until October, 1917, when it was relieved by the 8th Cavalry, under the command of Colonel George T. Langhorne. During the time the 6th Cavalry occupied the Big Bend, the 4th Texas Infantry, the 1st Texas Cavalry Squadron, two battalions of the Pennsylvania National Guard, and the 34th United States Infantry also served.

To Colonel Gaston was assigned the responsible task of suppressing the wave of brigandage which was sweeping the Big Bend; protecting the interests of the citizens, and dealing out justice to both Mexicans and Americans. Colonel Gaston had thirty-nine years of service in the United States Army to his credit, during which time he had been almost continuously with troops. He was on duty with the 8th Cavalry in New Mexico and Arizona during the Apache war, 1885-1886, as second and first lieutenant. It is interesting to note that he

served as second lieutenant at old Fort Davis, after his graduation at West Point. He was with Troop H, 8th Cavalry during the Sioux war, 1890-1891. He also served in the Spanish-American war and was later placed in command of Fort Sill, Indian Territory, in 1898, to prevent an outbreak of the Indians, which at that time was feared. Colonel Gaston also served in Cuba, assisting in the general work of policing the island. While there his regiment suffered severely from a typhoid epidemic. In 1906, when the San Francisco earthquake and fire occurred, Gaston's regiment was ordered to San Francisco and he was detailed as superintendent of permanent camps, with the responsibility of caring for the 20,000 refugees in those camps.

Gaston also served in the Philippine Islands, and later took the field officers' courses at the Mounted Service School, Fort Riley, Service School, Fort Leavenworth, and the Army War College, Washington, D. C. From 1914 to 1916, he was stationed at Texas City, the Brownsville Cavalry Patrol District, and from April 18, 1916, until ordered to the Big Bend, was in Mexico with the punitive expedition, commanded by General Pershing. On returning from Mexico, Gaston's regiment was ordered from Columbus, New Mexico, to the Big Bend District of Texas.

When the 6th Cavalry was ordered away from the Big Bend, it was replaced by the 8th Cavalry, Colonel George T. Langhorne commanding. Colonel Joseph A. Gaston had wrought a marked change in the conditions during the year and four months of his administration in the Big Bend. He had taught the Mexicans to fear and respect the American troops. Still, for the most part, internal conditions in the Big Bend depended not upon the tranquillity of the different American communities on the Texas side, but upon the conditions on the Mexican side. Perhaps, for months all would be quiet south of the Rio Grande, then a new revolutionary movement would be started by some disgruntled Carranzista, Villista, or some other "ista," which would almost invariably terminate in raids on the American side.

These people knew the conditions on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, owing to the fact that the American ranchmen employed Mexican help, which formed the floating population of the country. These Mexican laborers knew intimately the trails, the whereabouts of the horses and cattle, as well as supplies and provisions. Added to this leading element was the American slacker, who, for the most part, came from that portion of the Mexican population who were willing enough to make their living amongst us but who were not willing to fight for their country.

This was the condition which the 8th Cavalry had to meet only a short time after it had replaced the 6th Cavalry.

On October 17, 1917, 150 Mexicans under a Carranza major were marching down the river opposite Nevill's ranch. They saw a patrol of four men under a lieutenant of the 8th Cavalry on patrol duty. Fifty of the Mexicans and the major crossed the Rio Grande; twenty of them set about rounding up Mr. Nevill's cattle and thirty came toward the soldiers, who, with one man holding the horses and Mr. Nevill and his sixteen-year-old son, took up a position on a hill. The Mexicans were halted, the major made to advance, and he was asked what he was doing there. The Mexican officer said he had mistaken the American patrol for Villistas. The major was held under the guns of the patrol and made to order his men to desist from rounding up the cattle, and he was then forced to order his men to return to the Mexican side.

On another day, while patrolling the lower Nevill ranch, a corporal in charge of three troopers of the 8th Cavalry saw a large party of Mexicans crossing to the Texas side. Orders were to allow no Mexican to cross. The Americans were far outnumbered; however, they were concealed, an advantage the corporal was quick to seize. He showed himself and called to the Mexicans to turn back. The Mexicans kept coming. Whereupon the corporal faced to the rear and began speaking to the three hidden men as if he were addressing a troop of a hundred soldiers.

"Lieutenant," he shouted, "take your men into skirmish

line over there on the left. Captain, get your men behind that clump of trees to the right."

All the time he gesticulated as if lining up a troop for battle. The three soldiers "tumbled." Taking their cue from the corporal, they kept out of sight and began giving commands as if to bodies of men.

The Mexicans concluded that an entire troop of cavalry was present and "fell" for the bluff. They turned back to the Mexican side, and the corporal and his men were saved the trouble of fighting a big bunch of what was potentially outlaws. The corporal was a lieutenant in France by the summer of 1918.

The next incident was the taking of Ojinaga by Francisco Villa. This occurred November 12. Ojinaga is exceedingly well situated on a high, narrow ridge, with the Conchos River on one side, and the town overlooking a bend of the Rio Grande. It was occupied by 800 Carranzistas, General Corniva E. Espinosa commanding. Villa's troops attacked in the morning, just before daylight; and with the assistance of two American deserters mounting machine guns, the Carranzistas repelled the rebel attack. Again that night, Villa, in person, with 500 men resumed his attack. He gave orders that no man should fire more than five rounds of ammunition. Following a short fight, the 800 Carranzistas, after losing a small number, deserted their position and retreated to the Texas side of the river. They were interned, put on army trucks, and sent by rail to Juarez, the Mexican town opposite El Paso. Carranza's government was required to pay all the expenses. The commanding officer at Marfa had the Mexican Consul General place money in the Marfa National Bank against which all costs of subsistence, clothing, etc., were charged, and the Carranzistas, women and children, were kept under guard and a full account of all expenditures was made.

The garrison of Presidio was reinforced by troops from Marfa. It is worth noting that these troops were in automobiles furnished and driven by citizens of Marfa, who had organized for just such purposes. The drive was made from Marfa to

Presidio in three hours and a half, a distance of 68 miles, on less than three-quarters of an hour's notice. The Carranzistas were placed on a train at Marfa, and the train was held until the Consul General deposited in El Paso, money for the fares of all to Juarez and for the return fares of the American guard.

Villa then garrisoned Ojinaga with the hopes of opening the port of entry in order to pass through large shipments of bullion and to receive in return ammunition and supplies for his ragamuffin army. Washington, however, kept the port closed, and Villa's garrison remained at Ojinaga much disappointed. A few weeks later, on the first approach of a Carranzista force, having failed in his object in taking Ojinaga, Villa withdrew his forces to the hill. Since that time-despite many rumors of the approach of the Villistas, Ojinaga has been garrisoned by Carranzistas.

Believing that in entering the World War the vigilant eyes of Uncle Sam's army had been withdrawn from the Rio Grande, raids became more frequent in the Big Bend. Tigner's ranch about eight miles from Indio was next raided and a herd of cattle driven off. Colonel Langhorne, from his Marfa headquarters, wired Lieutenant Matlock, stationed on the river, to meet Mr. Tigner on the road, to investigate, to find the trail, and then to follow this hot trail the next day with troops the Colonel had ordered from Presidio. Lieutenant Matlock with 21 men followed the trail, and ran into an ambush of 200 Mexicans at Buena Vista. That is, he found them in ambush and promptly charged them in the rear, surprising the ambush and killing 35 bandits. He then returned to the American side of the river, met the reinforced troops and later crossed to the Mexican side and recovered the body of Private Riggs, who was killed in the fight. Four of the cavalry horses were shot in this engagement.

Mr. Tigner, who was wounded in this engagement had managed to stay on his horse until the river was reached, when he had to dismount and hide. He was searched for that night but could not be found. His Mexican foreman, who followed him with the troops, had been tied and killed by the retreating

bandits. The foreman's body was found on the return of the troops. Mr. Tigner was found the next morning; and recovered from his wound.

The next day the Mexicans delivered a fire on an American patrol. The troops returned this fire across the Rio Grande and killed twelve Mexicans. Some of the Carranzista garrison were in these two engagements and furnished part of the casualties.

A typical example of the way in which Colonel Langhorne enforced an observance of American laws, in dealing with the Carranzistas is illustrated by the following: In December there were large numbers of Carranza troops, including several generals, at Ojinaga. Two horses and a mule were stolen by these troops below San Jose, and the district commander demanded the immediate return of these animals. This was promised by twelve o'clock the next day. They were not returned at that time; and all traffic across the Rio Grande was stopped. At four o'clock the Mexican consul gave a check for the value of the stolen animals, made out in favor of their owner, to be cashed ten days later if the animals were not returned. Colonel Langhorne then permitted the port of entry to be reopened.

In the fighting along the Rio Grande it frequently happened that soldiers and Texas rangers fought side by side. In a fight near Hester's ranch a ranger followed the Mexicans across the Rio Grande. In an unboastful way he was proud of this. Like so many next-to-the-soil border men he was just a grown-up boy, ready for a fight or a frolic. He had a leaning toward bright colors. While on the other side, the ranger saw a brilliant scarlet dress hanging in a Mexican jacal.

"There was just one thing over there that I'd 'a liked to had," the ranger said afterward. "I sho' wanted that there red dress, but I—I just didn't take it."

Which self-denial showed either his fear of an outraged damsel, or that he would not rob a woman.

About eleven o'clock, Christmas morning, 1917, Mr. Luke Brite telephoned Colonel Langhorne that his headquarters ranch was being raided. In eighteen minutes after the troops were notified, the first of them left the army camp at Marfa

in citizens' automobiles, followed by others within a few minutes. In the meantime, troops were ordered from Ruidosa to march up the river to intercept the bandits. The troops, ranchers, sheriffs, and civilians reached Brite's ranch within an hour.

A good illustration of the fighting quality of the western people is given in this fight. Reverend H. M. Bandy, a Christian minister, living at Marfa, drove to Brite's ranch to make Christmas dinner and he arrived in the middle of the raid. He was held up and questioned by some of the Mexican raiders, and they were told that he was a priest, as they would not understand the meaning of the word minister or preacher. Being assured he was a Man of God, they permitted him to pass into the house. As he was but a "priest," they believed him harmless. Upon entering the house, Mr. Bandy called the besieged around him, offered a prayer for deliverance, grabbed a Winchester, and took his station with the other men at one of the windows.

After securing all the loot in Brite's store the bandits prepared to retire. The retirement was accelerated by the appearance of the troops and posse in automobiles. The troops were on foot and the bandits were mounted, but as the bandits went over the Rim Rock the troops were near enough to fire upon them, making them drop large quantities of their loot. Part of the troops proceeded on foot for several miles but returned later to get horses at the ranch. The bandits intercepted the stage, killed Micky Welsh, the mail carrier, and also killed two Mexicans who were in the stage.

Christmas night was very cold and the troops marching up the river from Ruidosa suffered exceedingly. They marched forty miles, and the next day found the trail where the Mexicans had crossed the Rio Grande. The bandits had attempted to cross at several points, but lost many of their animals in the quicksands. They finally succeeded in crossing at Fresnos. The troops from Ruidosa were the first to cross the river and came upon the fleeing bandits about five miles in Mexico. These troops were followed by the troops which had arrived at Brite's

ranch in automobiles and who had gotten horses from Brite's ranch and Evetts' ranch. Those troops joined with the Ruidos' troops and engaged the bandits in a running fight for ten miles. Only three or four bandits were seen to escape. They were made to drop most of their loot. Of the twenty-five horses stolen from Mr. Brite, the troops found, shot, foundered, and otherwise disabled, eleven horses. Eighteen of these bandits were killed and two died later, and the Carranzistas reported that they got six of them. That is, they found three of them dead, and three wounded, whom they killed. Pinto Villa Nueva was the leader and he died later. One Mexican was killed at the ranch by the Neals. He was dressed in a Carranza uniform. One of the Neals was wounded, one soldier wounded, one mule killed, and two mules and a horse wounded—total American casualties.

About this same time a squadron of American soldiers engaged a bandit raiding party in a fight at the river. The bandits were on the Mexico side and were strongly entrenched behind some great cottonwood trees. The American soldiers were firing from a gully on the Texas side. One Yankee gunner was using a machine gun, but with considerable dissatisfaction to himself because the cottonwood tree on the south shore hid the pack of Mexicans so that he could not get in good work on them. The great alamo had a luxuriant network of branches, stood very high, and had a bole about eight inches in diameter.

The lieutenant in charge of the detachment was walking along behind the barricade instructing his men, when he came to the machine gunner.

"That tree hides the target, Lieutenant," complained the trooper.

"Don't let that bother you," said the lieutenant. "Here's the way to serve trees that are in the way."

Whereupon, the officer slid up behind the machine gun, pressed the trigger for thirty seconds, while a squirt of bullets sang out from the muzzle. The big cottonwood swayed, tottered, and fell, sawed in two near the ground by bullets. The bandit nest was equally as neatly cleaned out.

On January 26, 1918, a Mexican told an American patrol near Pilares that the troops seen that morning going down the Rio Grande were Carranzistas, and that their going down the river was caused by Villistas. The Carranzistas always called the Villistas bandits, and vice versa. They were going over the mountains through Pilares to meet others from Bosque Bonito, and then they were going down the river for a raid.

The commanding officer at Evetts' ranch reported this fact and also sent Lieutenant Gagne up the river to warn Nevill and his boy, at that time on Nevill's lower ranch, and to learn if any Mexicans had left Bosque Bonito. Lieutenant Gagne ascertained that they had left. He then returned to Nevill's upper ranch, where there was a telephone, and made his report. Nevill returned to his lower ranch, although warned by the soldiers not to do so.

About dark, thirty-five Mexicans crossed the river and came up to Nevill's house. Nevill called to his boy and a Mexican named Castillo, warning them to leave the house. Nevill succeeded in reaching the brush unobserved by the advancing bandits. The boy tried to escape but was shot in the leg and beaten to death. The bandits caught Castillo and took him back into the house, where they showed him his dead wife. They said that it was a mistake, that they had not meant to kill her, but that they should kill him for being a *gringero*—an American-lover. They said, however, that since his wife was dead, they would let him go.

Castillo went out, caught a horse, and reported to Lieutenant Gagne. The lieutenant sent in the report by wire, then with ten men raced to Nevill's ranch. Captain Anderson also reported the facts, and went from Evetts' ranch to Nevill's ranch.

Colonel Langhorne sent Captain Tate's troops to Lobo by rail and over the Van Horn Mountains to Nevill's ranch, making 115 miles altogether covered by that troop. A pack train was sent at the same time from Holland's ranch. Colonel Langhorne went to Nevill's ranch, where he secured guides who knew the country on the opposite side. From Hester's ranch, a detachment of "H" troop marched 75 miles to Nevill's

ranch, between 12:30 a. m. and 4:00 p. m., of the same day. The next morning the troops took up the trail, which the raiders had tried to hide by scattering. The trail was found, however, by the experienced trailers, and followed over the mountains, unspeakably rough—so rough that the bandits lost several animals over the side of the cliffs. After marching forty miles, the troops continued the trail the next day which led back over the mountains to Pilares.

When the combined American forces, which numbered eighty soldiers and six civilians, were 250 yards from the Mexican town, Pilares, the bandits harbored in the houses of the town, opened fire upon their pursuers. The returned fire of the Americans was so hot that the Mexicans retreated to the mountains near Pilares. Here they took up strong positions for a time, but were forced to retreat further into the mountains. The Americans followed them for eleven miles.

During the fight five of the cowboy civilians, including the two scouts, Charlie Beall and Tom Beall, had forged ahead of the soldiers and worked their way into a canyon. When discovered by the troops they were mistaken for Mexicans and the troops would not let them out. Fortunately, no one was hit by the soldiers' fire and they finally succeeded in making themselves known.

In this fight ten dead bandits were found by the soldiers and about twenty more were reported by the Mexicans. Upon one of the dead bandits was found young Nevill's hat and leather leggings; on another was found his boots. Two of Nevill's horses were found, one shot and the other foundered; both of them were saddled. The Carranzistas made absolutely no effort to help the Americans capture the bandits.

Buster, a negro cowboy working for the Loves, was down on the Rio Grande with the soldiers. One day the soldiers engaged in a fight with Mexicans. Buster was lying beside Lieutenant J. J. Hansey, and like the soldiers, was firing at the Mexicans. Bullets were buzzing by their heads as if the Mexicans must immediately use the product of a great munition factory, but no one was in sight, nothing but desolation—

lonely rocks and the great empty inverted bowl of the sky. Bullets alone broke the silence, until Buster spoke.

"Say, Loot," said he, "ain't them things got a lo-o-o-nesome sound?"

And for some intangible reason, soldiers echoed Buster's sentiment. Bullets in the Big Bend have a lo-o-o-nesome sound.

There is a great deal of Germanism and German propaganda in Mexico. This condition not only obtained during the war but obtains to-day. This was especially shown by the action of General Francisco Murguia and his brother José. General Murguia was Carranza's commander of the north zone, in Chihuahua. Reports were received that General Murguia told his soldiers that he had no money with which to pay them nor food to give them, but that there was plenty of money and provisions in Texas, and they could get it.

Troops to the number of several thousands were sent north from Chihuahua City. Over three thousand of these were sent opposite the Big Bend. A column under Colonel E. Martinez Ruiz started to march down the Rio Grande towards Ojinaga from a point opposite Fort Hancock. These troops had no provisions and they got into difficulties near Fort Hancock. They fired on our patrol; part of them crossed the river and fired at the Mexicans on the Texas side, and then stole anything and everything they could lay their hands on.

The Mexican consul was warned that if they marched troops down the river without anything to eat they were certain to have trouble. On April 20, 1918, they raided White's ranch across the river, and butchered and stole several head of cattle and horses. As these depredations continued, Colonel Langhorne ordered his officers to get in touch with Colonel Ruiz and demand payment. Colonel Ruiz gave an order on the Mexican Consul General in El Paso, in payment for stolen stock. He also wrote several notes to Colonel Langhorne, in which he stated that a number of his men had deserted, and he requested Colonel Langhorne to catch and execute them. In another note Colonel Ruiz told Colonel Langhorne that his men were deserting and crossing the Rio Grande; and he hoped

that they would be caught and punished according to our laws. He also begged that if firing was heard on the Mexico side there was no occasion for alarm because his men were shooting at rabbits and hares. Colonel Ruiz' column stretched out a long, straggling, ragamuffin line for seventy-five miles. It was childish, ludicrous, pitiful and annoying.

A number of American troops were ordered to follow down the river; and at various points Colonel Langhorne met Colonel Ruiz. Each time the American troops, as only American troops can look, well turned out, equipped, and presentable, were casually dropped in at the meeting places so that the Mexicans could see what they were up against. Colonel Ruiz then acknowledged that it was impossible for him to chase bandits and asked that the 8th Cavalry should chase them, and he said that the American troops would not be disturbed on the Mexico side.

During this ludicrous march down the river, Corporal Keal, of "G" troop, 8th Cavalry, with Scout Beall and a small detachment, while following a trail of mules owned by a Mexican named Orozco, came at dark to the river. There they saw four Mexicans on the Texas side and three on the Mexico side, who opened fire on the patrol. The fire was returned but results could not be noted, as it was growing dark. The next morning three dead horses and three wounded ones were found on the scene of action. One of the wounded horses had a Mexican officer's equipment and was recognized by the soldiers as being a horse stolen from White's ranch. Colonel Langhorne secured payment from the Mexican Consul General in El Paso for the stolen property, and paid the owners.

Many instances similar to these occurred, as for instance, seven horses were stolen from a man named Davis near Loma Paloma and ten head of cattle from a ranchman named Russell. This stock was seen in the Carranza camps. These Carranzistas had little to eat. The Mexican consul at Presidio begged the assistance of Colonel Langhorne at Marfa, in getting permission to cross sixty thousand pounds of corn meal for the use of the Carranza garrison. Colonel Langhorne got the permission with

the proviso that the animals of Davis and Russell should be returned. That proviso was accepted and some of the animals of Davis were returned and he was paid for the remainder. A guarantee was put up for the cattle of Russell, and Russell was paid, as they were not returned. Over seven hundred of Ruiz' men were reported deserters, and it is probable that many of them came to the Texas side. Opposite Santa Helena and Lajitas there have been Villistas for the past two and a half years. These are not molested in the least by the Carranzistas.

Raiding is no new thing along the Rio Grande. But so long as the 8th Cavalry remains in the Big Bend there will be protection. These troops have become experienced bandit fighters. They are meeting every emergency nobly ; dealing with justice fairly and impartially, and exchanging "eye for eye" with the bandits—a policy, which, if generally adopted along our southern border, would soon bring peace and tranquillity to not only the American side, but to the Mexican side as well.

CHAPTER XXIX

L'Envoi

In summing up the story of the Big Bend due credit must be given to the citizenry of the Trans-Pecos country for winning a wilderness to civilization. The commercial growth of this country has been dealt with but sparingly, owing to the limited space. No one volume can possibly deal with all phases of a country's development. The products of this country, from ranch, farm, and mine, reach all parts of the world; and it has been the purpose of this work to deal with more particularly the obstacles which were met and surmounted by the people of the great Southwest. Therefore we will consider a survey of the conditions in the Big Bend District since 1535, in which the primary causes of outlawry and brigandage will be briefly outlined.

In 1535, Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, with three companions, passed through the Big Bend District, after wandering among the Indians for seven years. De Vaca's *relacion* of his journey spurred on the adventurous Spaniards to seek the conquest of the land north of New Spain, or Mexico. From that time to the present day, the vicious element in the Indian-Mexican population along the Rio Grande has been a continual source of trouble to the two governments on either side of the Rio Grande.

Following de Vaca, some forty years later, Antonio de Espejo came up the Rio Conchos, from San Bartolomé, Chihuahua, on his way to New Mexico; and at the junction of the Rio Grande and Rio Conchos, he found the Indians with whom de Vaca had lived. These Indians were the forefathers of the present day peon Mexican along the border. They were the Jumanos, Tobosos, Julemes, Salineros, Tarahumares, and a

few wandering Tajes. The two most powerful of these tribes, the Jumanos and Tobosos, have been identified with a considerable degree of certainty as the progenitors of the Southern Comanches and Mescalero Apaches.

The records of the Comanche and Apache are too well known to make it necessary to furnish evidence of their thieving and murdering propensities. During the 16th, 17th, and most of the 18th centuries, the Franciscan and Jesuit Fathers exerted every effort to Christianize these wild tribes. In the missions which they established along the Rio Grande, they met with but partial success. These missions became the home of a number of proselytized Indians, who, while they retained all the propensities of their wilder brothers and often broke out in revolt, found it expedient to bow to the Spanish yoke. Coming into such close contact with the Spaniards, in time some Spanish blood was infused in their veins—not as a rule, through marriage, but through the sensual cravings of the Spaniard, who cared nothing for his offspring. As is generally the case where a superior race joins blood with an inferior race, the progeny is likely to inherit more of the weaknesses and fewer of the virtues of the superior race.

This is the condition of the border peon Mexican today—and it must be borne in mind that we are speaking of the peon Mexican. More often than not the little good blood the peon may have in his veins is contaminated with disease, and, from the mother stock, he rightfully inherits the bloodthirstiness of his Indian forefathers.

In speaking to-day of the peon Mexican, we must remember that he is an Indian, living under slightly different conditions from the wild tribe, but at heart still an Indian. Ask one of them if he is Spanish and he will resentfully reply: "*No, Señor, Yo estoy puro Indio!*"—"No, sir, I am pure Indian!" He is proud of the fact. The *Gauchapin*—a *pelado* word for Spaniard, denoting contempt—is even more hated than the American.

In 1794, the strength of the Spanish padres began to wane. The date of their withdrawal from the Rio Grande territory

varies. Gradually they were forced to abandon their missions. By the year 1800, the Indian residents of the missions were left to shift for themselves. From 1800 to 1848, the wild tribes of New Mexico and North and East Texas held undisputed possession of the Big Bend, but there was nothing to arouse their cupidity until Old Mexico was reached.

The records of the old Indian Trails, both Comanche and Apache, extending from New Mexico to Texas into Old Mexico, showed that for many years these tribes were at war with one another, and yearly made extended raids into the interior of Mexico, going as far south as Santiago Papasquiaro, Durango, in great numbers, carrying bloodshed and rapine to every hacienda and returning to their haunts with thousands of horses, cattle, and many prisoners.

In efforts to halt these warfares, the Central Government of the City of Mexico pitted one State against another, permitting the Indians to raid in one State if they would leave another unmolested. Even the States of Chihuahua, Coahuila, Sonora, and Durango made separate peace with these Indians, giving them protection as long as they raided sister States only. One State would allow the Indians to dispose of their stolen property and prisoners obtained in another State. The Comanche and Apache would live among the inhabitants while one of these peace treaties lasted, would intermarry with the Mexicans and raise families, and it is a well known fact that many of the mightiest chieftains of the Comanches and Apaches were half-breed Mexicans or Mexican renegades. In time, the little good the padres had accomplished among the proselytized Mexico Indian became neutralized by this new infusion of savage blood. Practically all that remained was a husk of Roman Catholicism.

Despite these conditions, pioneers began to push into the Big Bend. Dr. H. Connelly, in 1839, broke trail across the Trans-Pecos country, from Chihuahua City to Arkansas. He was not molested, and returned safely to Chihuahua in 1840. In 1848, a Virginian, John W. Spencer, settled the present site of Presidio, Texas. With him came Burgess, Leaton, and several other Americans. Then, in 1849, under the command

of Brevet-Colonel Joseph E. Johnston, the War Department began a series of reconnaissances between San Antonio and El Paso.

In 1850, a permanent trail of commerce was opened, reaching from Chihuahua City to San Antonio and other points east; and, for thirty-two years, until the railroads came, the trail-drivers and freighters on the Chihuahua trail had continuous warfare with the Indian and Mexican outlaws.

Naturally, the coming of settlers and freighters, with their work animals and supplies, attracted the Indians, as well as an element among the Mexican population, called *ladrones*. In order to cover up their operations, these latter outlaws, after an attack on a wagon-train, would set up the cry of "Indians!"

Among the more notorious of the Indian leaders, Bajo el Sol stands out in a spectacular manner. He was the son of old Tave Peté, a female Shaman of the Comanches, was born near the old presidio of San Carlos, across the Rio Grande from Lajitas, Texas. As long as he lived, the Mexicans on the Mexico side, harbored and protected him from the whites.

Among the Apaches Mescaleros, two chiefs stand out above their Indian followers as being superlatively cruel and resourceful. The first of these, Espejo—looking glass—harassed the early freighters on the Chihuahua Trail in the '60s. Following the Civil War, in 1867, two freight outfits, under James and William Edgar, respectively, were continually preyed upon by Espejo and his band, between Horsehead Crossing and Fort Davis. Eventually, James Edgar was forced to turn back to Fort Stockton when Espejo barred his passage in Wild Rose Pass. In the fight, Edgar lost two men.

The last famous Mescalero Apache chief, Alsate, was the nephew of Manuel Musquiz, after whom Musquiz Canyon was named, and who was the first settler in the Davis Mountains to have cattle. Alsate was named after Lieut. Francisco Alsate, of the Mexican army, stationed at Presidio del Norte, Mexico. This chief mixed freely with the Mexican people in San Carlos and other settlements along the Mexican side of the river.

But more troublesome, perhaps, than the Indians, were the bands of Mexican outlaws that infested the trails and cattle ranges bordering the Rio Grande. A brief survey of past and present history will bring to light some of the conditions which have caused raiding from across the Rio Grande. The Mexican peon, like the Indian, is constitutionally opposed to labor. At best, he will cultivate a small plot of ground, raise a little corn and beans, and keep a small goat herd. When for any reason these sources of food supply fail him, he must either starve or steal. If the raiding periods are watched closely, the observer will find that raiding is heaviest when some calamity has overtaken the Mexico side of the Rio Grande. During the Maximilian troubles in Mexico, raiding became more frequent on the American side. When Porfirio Diaz took over the reins of government, the records show heavy raiding. And since the beginning of the Madero Revolution up to the present time, raiding has been constantly carried on. So fixed has become the habit of obtaining a livelihood without work and so in keeping with their natural tendencies, that it is doubtful whether our Southern border will ever be safe, except it be by force of arms.

From 1866 to the present time, Mexican bandits have taken a heavy toll in lives and property in the Big Bend District. With a view to showing the endless warfare this troublesome people has waged on border citizens, a few examples have been taken from existing records.

1866: W. O. Burnham, with a party of twenty-five men, drove 1,200 cattle over the Chihuahua Trail to Chihuahua City. Before reaching Paisano Pass, while camped at Burgess' Water-hole, just east of the present town of Alpine, Burnham saw seven Mexicans, who were suspiciously hanging around. These Mexicans had a small bunch of cattle, and Burnham thinking they might have stolen some of his cattle, decided to investigate. In the fight which followed, the Mexicans were overpowered. Burnham found none of his cattle, but the entire outfit was composed of cattle stolen from other American herds. The Mexicans were allowed to withdraw their dead.

1876: August Santleben, returning from Chihuahua with a wagon-train of bullion, over the Chihuahua Trail, was attacked by forty-two Mexican bandits, but the bandits were forced to withdraw. Later Santleben saw several of the bandits in Mexico, but was powerless to act against them.

1877: The Salt Lake War. Judge Charles Howard located the great saline deposit north of Sierra Blanco, and prohibited the Mexicans from hauling away the salt. Louis Cardise, an Italian, living at El Paso, championed the Mexicans. Howard killed Cardise, which so enraged the Mexicans that a mob of several hundred came over from Mexico, upon learning that Howard was at San Elizario, surrounded Howard and a force of Texas Rangers sent to guard him. After a siege of two days, Lieutenant Tays, of the Rangers, surrendered. Howard and two others were murdered by the Mexicans.

1891: A party of Mexican outlaws headed by Catrino Neita, attacked the ranch home of Victoriano Hernandez, on Alamito Creek, wounded Hernandez and killed Oscar Duke. Motive: Cattle stealing.

1892: Corporal John R. Hughes and his rangers killed Florencio Carrasco, while he was resisting arrest. Florencio was an outlaw against whom several murders were slated, as well as considerable stealing. He belonged to the Mexican bandits who made their home in the Coahuila Mountains. This occurred opposite the San Antonio Colony, on the Rio Grande.

1893: W. T. Henderson, Lew Butrill, Jim Wilson, and several other cowmen who had cow outfits near the Rio Grande, between Maravillas Creek and Stillwell's Crossing, south of Marathon and Sanderson, had 1,200 cattle stolen and crossed to the Mexico side, by Mexicans under the command of a Lieutenant Puentes. The cowmen obtained a small reinforcement from Marathon, crossed the river and, after a two days' fight, managed to return their cattle to the Texas side.

1911: Antonio Carrasco killed Ranger Sergeant Fusselman and Deputy Sheriff Pastrana, in the Bloody Peninsula—the Big Bend. Carrasco was the leader of the band of outlaws

that had been operating in the Big Bend for several years. Many deeds of violence were attributed to him. He was captured and shot at Ojinaga, Mexico, by order of Francisco Madero.

1913: Eflio Torrez, better known as Coo-Coo Torrez, a Mexican outlaw, was killed while under arrest, when his friends from the Mexico side ambushed Texas Ranger J. E. Vaughn and Ranchman J. W. Pool. This was the culmination of a long list of outrages perpetrated by Coo-Coo and his band of murderers and cattle thieves.

1913: Jack Howard, river guard, was killed by Lina Baiza, who also wounded J. A. Harvick, Inspector of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association. A year later Biaza was killed near Pilaes, Mexico, by officers of the law.

1914: A band of Mexican raiders crossed the Rio Grande southwest of Valentine, and drove off sixty head of horses belonging to local ranches. At the same time two other raids were reported between Valentine and Sierra Blanco; one near Van Horn and one near Dalberg. At both places a number of horses were taken.

1915: Pasqual Orozco, Jose Delgado, C. Caballero, Andres Sandoval, and Siguel Terrazas were killed in a fight with a sheriff's posse in the Van Horn Mountains, Culberson County. Orozco was an escaped revolutionist from Mexico and was at that time reorganizing his band on the Texas side for a return to Mexico.

The above raids were taken at random from a long list. No year from 1866 to the present day has been free from bloodshed. It is safe to say that no peon Mexican respects the United States-Mexico boundary, whether it is marked by the Rio Grande or by monuments. He plays the game of escaping from the authorities on the side of the river which is pressing him closest.

Basically, the raiding and murdering propensities are in the peon Mexican blood to the same degree as that found by our Government, in 1850, in the blood of the Apache and Comanche. There is practically no difference in being murdered by Indians

belonging to the Comanche and Apache tribes, and being murdered by peon Mexicans who are the descendants of these or other Indians.

In 1850, William H. C. Whiting, Lieutenant of Engineers, and a military authority on border warfare and conditions made the following statement:

"With me it is a conviction which the experience of each day serves only to strengthen, that the country will continue to hear of murders and robberies in Southwest Texas, and its citizens to suffer, until authority and force be given to strike at the hearts of this people. (The reference here is to the Comanches and Apaches). . . . The early history of our western posts . . . the policy of the British Government with her Indians; and, above all, the practice of those sagacious and enterprising soldiers, the old Spanish adventurers, all teach that the most efficient system with such an enemy, is the establishment of a powerful garrison in their midst; and the surest, and, in the end, the most humane preventative is retaliation." And Presidio, Texas, was one of the points which Lieutenant Whiting pointed out as being most important to the preservation of order in the Big Bend of the Rio Grande.

A scrutiny of the topography and geography of the section of the country known as the Big Bend of the Rio Grande, will show its favorable location for the successful operation by cattle-thieves, smugglers and law evaders.

The area of the country subjected to lawlessness embraces 15,000 square miles; bounded on the south by the Rio Grande, while the Southern Pacific Railroad cuts through the northern portion. Some idea of the extent of this "no man's land" may be gained from the following:

The distance from river points to the railroad varies from 40 miles to 104 miles. In this district there are 181 mountain peaks over 4,000 feet altitude—70 peaks above 4,000 feet; 58 peaks above 5,000 feet; 35 peaks over 6,000 feet; 15 peaks from 7,000 to 7,800 feet, and 3 peaks over 8,000 feet. These mountains, including their ranges and canyons, cover approximately 8,000 square miles, or 53.33 per cent of the total area. These

figures are taken from reports furnished by the University of Texas, in Bulletin No. 365.

From vital statistics obtained from the above source and from the county records in the several counties concerned, the following holds true: Taking the county poll-tax records of the several counties as a basis, we find that there is, *to every ten square miles*, one white male adult only, who is capable and willing to help uphold the law! And this area would be much larger, if we excepted a large number of ranchmen who live in the various towns.

The white male adult only has been considered for the reason that, while the Mexican may be a peace-loving citizen, he is rarely active in furnishing information that may lead to the apprehension of local criminals. This is caused partly through an imperfect understanding of American laws and the English language; partly through fear of retaliation on the part of the person, or his friends, on whom information is given, and partly through sheer indifference. As a rule, only when he is personally concerned, will the Mexican give information to peace officers or to the military.

A country so thinly settled and so rugged makes an ideal rendezvous for persons of loose character who desire to remain unseen. In the main, this class is composed of Mexicans who have "got in bad" with state and federal officials, and who strike out for this great "hole-in-the-wall" country, where he may evade and defy the officers, and turn his energies to the lucrative profession of cattle-stealing and smuggling. Reaching his harbor in safety, he may take up a few sections of land and under guise of running a few cattle, "burn" the brands of a dozen cow outfits without much danger of being caught red-handed in the act; and dispose of his stolen stock, either through unscrupulous merchants along the border, or smuggle his stock across the river to confederates on the Mexico side. Or he may choose to remain "on the dodge" in the Rim Rock county, Chinati or Chisos Mountains, with little fear of being caught—so rough and broken are those regions.

The operations of these cattle-thieves and outlaws are so

interwoven with the operations of confederates and brigands from the Mexico side of the Rio Grande, that it is difficult to give a separate detailed account of their deeds. The cattleman, who ranches in the outlaw zone, is very reticent concerning his losses, although he may have well-founded suspicions as to who the guilty persons are. So long as he is protected by a posse or a detachment of soldiers, he feels safe; but he knows full well that a time will come when he will be caught on his ranch alone; and one of the methods of instilling fear in the hearts of their victims, is for the outlaws to appear suddenly at a ranchman's headquarters, call him to the door, and shoot him down. This method, with slight variations, constitutes sufficient reasons for much knowledge of the stealing never reaching the public. But the majority of the law-abiding citizens know of the conditions, without being able to remedy them.

Despite all these obstacles, the West-of-the-Pecos country has grown and prospered. Nowhere in the world will be found a higher type of citizenship. Good churches and good schools are everywhere in evidence, and culture and refinement are met with on all sides. Nor must the reader believe that it is entirely a land of raids and border warfare. Through the heart of the country runs the Southern Pacific Railway—a dead line which no Mexican bandit has had the intrepidity to cross. The final settlement of the troubles in Mexico and along the border will insure the future of this great country.

END.

